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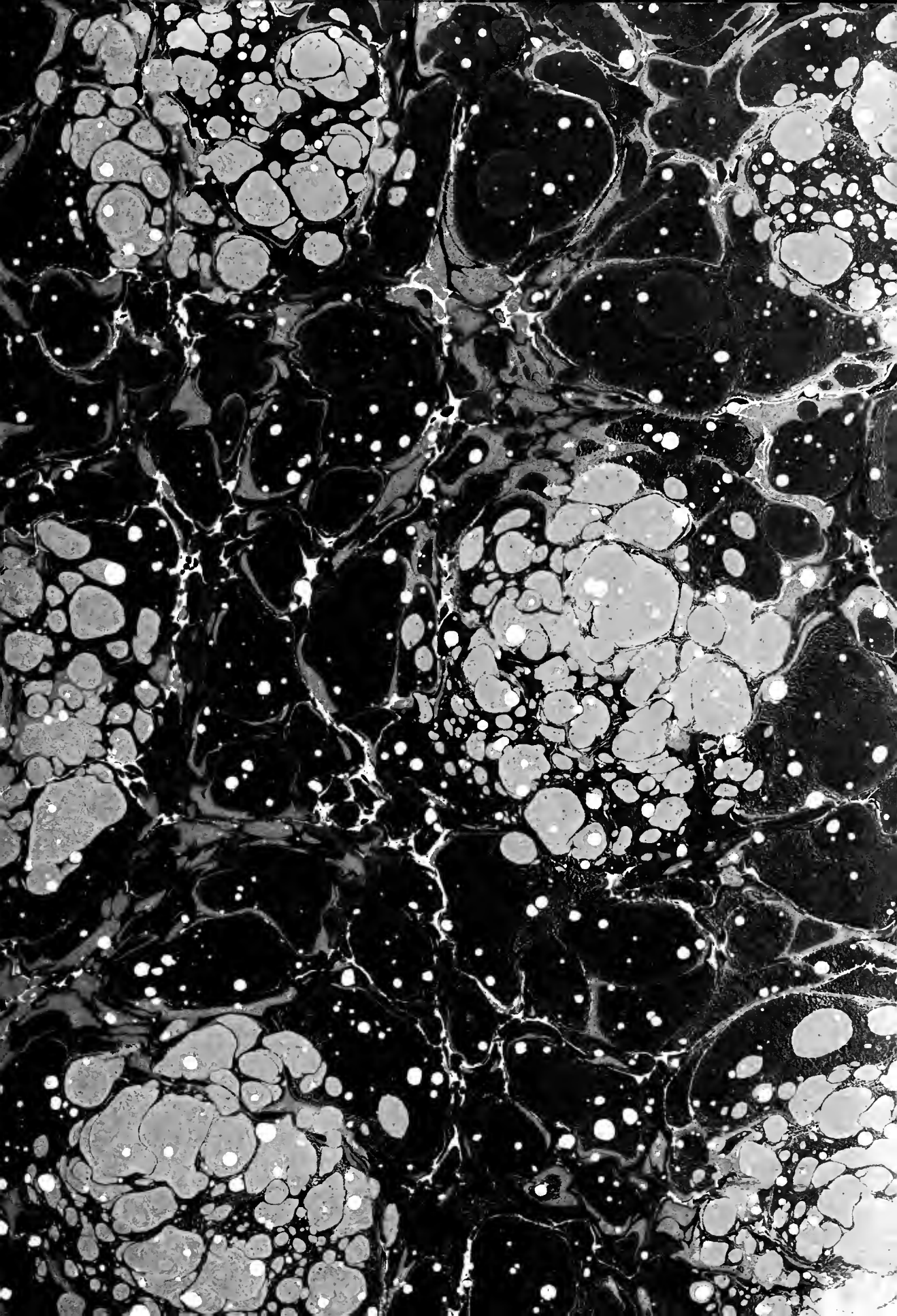
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Drawn by M.L.G.

Engraved by Schreyer

"Oh, not weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
 Ye not weep not, my wee wee nae dear."

Reginald White

ILLUSTRATED

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

British Ballads,

OLD AND NEW.

SELECTED AND EDITED

BY

GEORGE BARNETT SMITH.
//



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ILLUSTRATED BRITISH BALLADS.

INTRODUCTION.

It is recorded of Aldhelm, Bishop of Sherborne at the commencement of the eighth century, that he could find no mode of commanding the attention of his townsmen so efficacious as that of standing on the bridge and singing a ballad which he had composed. Certainly the ballads of a nation hold a distinct and important place in its literature, and can be made the vehicle for inculcating the highest morality and the loftiest sentiments. In the early ages of our own country, minstrels sat in the courts of kings; and

Illustrated British Ballads.

bards, by their impassioned strains, incited the warriors to battle. The Saxons had their ballads; and the brave actions of Hereward, who lived in the time of Edward the Confessor, were sung throughout England. A fragment still survives of a ballad composed by Canute the Great as, sailing by the abbey in the Isle of Ely, he heard the monks chanting their psalms and anthems. The ballad or song of Roland was chanted by the minstrel Taillefer before the battle of Hastings, to excite a martial spirit in the Normans. The spirit of our ancestors still survives in the song on Athelstan's victory at Brunanburgh; while the heroic ardour and undaunted courage of Englishmen of a later age are immortalised in such ballads as "The Battle of Otterburne" and "The Hunting of the Cheviot." Ballad poetry is essentially the poetry of the people. For centuries it existed amongst the people only as tradition. Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun rescued from oblivion the saying of a wise man, that if he could have the making of the ballads of a nation, he would let who might make the laws. Ballad literature is prolific with most European nations; and many English, Danish, and Swedish ballads have an identical origin. The Roman people enjoyed this species of poetry, and Lord Macaulay furnishes us with many interesting details respecting it in the preface to his "Lays of Ancient Rome." Tacitus refers to the ballads which were common amongst the Teutons; and Spain and modern Germany have also their literature of this character. A modern writer observes that it is now confessed there is a common origin for ballads, and that they have belonged to Celtic, Slavonic, and Indian peoples alike, who had the same foundation for many of the most ancient specimens of this composition. The identity in feature of much of the ballad poetry of England and of the Continental nations has been clearly traced. It has been further remarked that the only men who could succeed often in producing a good ballad were those who themselves came of the commonalty, spoke with them, thought with them, and gave the poetry of truth and earnestness to rapid narrative by the exercise of their own simple gift of song. One great characteristic of this poetry is its spontaneity. It is the full but ready utterance of the sentiments and aspirations of the people.

Originally, a ballad simply meant a song sung with a dancing chorus; but the word ultimately came to have a wider meaning, till in England we may interpret it to mean a narrative recited in popular verse. Efforts have at various times been made to collect the folk-lore and ballads of European nations, and three centuries ago a

Introduction.

collection of Danish ballads was printed. In Scotland several collections were made early in the eighteenth century ; but to Bishop Percy we owe the greatest debt of gratitude for first showing us what popular treasures existed amongst us in the form of ballad literature. Percy described ballads as "the barbarous productions of unpolished ages;" but just as we can trace our individuality in our Saxon ancestors, so may we see the promise of our later and more polished and glorious literature in the vigorous and stirring ballads composed by the singers of past ages. England, Scotland, and Ireland have been rich in this class of literature. Kings have had their ballad-makers, of whom few monuments now remain ; but we may be thankful that we possess some remnants of the songs of our forefathers. The labours of Percy have been well supplemented since his death by those of Scott, Ritson, Jamieson, Buchan, Motherwell, and others. The rich variety of ballad compositions to be found scattered in the various works alluded to has enabled us to make the present comprehensive standard collection—a collection which we venture to hope will be found thoroughly representative, and which is accessible to all readers.

At the first glance there may seem something arbitrary in making a distinction between the ballad and the song. And yet such a distinction does undoubtedly exist, though the lines of demarcation may in some instances approach so closely as to render it a matter of difficulty under which head to classify certain poems. We readily perceive the distinction, however, between such ballads as "The Nut-Brown Maid" and "The Hunting of the Cheviot," and the songs of Burns. Dr. Aikin has remarked that a song is "a short poem, divided into portions of returning measure, and turning upon a single thought or feeling." Ballads, on the contrary, are the expansion of incidents into the narrative form. Mr. Wheatley observes that "all ballads are songs, but all songs are not ballads," and this remark well expresses the truth. A song is the condensation of thought upon one particular person or object, or the representation of simple moods and emotions ; a ballad is of a more complex nature, concerning itself with the actions of men, and detailing in a narrative form events having relation to individuals or society. Songs should be lyrical in form, sharp and decisive in utterance ; ballads are really stories in verse of a historical, narrative, humorous, or pathetic character.

In the ILLUSTRATED BRITISH BALLADS we shall not follow any particular classification, but take the ballads simply in their alphabetical order.

Illustrated British Ballads.

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.

THIS fine ballad was written by Richard Glover, author of "Leonidas." In acting as guard upon the Spaniards near Porto Bello, in 1726, Admiral Hosier was employed to overawe rather than attack the enemy. To his great regret, he remained long inactive on the station. He afterwards removed to Carthagen, where many of his men died of diseases produced by the unhealthy climate. Seeing himself made the sport of the enemy, the gallant Hosier, according to Smollett, is reported to have died of a broken heart. Hannah More was a great admirer of this ballad. Glover was born in the year 1712, and died in 1785.



S near Porto-Bello lying

On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight, with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode ;
There while Vernon sate all glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat:
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet :

On a sudden shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard,
Then each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appeared,
All in dreamy hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And with looks by sorrow clouded
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleamed the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands was seen to muster,
Rising from their watery grave.
O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
Where the *Burford*¹ reared her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

"Heed, oh heed our fatal story;
I am Hosier's injured ghost—
You, who now have purchased glory
At this place where I was lost !
Though in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph, free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

¹ Admiral Vernon's ship.



"ON THEY GLEANED THE MOON'S WAN LUSTRE."

Illustrated British Ballads.

"See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stained with weeping ;
These were English captains brave.
Mark those numbers pale and horrid,
Those were once my sailors bold :
Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

"I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright ;
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight.
Oh ! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obeyed my heart's warm motion
To have quelled the pride of Spain !

"For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achieved with six alone.
Then the bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

"Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemned for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom,
To have fallen, my country crying—
'He has played an English part,'
Had been better far than dying
Of a grieved and broken heart.

"Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail ;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

The Battle of Agincourt.

"Hence with all my train attending,
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe :
Here the bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom,
And our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom.

"O'er these waves, for ever mourning,
Shall we roam, deprived of rest,
If to Britain's shores returning
You neglect my just request ;
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England shamed in me."

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

MICHAEL DRAVTON was born in Warwickshire, in or about the year 1563. Developing his poetical talents at an early age, he speedily enjoyed the favour of rich patrons. His principal work, "The Polyolbion," which was concluded in 1622, is devoted to a poetical description of England, in thirty books, and is a curious *olla podrida* of antiquarian researches, scenic descriptions, multifarious learning, wild legends, &c. Amongst his other works is a strange and fantastic fairy poem called "Nymphidia." He died in 1631, and was buried in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. Of all his writings, "The Battle of Agincourt" justly enjoys the greatest popular favour. It is a noble and spirited ballad, and has been favourably compared with Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic." It will instinctively recall to the mind of the reader the "Charge of the Light Brigade," by the Poet-Laureate, which is cast in the same mould. Drayton, however, for his noble ardour and truly martial spirit, is quite abreast of Campbell and Tennyson, if we must not, indeed, award him the pre-eminence.



AIR stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry ;
But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry,
And taking many a fort
Furnished in warlike sort,

Illustrated British Ballads.

Marched towards Agincourt
In happy hour ;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay
With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,



"AND TURNING TO HIS MEN,
QUOTH OUR BRAVE HENRY THEN"—

His ransom to provide
To the king sending ;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile ;
Yet with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,

The Battle of Agincourt.



"O LORD, HOW HOT THEY WERE
ON THE FALSE FRENCHMEN!"

"Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed.
Yet, have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised.

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain;
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

"Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell.
No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lop'd the French lilies."

Illustrated British Ballads.

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vanward led ;
With the main Henry sped,
 Amongst his henchmen.
Excester had the rear—
A braver man not there.
O Lord, how hot they were
 On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
 To hear, was wonder ;
That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
 Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which did the signal aim
 To our hid forces ;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
 Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
 Piercing the weather ;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
 Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilboes drew,
And on the French they flew,
 Not one was tardy ;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,
 Our men were hardy.

The Battle of Agincourt.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
 As to o'erwhelm it ;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
 Bruisèd his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
 With his brave brother,
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
 Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
 Still as they ran up ;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
 To England to carry ;
O when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry ?

Illustrated British Ballads.

ALISON GROSS.

THIS ballad was taken down by Mr. Jamieson, at the recitation of Mrs. Brown, of Falkland, in Fifeshire, who furnished the skeletons of many ballads, popular in Scotland and the North. The tradition connected with the powers of the witch is one commonly known among the Scottish peasantry. Jamieson was born in the year 1780, and died in 1844. His collection of "Popular Ballads and Songs" was published in 1806.



ALISON GROSS, that lives in yon tower,
The ugliest witch in the north countrie,
She trysted me ae day up till her bower,
And mony fair speeches she made to me.

She straiked my head and she kaimed my hair,
And she set me down saftly on her knee ;
Says, "Gin ye will be my lemman sae true,
Sae mony braw things as I wad you gie !"

She shaw'd me a mantle o' red scarlett,
Wi' gouden flowers and fringes fine ;
Says, "Gin ye will be my lemman sae true,
This gudely gift it sall be thine."

"Awa', awa', ye ugly witch,
Haud far awa' and lat me be !
I never will be your lemman sae true,
And I wish I were out o' your company."

She neist brought a sark o' the saftest silk,
Well wrought wi' pearls about the band ;
Says, "Gin ye will be my ain true love,
This gudely gift ye sall command."

She shawed me a cup o' the gude red goud,
Weel set in jewels sae fair to see ;
Says, "Gin ye will be my lemman sae true,
This gudely gift I will ye gie."

"Awa', awa', ye ugly witch,
Haud far awa', and let me be !
For I wadna ance kiss your ugly mouth
For a' the gifts that you could gie."

She's turned her richt and round about,
And thrice she blew on a grass-green horn ;
And she sware by the moon and the stars aboon
That she'd gar' me rue the day I was born.

¹ Make.

Alison Gross.



"SHE SHAW'D ME A CUP O' THE GUDE RED GOUD."

Then out has she ta'en a silver wand,
And she's turned her three times round and round ;
She's muttered sic words that my strength it failed,
And I fell down senseless on the ground.

She turned me into an ugly worm,¹
And gar'd me twine across the tree ;
And aye on ilka Saturday's night
Alison Gross she cam' to me ;

Wi' silver basin and silver kaim,
To kaim my headie upon her knee ;
But ere that I'd kiss her ugly mouth,
I'd sooner gae twining around the tree.

But as it fell out, on last Hallowe'e,
When the Seely² Court cam' ridin' by,

¹ Serpent.

² Fairy.

Illustrated British Ballads.

The queen lighted down on a gowan bank,
Close by the tree where I wont to lie.

She took me up in her milk-white hand,
She straiked me three times o'er her knee ;
She changed me back to my proper shape,
And nae mair do I twine about the tree.

ANNAN WATER.

THIS ballad was published in Sir Walter Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." The Annan was formerly the frequent scene of tragical accidents, and it is stated that a bridge was built over the river in consequence of the melancholy catastrophe narrated in the present ballad, which is given from tradition.



ANNAN WATER'S wading deep,
And my love Annie's wondrous bonny ;
I will keep my tryst to-night,
And win the heart o' lovely Annie."

He's loup¹en on his bonny grey,
He rade the right gate² and the ready ;
For a' the storm he wadna stay,
For seeking o' his bonny lady.

And he has ridden o'er field and fell,
Through muir and moss, and stones and mire ;
His spurs o' steel were sair to bide,
And frae her four feet flew the fire.

"My bonny grey, noo play your part !
Gin ye be the steed that wins my dearie,
Wi' corn and hay ye'se be fed for aye,
And never spur sall mak' you wearie."

The grey was a mare, and a right gude mare ;
But when she wan the Annan Water,
She couldna hae found the ford that night
Had a thousand merks been wadd²ed at her.

"O boatman, boatman, put off your boat,
Put off your boat for gouden money !"

¹ Way.

² Wagered.

Annot of Benallay.

But for a' the goud in fair Scotland,
He dared na tak' him through to Annie.

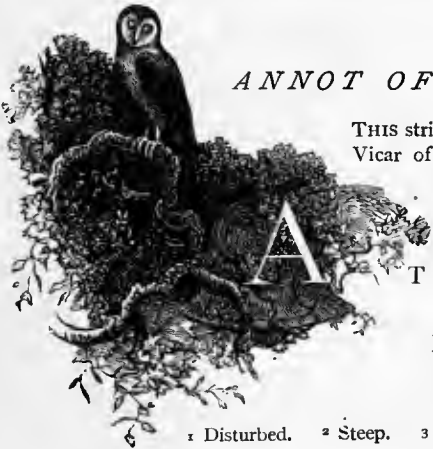
"O I was sworn sae late yestreen,
Not by a single aith, but mony ;
I'll cross the drumly¹ stream to-night,
Or never could I face my honey."

The side was stey,² and the bottom deep,
Frae bank to brae the water pouring ;
The bonny grey mare she swat for fear,
For she heard the water-kelpie³ roaring.

He spurred her forth into the flood ;
I wot she swam both strong and steady ;
But the stream was broad, her strength did fail,
And he never saw his bonny lady.

O wae betide the frush⁴ saugh⁵ wand !
And wae betide the bush of brier !
That bent and brake into his hand,
When strength of man and horse did tire.

And wae betide ye, Annan Water !
This night ye are a drumly river ;
But over thee we'll build a brig,
That ye nae mair true love may sever.



ANNOT OF BENALLAY.

THIS striking ballad was written by the Rev. R. S. Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstow, who died in 1876. His memoirs have been edited by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. Traditions similar to that recorded are to be found in many countries.

T lone midnight the death-bell tolled
To summon Annot's clay ;
For common eyes must not behold
The griefs of Benallay.

¹ Disturbed. ² Steep. ³ The water-spirit or goblin. ⁴ Brittle. ⁵ Willow.

Illustrated British Ballads.

Meek daughter of a haughty line,
Was Lady Annot born ;
That light which was not long to shine,
The sun that set at morn.

They shrouded her in maiden white,
They buried her in pall ;
And the ring he gave her faith to plight
Shines on her finger small.



"TWO AND TWO THEY TREAD
THE CHURCHYARD'S HOMEWARD WAY."

The curate reads the dead man's prayer,
The silent leech stands by ;
The sob of voiceless love is there,
And sorrow's vacant eye.

'Tis over. Two and two they tread
The churchyard's homeward way :
Farewell ! farewell ! thou lovely dead :
Thou flower of Benallay.

The sexton stalks with tottering limb
Along the chancel floor ;

Annot of Benallay.



"JOY IN THE HALL OF BENALLAY."

He waits, that old man grey and grim,
To close the narrow door.

"Shame! shame! these rings of stone and gold!"
The ghastly caitiff said:
"Better that living hands should hold,
Than glisten on the dead."

The evil wish wrought evil deed,
The pall is rent away;
And lo! beneath the shattered lid,
The Flower of Benallay.

But life gleams through those opening eyes;
Blood thrills that lifted hand:
And awful words are in her cries,
Which none may understand.

Joy! 'tis the miracle of yore,
Of the city callèd Nain;—
Lo! glad feet throng the sculptured floor,
To hail their dead again.

Joy in the hall of Benallay,
A stately feast is spread;
Lord Harold is the bridegroom gay,
The bride the arisen dead.

Illustrated British Ballads.

THE ARMADA.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was born on the 25th of October, 1800, at Rothley Temple, in Leicestershire, the seat of his uncle, Thomas Babington. His father, Zachary Macaulay, was one of the earliest advocates of Negro Emancipation. The son speedily gave promise of distinction, and Hannah More predicted his future greatness. After much versatile reading and study, in his nineteenth year young Macaulay began his residence at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was very successful at the university, and on leaving it chose the bar as a profession. His talents, however, were of a literary character, and could not be repressed. His article on "Milton," published in the *Edinburgh Review*, signalled the appearance of one of the most brilliant intellects of the time, as well as of a new era in review literature. It was rapidly succeeded by other papers, which brought their writer into public notice. In 1830 Macaulay was returned to Parliament for Calne, and two years afterwards he accepted the office of Secretary to the Board of Control. From 1832 to 1834 he was member for Leeds. He subsequently went to India as Member of the Council and as President of the Law Commission. Returning to England in 1838, in January, 1840, he was elected representative of the City of Edinburgh. He was Secretary at War, with a seat in the Cabinet, from 1839 to 1841. In 1846 he was made Paymaster of the Forces. Rejected for Edinburgh in 1847, he was again returned for that city, without solicitation or expense, in 1852. He held his seat for four years, but failing health then compelled him to resign. Honours poured in upon him from 1848 to 1857, and in the latter year he was elevated to the peerage. He died on the 28th of December, 1859, and was buried on the 9th of January, 1860, in Westminster Abbey, his favourite haunt, Poets' Corner, receiving his remains. Serviceable as Lord Macaulay had been to his party, and interested as he invariably was in the questions of the day, his strongest predilections were always towards literature. It is as the historian, the essayist, and the poet, and not as the politician, that he will receive the just tribute of posterity. In no regard does he merit higher encomiums than in the light in which we are at the present moment concerned with him—that of a ballad-writer. In his ballads we find the best exhibition of the strength, simplicity, variety, and picturesqueness of his language. His "Lays of Ancient Rome" are too long for reproduction, but "The Armada" and "Ivry" are equally graphic, and equally distinguished for their vigorous word-painting; while the "Election Ballad" proves that he was by no means deficient in humour. His ballads have the merit of being thoroughly enjoyable by all. He has had many imitators; but when the sound of their voices has died away, his sonorous cadences still haunt the memory.



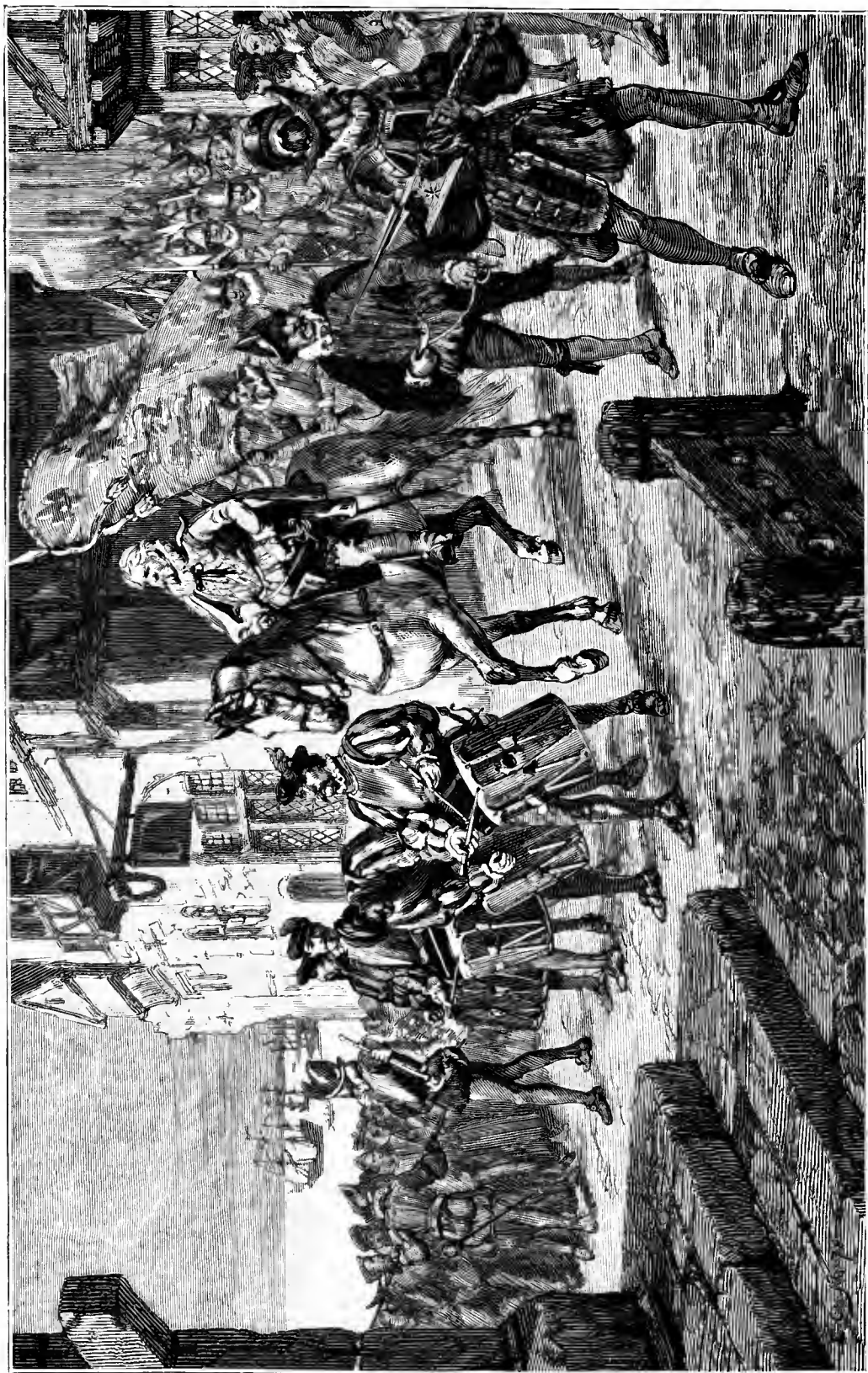
ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall *Pinta* till the noon had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcumbe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.

The Armada.

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes ;
Behind him march the halberdiers ; before him sound the drums ;
His yeomen round the market-cross make clear an ample space,
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the Lion of the Sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield ;
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.
Ho ! strike the flag-staff deep, Sir Knight ; ho ! scatter flowers, fair maids ;
Ho ! gunners, fire a loud salute ; ho ! gallants, draw your blades ;
Thou sun, shine on her joyously ; ye breezes, waft her wide—
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold ;
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold ;
Night sank upon the dusky beach and on the purple sea—
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day ;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread—
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone : it shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep each Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves ;
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves ;
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew—
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down ;
The sentinel on Whitehall Gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires ;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear,
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer ;
And from the furthest ward was heard the rush of hurrying feet,



"WITH HIS WHITE HAIR UNBONNETED, THE STOUT OLD SHERIFF COMES :
BEHIND HIM MARCH THE HALBERDIERS ; BEFORE HIM SOUND THE DRUMS . "

As I Laye a-thynkyng.

And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street.
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in ;
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth ;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north ;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired, they bounded still :
All night from tower to tower they sprang ; they sprang from hill to hill,
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales ;
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height ;
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light ;
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

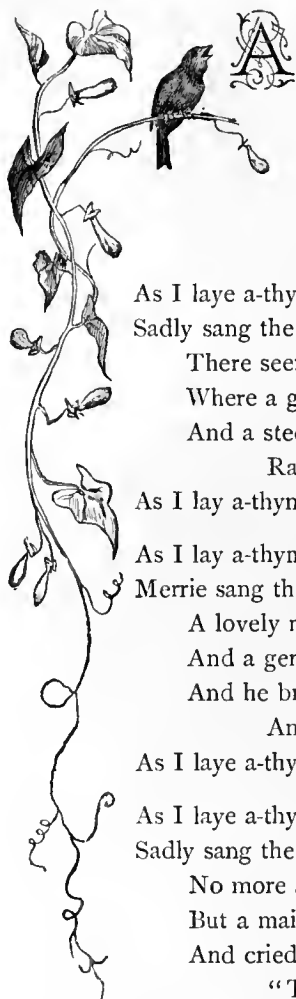
* * * * *

AS I LAYE A-THYNKYNGE.

THE LAST LINES OF "THOMAS INGOLDSBY."

THE author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," Richard Harris Barham, was born at Canterbury, in the year 1788. He was educated at St. Paul's School, London, and at Oxford. Being admitted to orders, he was appointed to the curacy of Ashford, in Kent. After holding other appointments, in 1821 he was elected to a minor canonry in St. Paul's Cathedral, and in 1824 appointed to the incumbency of St. Mary Magdalene and St. Gregory by St. Paul. A Conservative in politics, he was a frequent contributor to *Blackwood* and the *John Bull* newspaper. In 1837, Mr. Bentley, the publisher, a friend of Mr. Barham's, secured the latter's services for *Bentley's Miscellany*. Literary London was speedily taken by storm with the "Ingoldsby Legends." Mr. Barham had a singular command both of humour and pathos; but he also possessed poetical powers of a high order, which had not free scope in that class of effort which afterwards rendered the name of Ingoldsby a "household word." Mr. Barham died in London, on the 17th of June, 1845, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. The following stanzas possess fine intrinsic merit; they are distinguished for sweetness and pathos, but they come to us also with an additional claim upon our regard. They were written by Mr. Barham in a moment of superior inspiration, when the memory of his children, who had pre-deceased him, came over him in a beautiful vision, and the bird of heaven, soaring upwards, beckoned him to follow. He died shortly after their production.

Illustrated British Ballads.



AS I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the spraye ;
There came a noble knyghte,
With his hauberke shynyng bryghte,
And his gallant heart was lyghte,
Free and gaye ;
As I laye a-thynkyng, he rode upon his waye.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the tree !
There seemed a crimson plain,
Where a gallant knyghte lay slayne,
And a steed with broken rein

Ran free,

As I lay a-thynkyng, most pitiful to see !

As I lay a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the bough ;
A lovely mayde came bye,
And a gentle youth was nyghe,
And he breathèd many a syghe,
And a vowe ;

As I laye a-thynkyng, her hearte was gladsome now.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the thorne ;
No more a youth was there,
But a maiden rent her haire,
And cried in sad despaire,
"That I was born !"

As I laye a-thynkyng, she perishèd forlorne.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sweetly sang the Birde as she sat upon the briar ;
There came a lovely childe,
And his face was meek and mild,
Yet joyously he smiled

On his sire ;

As I laye a-thynkyng, a cherub mote admire.

But I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
And sadly sang the Birde as it perch'd upon a bier ;
That joyous smile was gone,
And the face was white and wan,

At the Tomb of King Arthur.

As the dōwne upon the swan
Doth appear,
As I laye a-thynkyng—oh ! bitter flow'd the tear !
As I laye a-thynkyng, the golden sun was synkyng,
O merrie sang that Birde as it glittered on her breast,
With a thousand gorgeous dyes,
While soaring to the skies,
'Mid the stars she seemed to rise,
As to her nest ;
As I laye a-thynkyng, her meaning was exprest :—
“ Follow, follow me away,
It boots not to delay ”—
'Twas so she seemed to saye—
“ Here is rest ! ”



AT THE TOMB OF KING ARTHUR.

MR. AUBREY DE VERE—born in 1814—has written several volumes of poems infused with a genuine poetic spirit, and his drama, *Alexander the Great*, delighted readers by its high qualities of conception, construction, and elevated language. The following extract from Mr. de Vere's minor poems graphically depicts the visit of Henry II. to the tomb of King Arthur at Glastonbury.



THROUGH Glastonbury's cloister dim
The midnight winds were sighing ;
Chanting a low funereal hymn
For those in silence lying,
Death's gentle flock, 'mid shadows grim
Fast bound, and unreplying.
Hard by the monks their mass were saying ;
The organ evermore
Its wave in alternation swaying
On that smooth swell upbore
The voice of their melodious praying
Toward heaven's eternal shore.
Erelong a princely multitude
Moved on through arches grey,
Which yet, though shattered, stand where stood
(God grant they stand for aye !)
St. Joseph's church of woven wood
On England's baptism day.

Illustrated British Ballads.

The grave they found; their swift strokes fell,
Piercing dull earth and stone.
They reached ere long an oaken cell,
And cross of oak, whereon
Was graved, "Here sleeps King Arthur well,
In the isle of Avalon."

The mail on every knightly breast,
The steel at each man's side,
Sent forth a sudden gleam; each crest
Bowed low its plumed pride;
Down o'er the coffin stooped a priest—
But first the monarch cried:

"Great king! in youth I made a vow,
Earth's mightiest son to greet;
His hand to worship; on his brow
To gaze; his grace entreat.
Therefore, though dead, till noontide thou
Shalt fill my royal seat!"

Away the massive lid they roll'd —
Alas! what found they there?
No kingly brow, no shapely mould;
But dust where such things were.
Ashes o'er ashes, fold on fold—
And one bright wreath of hair.

Genevra's hair! like gold it lay;
For Time, though stern, is just,
And humbler things feel last his sway,
And Death reveres his trust.—
They touched that wreath: it sank away
From sunshine into dust!

Then Henry lifted from his head
The Conqueror's iron crown;
That crown upon that dust he laid,
And knelt in reverence down,
And raised both hands to heaven, and said,
"Thou, God, art King alone!"



"THAT CROWN UPON THAT DUST HE LAID,
AND KNELT IN REVERENCE DOWN."

Illustrated British Ballads.



"THEY GIED HIM MY HAND—MY HEART WAS IN THE SEA."

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

THIS exquisite ballad was written by Lady Anne Lindsay, daughter of the fifth Earl of Balcarres. She was born November 27th, 1750, and at the early age of twenty-one produced the ballad which Sir Walter Scott says "is worth all the dialogues which Corydon and Phyllis have had together, from the days of Theocritus downwards." In 1793, Lady A. Lindsay married Mr. Andrew Barnard, son of the Bishop of Limerick, with whom she went out to the Cape, on his appointment as Colonial Secretary under Lord Macartney. Mr. Barnard dying at the Cape, his widow returned to London, where she enjoyed the friendship of Burke, Windham, and others, until her death, which occurred in the year 1825. It was not until she was in her seventy-third year that Lady Barnard made known the secret of the authorship of this ballad. An amusing story is told in connection with its production. On Lord Balcarres' estate was a shepherd of the name of Robin Gray, and for some act of his, Lady Anne resolved to immortalise his memory. Upon her little sister entering her room one day, Lady Anne said, "I have been writing a ballad, my dear; and I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, broken her father's arm, made her mother fall sick, and given her auld Robin Gray for a lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow in the four lines. Help me to one, I pray." "Steal the cow, sister Anne," said her sister. Accordingly, we are told that the cow was "lifted." A second part to the ballad was written by the authoress at her mother's request, but it is unworthy of such companionship, and therefore is not here reproduced.



WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye's a' at hame,
And a' the warld to rest are gane,
The woes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
Unkent by my gudeman, wha sleeps sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride,
But saving a crown, he had naething else beside;

Auld Robin Gray.

To mak' the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound, they were baith for me.

He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
When my faither brake his arm, and the cow was stown away :
My mither she fell sick—my Jamie at the sea ;
And auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My faither couldna work, and my mither couldna spin ;
I toiled night and day, but their bread I couldna win—
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,
Said, " Jeanie, for their sakes, will ye no marry me ? "

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back ;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack ;
The ship was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee ?
Or why am I spared to cry, Wae is me ?

My faither urged me sair, my mither didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break ;
They gied him my hand—my heart was in the sea ;
And so Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, " I'm come hame, love, to marry thee ! "

Oh ! sair sair did we greet,¹ and mickle say of a' ;
I gied him a kiss, and bade him gang awa' ;—
I wish that I were dead, but I'm nae like to dee ;
For though my heart is broken, I'm young, wae's me !

I gang like a ghaist, and carena to spin ;
I darena think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin ;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For, oh ! Robin Gray he is kind to me !

¹ Weep.

Illustrated British Ballads.

THE BABY'S DÉBUT.

JAMES and Horace Smith, authors of the "Rejected Addresses"—a series of parodies which had a greater success than almost any work issued during the present century—were the sons of Robert Smith, solicitor to the Board of Ordnance. James was born at 36, Basinghall Street, London, on the 10th of February, 1775, and Horace in the same house on the 31st of December, 1779. James eventually succeeded to his father's business, and Horace acquired a fortune on the Stock Exchange. The latter wrote a novel entitled "Brambletye House." James Smith died on the 24th of December, 1839, and Horace on the 12th of July, 1849. The lucky volume by which the brothers became famous appeared on the re-opening of Drury Lane Theatre, in October, 1812. The copyright of the work, which had been originally refused by a London publisher for £20, was purchased by the same publisher for £131, after the book had gone through sixteen editions. Twenty-two editions had appeared by the year 1851. It is generally admitted that more humorous parodies, or imitations more closely catching the spirit of the original writers, have never been written. Amongst the happiest of the efforts is the following ballad, in imitation of Wordsworth, written by James Smith. It is supposed to be spoken in the character of Nancy Lake, a girl eight years of age, who is drawn upon the Drury Lane stage, in a child's chaise, by her uncle's porter.



Y brother Jack was nine in May,
And I was eight on New Year's Day ;
So in Kate Wilson's shop
Papa (he's my papa and Jack's)
Bought me last week a doll of wax,
And brother Jack a top.

Jack's in the pouts, and this it is—
He thinks mine came to more than his ;
So to my drawer he goes,
Takes out the doll, and oh, my stars !
He pokes her head between the bars,
And melts off half her nose !

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,
And tie it to his peg-top's peg,
And bang, with might and main,
Its head against the parlour door :
Off flies the head, and hits the floor,
And breaks a window-pane.

This made him cry with rage and spite :
Well, let him cry, it serves him right.

A pretty thing, forsooth !
If he's to melt, all scalding hot,
Half my doll's nose, and I am not
To draw his peg-top's tooth !

The Baby's Début.

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
And cried, "O naughty Nancy Lake,
Thus to distress your aunt :
No Drury Lane for you to-day !"
And while papa said, "Pooh, she may !"
Mamma said, "No, she shan't !"

Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney coach,
And trotted down the street.
I saw them go : one horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet.

The chaise in which poor brother Bill
Used to be drawn to Pentonville,
Stood in the lumber-room :
I wiped the dust from off the top,
While Molly mopped it with a mop,
And brushed it with a broom.

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,
Came in at six to black the shoes,
(I always talk to Sam :)
So what does he, but takes and drags
Me in the chaise along the flags,
And leaves me where I am.

My father's walls are made of brick,
But not so tall and not so thick
As these ; and, goodness me !
My father's beams are made of wood,
But never, never half so good
As those that now I see.

What a large floor ! 'tis like a town !
The carpet, when they lay it down,
Won't hide it, I'll be bound ;
And there's a row of lamps—my eye !
How they do blaze ! I wonder why
They keep them on the ground.

Illustrated British Ballads.

At first I caught hold of the wing,
And kept away ; but Mr. Thing-
Umbob, the prompter man,
Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,
And said, " Go on, my pretty love ;
Speak to 'em, little Nan.



"SPEAK TO 'EM, LITTLE NAN."

" You've only got to curtsey, whisp-
Er hold your chin up, laugh, and lisp,
And then you're sure to take :
I've known the day when brats, not quite
'Thirteen, got fifty pounds a night ;¹
Then why not Nancy Lake ?"

¹ Alluding to the Master Betty mania. Betty, who was known as "the Young Roscins," appeared in *Barbarossa* at Covent Garden Theatre, when not quite thirteen years of age. He lasted for two seasons. 1804-5.

The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.

But while I'm speaking, where's papa?
And where's my aunt? and where's mamma?
Where's Jack? Oh, there they sit!
They smile, they nod; I'll go my ways,
And order round poor Billy's chaise,
To join them in the pit.

And now, good gentlefolks, I go
To join mamma, and see the show;
So, bidding you adieu,
I curtsey, like a pretty miss,
And if you'll blow to me a kiss,
I'll blow a kiss to you.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.

FEW ballads possess a greater charm, or a wider popularity, than this. Percy suggested that Islington in Norfolk is probably the place referred to; but Mr. Wheatley observes that there is no reason why the better-known Islington should be deprived of the honour of having given birth to the bailiff's daughter. There is one thing in favour of Percy's theory, however—namely, that the ballad itself seems to point to a longer journey than that from Islington, the ancient village near London, to the metropolis. (See lines 25–28.) In addition to this, the friends of the “well-beloved youthe,” anxious to wean him from his attachment, would not have gained much by merely sending him from one of the suburbs into the City of London. The writer of this favourite ballad is unknown.



HERE was a youthe, and a well-beloved youthe,
And he was a squires son;
He loved the bayliffes daughter deare,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was cōy, and would not believe
That he did love her soe,
Noe, nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him showe.

But when his friendes did understand
His fond and foolish minde,
They sent him up to faire London,
An apprentice for to binde.

Illustrated British Ballads.

And when he had been seven long yeares,
And never his love could see,
"Many a teare have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of mee."

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and playe,
All but the bailiffes daughter deare ;
She secretly stole awaye.

She pulled off her gown of greene,
And put on ragged attire,
And to faire London she would go,
Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the high road,
The weather being hot and drye,
She sat her down upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding bye.

She started up with a colour so redd,
Catching hold of his bridal-reine ;
"One penny, one penny, kind sir," she sayd,
"Will ease me of much paine."

"Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,
Pray tell me where you were borne."
"At Islington, kind sir," said shee,
"Where I have had many a scorne."

"I prythee, sweet-heart, then tell to mee,
O tell me, whether you knowe
The bailiffes daughter of Islington."
"She is dead, sir, long agoe."

"If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also ;
For I will into some farr countrye,
Where noe man shall me knowe."

"O staye, O staye, thou goodlye youthe,
She standeth by thy side ;
She is here alive, she is not dead,
And ready to be thy bride."



"SHE SAT HER DOWN UPON A GREEN BANK,
AND HER TRUE LOVE CAME KIDING BYE."

A. F. Frost.

Illustrated British Ballads.

"O farewell griefe, and welcome joye,
Ten thousand times therefor ;
For nowe I have found mine owne true love,
Whom I thought I should never see more."

BALLAD CONCERNING LOVE.

ALTHOUGH there is no positive evidence that this ballad is by Chaucer, there is very strong presumption to that effect. It is from an ancient MS. in the Pepysian Library, which contains veritable examples by Chaucer. Mr. Morris prints it in his "Aldine Edition of Chaucer," and Mr. Furnivall says : "There is nothing in it (so far as I can see) to make it not Chaucer's, and it is of the same form as his 'Roundel' in the 'Parliament of Foules.'" Accordingly it has been included in this collection. Chaucer was born about the year 1328, if we are to credit the inscription on the monument in Westminster Abbey, but other authorities give the year of his birth as 1340. He died on the 25th of October, 1400.

I.



YOURE two eyn will sle me sodenly,
I may the Beaute of them not sustene,
So wendeth it thorowout my heart kene.

And but your words will helen hastily
My hertis wound, while that it is grene,
Youre two eyn will sle me sodenly.

Upon my trouth I sey yow feithfully,
That ye ben of my liffe and deth the quene;
For with my deth the trouth shall be sene.
Youre two eyn, &c.

II.

So hath youre Beaute fro youre herte chased
Pitee, that me n'availeth not to pleyn;¹
For daunger halt² youre mercy in his cheyne.

Giltless my deth thus have you purchased;
I sey yow soth,³ me nedeth not to fayn;
So hath youre Beaute fro your herte chased.

Alas, that nature hath in yow compassed
So grete Beaute, that no man may atteyn
To mercy, though he sterve for the peyn.
So hath youre Beaute, &c.

¹ Complain.

² Holdeth.

³ I tell you the truth.

The Ballad of Eleänore.

111.

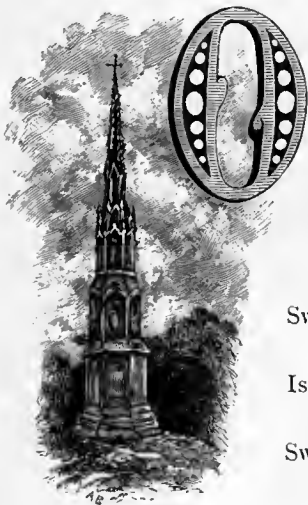
Syn I fro love escaped am so fat,
I nere thinke to ben in his prison lene ;
Syn I am free, I count him not a bene.¹

He may answer, and say this and that,
I do no fors,² I speak ryght as I mene ;
Syn I fro love escaped am so fat.

Love hath my name i-strike out of his sclat,
And he is strike out of my bokes clene ;
For ever mo "ther"³ is none other mene.
Syn I fro love escaped, &c.

THE BALLAD OF ELEÄNORE.

MR. MORTIMER COLLINS—from whose works this ballad is extracted—was born in 1827, and died in 1876, while still in the vigour of his manhood. His numerous works of fiction attained a considerable popularity, but his gifts found a more natural expression in verse. With regard to the following ballad, there is no need to remind the reader of the crosses erected by King Edward I. wherever his wife's bier stopped on its way to interment at Westminster.



FAIRER than vermillion
Shed upon western skies
Was the blush of that sweet Castilian
Girl, with the deep brown eyes,
As her happy heart grew firmer,
In the strange bright days of yore,
When she heard young Edward murmur,
"I love thee, Eleänore!"

Sweeter than musical cadence
Of the wind 'mid cedar and lime
Is love to a timorous maiden's
Heart, in the fresh spring time ;
Sweeter than waves that mutter
And break on a sinuous shore,
Are the songs her fancies utter
To brown-eyed Eleänore.

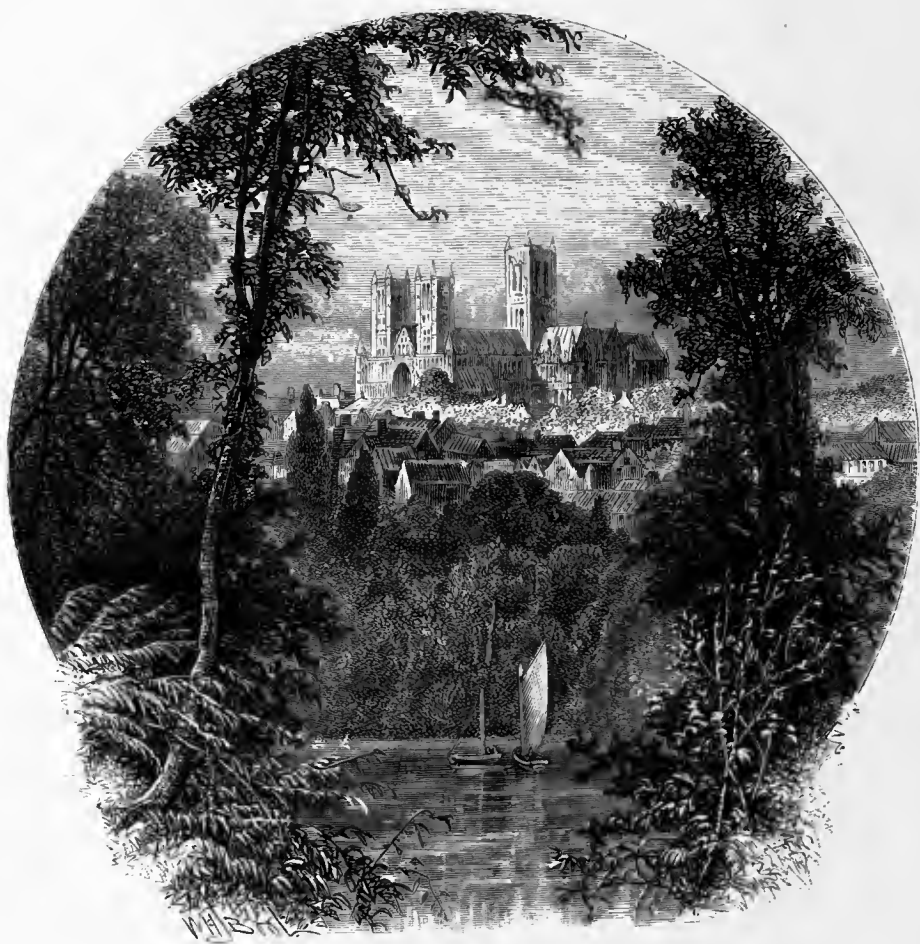
¹ A term of contempt.

² I do not care.

³ This MS.

Illustrated British Ballads.

They twain went forth together,
Away o'er the Midland Main,
Through the golden summer weather
To Syria's mystic plain.



"WHERE LINCOLN'S TOWERS OF WONDER
SOAR HIGH O'ER THE VALE OF TRENT."

Together, toil and danger
And the death of their loved ones bore,
And perils from Paynim, stranger
Than death to Eleänore.

Where Lincoln's towers of wonder
Soar high o'er the Vale of Trent,

The Ballad of Eleänore.

Their lives were torn asunder ;
To her home the good Queen went.
Her corse to the tomb he carried,
With grief at his heart's stern core ;
And where'er at night they tarried
Rose a cross to Eleänore.

As ye trace a meteor's onset
By a line of silver rain,
As ye trace a regal sunset
By streaks of a saffron stain,
So to the minster holy
At the west of London's roar,
May ye mark how sadly, slowly,
Passed the corse of Eleänore.

Back to where lances quiver,—
Straight back by tower and town,
By hill and wold and river,—
For the love of Scotland's crown.
But ah ! there is woe within him
For the face he shall see no more ;
And conquest cannot win him
From the love of Eleänore.

Years after, sternly dying
In his tent by the Solway sea,
With the breezes of Scotland flying
O'er the wild sands, wide and free,
His dim thoughts sadly wander
To the happy days of yore,
And he sees, in the grey sky yonder,
The eyes of his Eleänore.

Time must destroy those crosses
Raised by the Poet-King ;
But as long as the blue sea tosses,
As long as the skylarks sing,
As long as London's river
Glides stately down to the Nore,
Men shall remember ever
How he loved Queen Eleänore.

Illustrated British Ballads.

THE BALLAD OF ELIZA DAVIS.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, who came of a Yorkshire family, was born at Calcutta, in the year 1811. He was educated at the Charterhouse, and afterwards went to Cambridge. Having resolved upon the career of an artist, he studied in the art galleries of Rome and certain of the German cities; but having lost the greater part of his fortune, he entered at the Middle Temple, and also began his literary career. His tales and sketches in *Fraser* attracted great attention, which was still further excited by his contributions to *Punch*. His "Snob Papers" were something new and biting in the way of satirical literature. Thackeray's first great work, "Vanity Fair," is said to have been rejected by no fewer than seventeen publishers. Its publication established his fame. It is unnecessary to enumerate the roll of brilliant novels which followed; suffice it to say that they have given their author a position in the literature of fiction second only to that of Fielding. Amongst other works by this writer distinguished for their sterling excellence are his "English Humourists," lectures on the "Four Georges," "Round-about Papers," and "Ballads." The last-named are inimitable of their kind. "The Cane-bottomed Chair," "Peg of Limavaddy," "The Ballad of Bouillabaisse," and "The Ballads of Policeman X" are not likely soon to drop out of English literature. The following amusing ballad is selected from the series known as "The Ballads of Policeman X." There are others quite as well known—as, for example, "Lines on a Late Hospitious Event," and "Jacob Homnium's Hoss"—but the present ballad is quite their equal in humour, and has not so frequently been reproduced. Thackeray died on December 24th, 1863.



GENTS and lovely ladies,
List a tail vich late befel,
Vich I heard it, bein' on duty,
At the Pleace Hoffice, Clerkenwell.

Praps you know the Fondling Chapel,
Vere the little children sings;
(Lor! I likes to hear on Sundies
Them there pooty little things!)

In this street there lived a housemaid,
If you particklarly ask me where—
Vy, it was at four-and-twenty
Guilford Street, by Brunswick Square.

Vich her name was Eliza Davis,
And she went to fetch the beer:
In the street she met a party
As was quite surprised to see her.

Vich he was a British sailor,
For to judge him by his look:
Tarry jacket, canva's trowsies,
Ha-la Mr. T. P. Cooke.

Presently this mann accostes
Of this hinnocent young gal—

The Ballad of Eliza Davis.



"WHAT'S YOUR NAME, MY BEAUTY, TELL ME?"

"Pray," saysee, "excuse my freedom,
You're so like my sister Sall !

"You're so like my sister Sally,
Both in valk, and face, and size,
Miss, that—dang my old lee scuppers,
It brings tears into my heyes !

"I'm a mate on board a wessel,
I'm a sailor bold and true ;
Shiver up my poor old timbers,
Let me be a mate for you !

"What's your name, my beauty, tell me?"
And she faintly hansers, "Lore,
Sir, my name's Eliza Davis,
And I live at twenty-four."

Illustrated British Ballads.

Hoftimes came this British seaman,
This deluded gal to meet ;
And at twenty-four was welcome,
Twenty-four in Guilford Street.

And Eliza told her Master
(Kinder they than Missuses are),
How in marridge he had ast her,
Like a galliant British tar.

And he brought his landlady vith him
(Vich was all his artful plan),
And she told how Charley Thompson
Reely vas a good young man,

And how she herself had lived in
Many years of union sweet
Vith a gent she met promiskous,
Valkin' in the public street.

And Eliza listened to them,
And she thought that soon their bands
Would be published at the Fondlin',
Hand the clergyman jine their 'ands.

And he ast about the lodgers
(Vich her master let some rooms),
Likevise vere they kep their things ; and
Vere her master kep his spoons.

Hand this vicked Charley Thompson
Came on Sunday veek to see her ;
And he sent Eliza Davis
Hout to fetch a pint of beer.

Hand while pore Eliza went to
Fetch the beer, dewoid of sin,
This etrocious Charley Thompson
Let his wile accomplish hin.

To the lodgers their apartments
This abandingd female goes,
Prigs their shirts and umberellas,
Prigs their boots, and hats, and clothes ;

The Ballad of Eliza Davis.

Vile the scoundrel, Charley Thompson,
Lest his wictim should escape,
Hocust her vith rum and vater,
Like a fiend in huming shape.

But a hi was fixt upon 'em
Vich these raskles little sore ;
Namely, Mr. Hide, the landlord
Of the house at twenty-four.

He was valkin' in his garden,
Just afore he vent to sup ;
And on looking hup he sor the
Lodgers' vinders lighted hup.

Hup the stairs the landlord tumbled ;
"Something's going wrong," he said ;
And he caught the vicked voman
Underneath the lodger's bed.

And he called a brother Pleaseman,
Vich vas passing on his beat,
Like a true and galliant feller,
Hup and down in Guilford Street.

And that Pleaseman, able-bodied,
Took this voman to the cell ;
To the cell where she was quodded,
In the Close of Clerkenwell.

And though vicked Charley Thompson
Boulted like a miscrant base,
Presently another Pleaseman
Took him to the self-same place.

And this precious pair of raskles
Tuesday last came up for doom ;
By the beak they vas committed,
Vich his name was Mr. Combe.

Has for pore Eliza Davis,
Simple gurl of twenty-four,
She, I 'ope, vill never listen
In the streets to sailors moar.

Illustrated British Ballads.

But if she must ave a sweet-art
(Vich most every gurl expex),
Let her take a jolly Pleaseman ;
Vich his name peraps is—X.

BALLAD OF THE JUDGE AND THE MASTER.

THIS excellent ballad in the old English style, by Mr. Tom Taylor (born 1817, died July 12, 1880), had a curious origin. It appears that on a certain occasion, when Lord Denman was at Cambridge as a Judge of Assize, his lordship thought he had the right to return from court to his lodgings through the back or front gate of Trinity, as he might think proper. Dr. Whewell, however, the Master of Trinity, and consequently lord paramount in his own domain, gave orders that the judges were to enter by the front gate ; but Lord Denman pushed his way through the back gate, in spite of the opposition of the keeper. This is the incident utilised by Mr. Taylor.



HE stout Master of Trinitie
A vow to God did make,
Ne Judge, ne Sheriff, through his back door
Their way from Court should take.
And syne he hath closed his big, big book,
And syne laid down his pen,
And dour and grimly was his look,
As he called his serving-men :—
“ Come hither, come hither, my porter Watts !
Come hither, Moonshine, to me !
If he be Judge in the Justice Hall,
I’ll be Judge in Trinitie.

“ And Sheriff Green is a lordly man
In his coat of the velvet fine ;
But he’ll rue the day that he took his way
Through back gate of mine !

“ Now bolt and bar, my flunkies true,
Good need is ours, I ween ;
By the trumpet so clear, the Judge is near,
And eke bold Sheriff Green.”

Oh, a proud, proud man was the Master to see,
With his serving-men behind,

Ballad of the Fudge and the Master.

As he strode down the stair with his nose in the air,
Like a pig that scents the wind.

And they have barred the bigger gate,
And they have barred the small,
And soon they spy the Sheriff's coach,
And the Sheriff so comely and tall.

And the Sheriff straight has knocked at the gate,
And tirlèd at the pin ;



"AS HE STRODE DOWN THE STAIR WITH HIS NOSE IN THE AIR."

"Now open, open, thou proud porter,
And let my Lord Judge in !"

"Nay, Sheriff Green," quoth the proud porter,
"For this thing may not be ;
The Judge is Lord in the Justice Hall,
But the Master in Trinitie."

Then the Master smiled on the porter Watts,
And gave him a silver joe ;
And, as he came there with his nose in the air,
So back to the lodge did go.

Illustrated British Ballads.

Then outspoke the grave Lord Justice,—“ Ho !
Sheriff Green, what aileth thee ?
Bid the trumpets blow, that the folk may know,
And the gate be opened free.”

But a troubled man was the Sheriff Green,
And he sweated as he did stand ;
And in silken stock each knee did knock,
And the white wand shook in his hand.

Then black grew the brow of the Judge, I trow,
And his voice was stern to hear,
As he almost swore at Sheriff Green,
Who wrung his hands in fear.

“ Now, out and alas, my Lord High Judge,
That I this day should see !
When I did knock, from behind the lock
The porter thus answered me :
‘ That thou wert Lord in the Justice Hall,
But the Master in Trinitie.’

“ And the Master hath bid them bar the gate
’Gainst kaiser or ’gainst king.”

“ Now by my wig !” quoth the judge in wrath,
“ Such answer *is not the thing*.”



“ ‘ NOW BY MY WIG !’ QUOTH THE JUDGE IN WRATH,
‘ SUCH ANSWER IS NOT THE THING.’ ”

Ballad from the "Life Drama."

"Break down the gate, and tell the knave
That would stop my way so free,
That the wood of his skull is as thick to the full
As the wood of the gate may be !"

That voice so clear when the porter did hear,
He trembled exceedingly ;
Then soon and straight he flung open the gate,
And the Judge and his train rode by.

BALLAD FROM THE "LIFE DRAMA."

ALEXANDER SMITH, the writer of this ballad, was born at Kilmarnock, in the year 1830. His youth was one of labour and hardship. He first acquired popularity by his "Life Drama." This was succeeded, in 1857, by a volume entitled "City Poems," which, while not so ambitious as the "Life Drama," exhibited a decided advance in the poetic art. In 1861 Mr. Smith published his "Edwin of Deira," a fine poem, and one which would have brought its author still greater fame, had not the style been moulded so thoroughly upon that of Mr. Tennyson. Mr. Smith could also write admirable prose, as his book of essays, "Dreamthorp," and the novel, "Alfred Hagart's Household," sufficiently testify. After holding for several years the office of Secretary to the University of Edinburgh, Mr. Smith died in the year 1867, at the age which has proved fatal to many other poets. Amongst the happiest of this author's efforts is the following beautiful ballad from the "Life Drama."



I N winter, when the dismal rain
Came slanting down in lines,
And wind, that grand old harper, smote
His thunder-harp of pines,

A poet sat in his antique room,
His lamp the valley kinged,
'Neath dry crusts of dead tongues he found
Truth, fresh and golden-winged.

When violets came, and woods were green,
And larks did skyward dart,
A Love alit, and white did sit
Like an angel on his heart.

From his heart he unclasped his love
Amid the trembling trees,

Illustrated British Ballads.



"AND WIND, THAT GRAND OLD HARPER, SMOTE
HIS THUNDER-HARP OF PINES."

And sent it to the Lady Blanche
On wingèd poesies.

The Lady Blanche was saintly fair,
Nor proud, but meek her look ;
In her hazel eyes her thoughts lay clear
As pebbles in a brook.

Her father's veins ran noble blood ;
Her hall rose 'mid the trees ;
Like a sunbeam she came and went
'Mong the white cottages.

The peasants thanked her with their tears,
When food and clothes were given,—
"This is a joy," the lady said,
"Saints cannot taste in heaven !"

They met—the poet told his love,
His hopes, despairs, his pains—

Ballad from the "Life Drama."

The lady with her calm eyes marked
The tumult in his veins.

He passed away—a fierce song leapt
From cloud of his despair,
As lightning, like a bright wild beast,
Leaps from its thunder-lair.

He poured his frenzy forth in song—
Bright heir of tears and praises :—
Now resteth that unquiet heart
Beneath the quiet daisies.

The world is old—oh ! very old—
The wild winds weep and rave ;
The world is old, and grey, and cold,
Let it drop into its grave !



"LIKE A SUNBEAM SHE CAME AND WENT
'MONG THE WHITE COTTAGES."

Illustrated British Ballads.

THE BALLAD OF SALLY BROWN AND BEN THE CARPENTER.

THOMAS HOOD was born in the Poultry, London, in the year 1798. When but fifteen years of age, some of his poems were published in a Dundee newspaper. He had been sent to Scotland to recruit his health, but he returned to London in 1820. First practising as an engraver, in 1821 he began to act as sub-editor of the *London Magazine*, a periodical in which several of his well-known poems appeared. Hood was married to the sister of a brother-poet, John Hamilton Reynolds, in May, 1824. Two years later his first series of "Whims and Oddities" appeared, and the second was published in 1827. His most famous ballad, "The Dream of Eugene Aram," appeared in 1829, in an annual called the *Gem*, which Hood was then editing. The first series of the *Comic Annual* was brought out in 1830. At this time Hood wrote a great deal, amongst other works being a pantomime for the Adelphi, a dramatisation of "Gil Blas," and a novel entitled "Tylney Hall." From 1834 till his death the life of the poet was one continuous struggle with adversity. He worked on nobly, notwithstanding his shattered health. In 1835 he proceeded to Germany, and sojourned at Coblenz and other places. He had many attacks of blood-spitting, and on one occasion suggested as an epitaph for himself, "Here lies one who spat more blood and made more puns than any other man." In 1839 he returned to England for a short time, when he found that his work, "Up the Rhine," had been very successful. Difficulties with his publishers, however, followed, and these were never adjusted during his lifetime. In 1841 we find him settled in a house in the Finchley Road, now tolerably comfortable as regards pecuniary circumstances. The "Song of the Shirt" was published anonymously in the Christmas number of *Punch* for 1843. This thrilling poem was speedily known throughout the country. Trouble and suffering were the lot of Hood during the year 1844. Through the influence of Sir Robert Peel a pension of £100 a year was conferred upon his wife, as likely to be the survivor, in consideration of Hood's literary services. The poet was confined to his bed from Christmas, 1844, to the 3rd of May, 1845, on which latter date he died. Few poets have obtained a wider recognition of their merits than Hood. His works are the outcome of a strongly sensitive mind—one not only susceptible to the beauties of outward nature, but deeply impressed with the joys and woes of humanity. His nature was thoroughly religious, although he has sometimes been regarded as irreligious. Tender to the weak and suffering, and sympathetic towards the unfortunate, he had a fervent hatred of oppression and superstition, and of all social shams. He had equal facility in the humorous, the satiric, and the pathetic vein, exhibiting at the same time, in such poems as "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," true poetic fancy. We shall give, in the course of this work, examples of his more serious ballads. The humour of his lighter ones is perfectly irresistible. Amongst the latter ballads the following has always held a favourite place. Hood himself says concerning it: "I have never been vainer of any verses than of my part in the following ballad. Dr. Watts, amongst evangelical muses, has an enviable renown, and Campbell's ballads enjoy a snug, genteel popularity. 'Sally Brown' has been favoured, perhaps, with as wide a patronage as the 'Moral Songs,' though its circle may not have been of so select a class as the friends of 'Hohenlinden.'"



YOUNG BEN he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew;
And Sally she did faint away,
While Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,

The Ballad of Sally Brown and Ben the Carpenter.

That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head ;
He'll be as good as me ;
For when your swain is in our boat,
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A-coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"
She cried, and wept outright ;
"Then I will to the water-side,
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her—
"Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas ! they've taken my beau Ben,
To sail with old Benbow ;"
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she'd said, Gee woe !

Says he, "They've only taken him
To the Tender-ship, you see ;"
"The Tender-ship," cried Sally Brown,
"What a hard-ship that must be !

"Oh ! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I'd follow him ;
But oh ! I'm not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas ! I was not born beneath
The Virgin and the Scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales."

Illustrated British Ballads.

Now Ben had sailed to many a place
That's underneath the world ;
But in two years the ship came home
And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,
To see how she got on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian name was John.

"O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so ?
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow !"

Then reading on his 'bacco box,
He heaved a bitter sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing, "All's Well,"
But could not though he tried ;
His head was turned, and so he chewed
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty odd befell ;
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton tolled the bell.

A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING, the writer of this famous ballad, was born in the year 1609. He served in the Thirty Years' War, under the Swedish banner, and on his return attracted much notice as one of the most brilliant and versatile courtiers of Charles I. Being concerned in a plot to rescue Strafford, he fled to France. The exact date of his death is not known, but some time before 1642 it is believed he committed suicide by taking poison. The following ballad, and several of his songs, have justly preserved Suckling's name to our own day. The ballad was occasioned by the marriage of Roger Boyle, first Earl of Orrery (then Lord Broghill), with Lady Margaret Howard, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk. She is said to have been extremely beautiful.



TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen ;
Oh ! things without compare ;

A Ballad upon a Wedding.



"BUT, WOT YOU WHAT? THE YOUTH WAS GOING
TO MAKE AN END OF ALL HIS WOING."

Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs;
And there did I see coming down
Such folks as are not in our town,
Forty, at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine
(His beard no bigger though than mine)
Walked on before the rest:
Our landlord looks like nothing to him;
The king (God bless him!) 'twould undo him,
Should he go still so drest.

At course-a-park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids i' the town;

Illustrated British Ballads.

Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.



"THE MAID."

But, wot you what? The youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The parson for him stayed;
Yet, by his leave (for all his haste),
He did not so much wish all past
(Perchance) as did the maid.

A Ballad upon a Wedding.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale ;
For, such a maid no Whitsun ale
 Could ever yet produce),
No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
 Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring,
 It was too wide a peck ;
And to say truth, for out it must,
It looked like the great collar just
 About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
 As if they feared the light :
But, oh ! she dances such a way—
No sun upon an Easter day
 Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison
 (Who sees them is undone) ;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear
 (The side that's next the sun).

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin
 (Some bee had stung it newly) ;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
 Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
 That they might passage get ;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
 And are not spent a whit.

Passion, oh me ! how I run on !
There's that that would be thought upon,
 I trow, besides the bride ;

Illustrated British Ballads.

The business of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat,
Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick the cook knocked thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey ;
Each serving-man with dish in hand
Marched boldly up, like our trained band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife or teeth was able
To stay to be entreated ?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse,
Healts first go round, and then the house,
The bride's came thick and thick ;
And when 'twas named another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth ;
(And who could help it, Dick ?)



"EACH SERVING-MAN WITH DISH IN HAND
MARCHED BOLDLY UP, LIKE OUR TRAINED BAND,
PRESENTED, AND AWAY."

The Battle of the Baltic.

By this time all were stol'n aside
To counsel and undress the bride ;
But that he must not know—
But yet 'twas thought he guessed her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, the great lyric poet, was born at Glasgow, in the year 1777. While at the University his translations from the Greek attracted much attention. In 1799 appeared his "Pleasures of Hope," written while he was supporting himself by tuition and literary work in Edinburgh. "Gertrude of Wyoming" was published in 1809. Though these poems are very noble, Campbell's finest compositions in verse are confessedly his lyrics. "The Battle of the Baltic" is perhaps the grandest naval ballad extant ; and Campbell was equally successful in other forms of ballad-writing, of which "Lord Ullin's Daughter," "The Brave Roland," "Gilderoy," and "The Spectre Boat" furnish specimens of a varied character. "The Last Man" is also a splendid example of lyrical power. Campbell wrote at various periods much critical prose, and edited the *New Monthly Magazine* for ten years. During his later years he received a pension of £200 per annum for his literary services. The poet died in 1844. Comment upon the following ballad would be superfluous, seeing that it has met with encomiums from every critic, and enjoyed the highest degree of popular favour. The Battle of the Baltic, or Copenhagen, was fought on the 2nd of April, 1801. The English, with a much inferior fleet, captured the bulk of the Danish ships. The result of the engagement was that Denmark was compelled to withdraw from the Northern Coalition.



I.

F Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

II.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :

Illustrated British Ballads.

It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.

III.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
“ Hearts of oak ! ” our captains cried, when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

IV.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom —
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail ;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

V.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave :
“ Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save ;
So peace instead of death let us bring ;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king.”

VI.

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,



"'HEARTS OF OAK!' OUR CAPTAINS CRIED, WHEN EACH GUN
FROM ITS ADAMANTINE LIPS
SPREAD A DEATH-SHADE ROUND THE SHIPS."

Illustrated British Ballads.

As death withdrew his shades from the day,
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

VII.

Now joy, old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy night,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

VIII.

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true ;
On the deck of fame that died ;
With the gallant good Riou ;[†]
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

BARBARA ALLAN.

THERE are several versions of this old and popular ballad, but the following, which is to be found in Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany*, is the most concise and effective.



It was in about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a-falling,
That Sir John Graeme, in the west countrie,
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

[†] Lord Nelson styled Captain Riou "the gallant and the good."

Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town,
To the place where she was dwelling :
" O haste and come to my master dear
Gin ye be Barbara Allan."

O hooly, hooly rose she up,
Came to where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain by,
" Young man, I think you're dying."

" O it's I am sick, and very sick,
And a' for Barbara Allan !"
" O the better for me ye'se never be,
Though your heart's blude were a-spilling !

" O dinna ye mind, young man," said she,
" When ye was in the tavern drinking,
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan ?"

He turned his face unto the wa',
And death was with him dealing :
" Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a';
Be kind to Barbara Allan !"

Slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him ;
And sighing, said she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She hadna gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead-bell ringing ;
And every toll that the dead-bell gave,
It cried, " Woe to Barbara Allan !"

" O mother, mother, mak' my bed,
O mak' it fast and narrow ;
Since my love died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow."

Illustrated British Ballads.

MR. BARNEY MAGUIRE'S ACCOUNT OF THE CORONATION.

THIS ballad, though not one of the "Ingoldsby Legends," is fully the equal in humour of anything which its author, Mr. Barham, has written. Its fun is thoroughly genuine and thoroughly Irish, and there is little wonder that upon its original appearance it was speedily transferred to the columns of almost every newspaper in the United Kingdom.

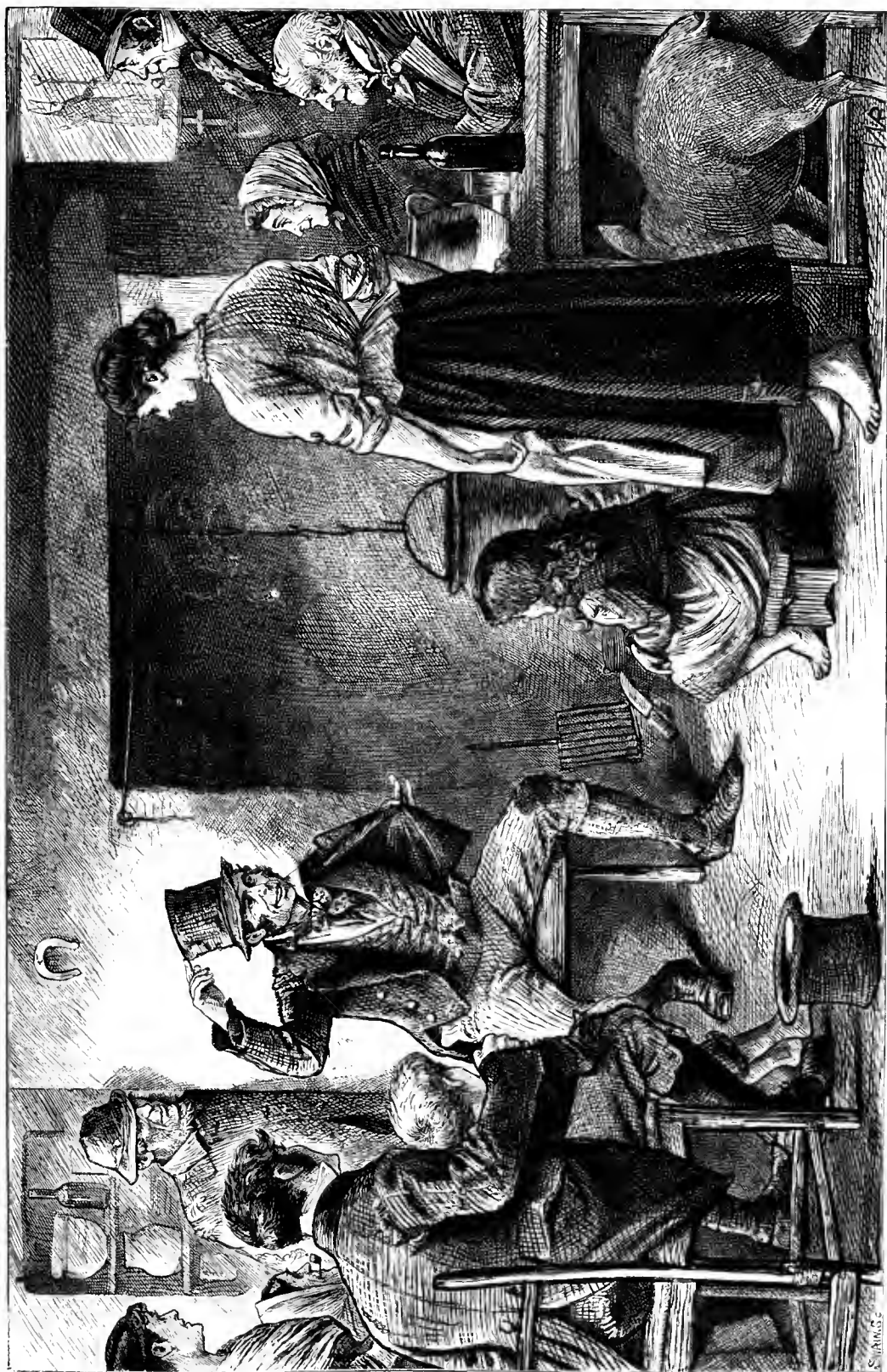


CH! the Coronation! what celebration
For emulation can with it compare?
When to Westminster the Royal Spinster,
And the Duke of Leinster, all in order did repair!
'Twas there you'd see the new Polishemen
Making a skrimmage at half after four,
And the Lords and Ladies, and the Miss O'Gradys,
All standing round before the Abbey door.

Their pillows scorning, that self-same morning
Themselves adorning, all by the candle-light,
With roses and lilies, and daffy-down-dillies,
And gold and jewels, and rich di'monds bright.
And then approaches five hundred coaches,
With General Dullbeak.—Och! 'twas mighty fine
To see how asy bould Corporal Casey,
With his sword drawn, prancing, made them kape the line.

Then the guns' alarums, and the King of Arums,
All in his garters and his Clarence shoes,
Opening the massy doors to the bould Ambassydors,
The Prince of Potboys, and great haythen Jews;
'Twould have made you crazy to see Esterhazy
All jools from his jasey to his di'mond boots,
With Alderman Harmer, and that swate charmer,
The famale heiress, Miss Anjaly Coutts.

And Wellington, walking with his swoord drawn, talking
To Hill and Hardinge, haroes of great fame;
And Sir De Lacey, and the Duke Dalmasey
(They called him Sowlt afore he changed his name),
Themselves presading Lord Melbourne, lading
The Queen, the darling, to her royal chair;
And that fine old fellow, the Duke of Pell-Mello,
The Queen of Portingal's Chargy-de-fair.



"THEN THE QUEEN, HEAVEN BLESS HER! OCH! THEY DID DRESS HER."

Illustrated British Ballads.

Then the noble Prussians, likewise the Russians,
In fine laced jackets, with their golden cuffs ;
And the Bavarians, and the proud Hungarians,
And Everythingarians, all in furs and muffs ;
Then Misthur Spaker, with Mister Pays, the Quaker,
All in the Gallery you might persave ;
But Lord Brougham was missing, and gone a-fishing,
Oonly crass Lord Essex would not give him lave.

There was Baron Alten, himself exalting,
And Prince von Schwartzenburg, and many more.
Och ! I'd be bothered and entirely smothered,
To tell the half of 'em was to the fore ;
With the swate peeresses in their crowns and dresses,
And Aldermanesses, and the Boord of Works ;
But Mehemet Ali said, quite gin'taly,
" I'd be proud to see the likes among the Turks !"

Then the Queen, Heaven bless her ! och ! they did dress her
In her purple garments and her goulden crown ;
Like Venus or Hebe, or the Queen of Sheby,
With eight young ladies houlding up her gown.
Sure, 'twas grand to see her, also for to he-ar
The big drums bating and the trumpets blow.
And Sir George Smart ! oh ! he played a consarto,
With his four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row !

Then the Lord Archbishop held a golden dish up,
For to resave her bounty and her great wealth,
Saying, " Plase your Glory, great Queen Victory,
Ye'll give the Clargy lave to dhrink your health ? "
Then his Riverence repating, discoarsed the mating—
" Boys ! here's your Queen, deny it if you can !
And if any bould traitour, or infarior craythur,
Sneezes at that, I'd like to see the man !"

Then the Nobles kneeling to the Pow'rs appealing,
" Heaven send your Majesty a glorious reign ! "
And Sir Claudius Hunter he did confront her
All in his scarlet gown and goulden chain ;
The great Lord May'r, too, sat in his chair, too,
But mighty sarious, looking fit to cry ;
For the Earl of Surrey, all in his hurry,
Throwing the thirteens, hit him in his eye.

Mr. Barney Maguire's Account of the Coronation.

Then there was preaching, and good store of speeching,
With Dukes and Marquises on bended knee ;
And they did splash her with real Macasshur.
And the Queen said, " Ah ! then thank ye all for me !"
Then the trumpets braying, and the organ playing,
And sweet trombones, with their silver tones ;
But Lord Rolle was rolling ;—'twas mighty consoling
To think his Lordship did not break his bones !

Then the crames and custard, and the beef and mustard,
All on the tombstones, like a poultherer's shop ;
With lobsters and whitebait, and other swatemaits,
And wine and nagus, and Imperial pop !
There was cakes and apples in all the Chapels,
With fine polonies and rich mellow pears.
Och ! the Count von Strogonoff, sure he got prog enough,
The sly ould divil, undernathe the stairs.

Then the cannons thundered, and the people wondered,
Crying, " God save Victoria, our Royal Queen !"
Och ! if myself should live to be a hundred,
Sure it's the proudest day that I'll have seen !
And now I've ended what I pretended,
This narration splendid in sweet poe-thry,
Ye dear bewitcher, just hand the pitcher—
Faith ! it's myself that's getting mighty dhry.



Illustrated British Ballads.

THE BARON OF BRACKLEY.

THE following poem is from Jamieson's "Popular Ballads." Buchan also prints a somewhat different version. Chambers says the ballad is concerned with an unfortunate *rencontre* which took place on the 16th of September, 1666, between John Gordon of Brackley, commonly called the Baron of Brackley (in Aberdeenshire), and Farquharson of Inverey, a noted freebooter of Deeside. The Baron had offended Farquharson by pounding the horses of some of his followers. The freebooter was proceeding to argue the point at issue with the Baron when a mutual discharge of firearms occurred in consequence of some expression which fell during the altercation, and Brackley and three of his followers were slain. An attempt seems to have been made to bring Farquharson to justice, but eventually the affray was passed over as a chance medley. Farquharson, who was a violent man, was known by the epithet "Fuddie"—an allusion to his hurried, impatient gait. It is further recorded of him that having been in league with the powers of darkness, he was buried on the north side of a hill, where the sun never shone.



OWN Deeside came Inverey whistling and playing ;
He's lighted at Brackley yates at the day dawing.

Says, " Baron o' Brackley, O are ye within ?
There's sharp swords at the yate will gar your blood spin."

The lady raise up, to the window she went ;
She heard her kye lowing o'er hill and o'er bent,

" O rise up, ye Baron, and turn back your kye ;
For the lads o' Drumwharron are driving them bye."

" How can I rise, lady, or turn them again ?
Whare'er I have ae man, I wot they hae ten."

" Then rise up, my lasses, tak rocks in your hand,
And turn back the kye ;—I hae you at command.

" Gin I had a husband, as I hae nane,
He wadna lye in his bower, see his kye ta'en."

Then up gat the Baron, and cried for his graith ;
Says, " Lady, I'll gang, tho' to leave you I'm laith.

" Come, kiss me then, Peggy, and gie me my speir ;
I aye was for peace, tho' I never fear'd weir.

" Come, kiss me then, Peggy, nor think I'm to blame ;
I weel may gae out, but I'll never win in!"

When Brackley was busked,¹ and rade o'er the closs,
A gallanter baron ne'er lap² to a horse.

¹ Dressed.

² Leaped.

The Baron of Brackley.

When Brackley was mounted, and rade o'er the green,
He was as bald a baron as ever was seen.

Tho' there cam wi' Inverey thirty and three,
There was nane wi' bonny Brackley but his brother and he.

Twa gallanter Gordons did never sword draw ;
But against four and thirty, wae's me, what is twa ?

Wi' swords and wi' daggers they did him surround ;
And they've pierced bonny Brackley wi' many a wound.

Frae the head o' the Dee to the banks o' the Spey,
The Gordons may mourn him, and ban Inverey.

"O came ye by Brackley yates, was ye in there ?
Or saw ye his Peggy dear riving her hair ?"

"O I came by Brackley yates, I was in there.
And I saw his Peggy a-making good cheer."



"WHEN BRACKLEY WAS MOUNTED, AND RADE O'ER THE GREEN,
HE WAS AS BALD A BARON AS EVER WAS SEEN."

Illustrated British Ballads.

That lady she feasted them, carried them ben ;
She laughed wi' the men that her baron had slain.

" O fye on you, lady ! how could you do sae ?
You open'd your yates to the fause Inverey."

She ate wi' him, drank wi' him, welcom'd him in ;
She welcom'd the villain that slew her baron !

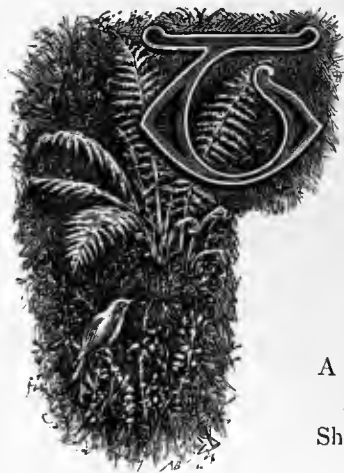
She kept him tiil morning, syne bade him be gane,
And shaw'd him the road that he shouldna be ta'en.

" Thro' Birss and Aboyne," she says, " lyin' in a tour,
O'er the hills o' Glentanar you'll skip in an hour."

There's grief in the kitchen, and mirth in the ha' ;
But the Baron o' Brackley is dead and awa'.

BARTHRAM'S DIRGE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT always believed in the genuineness of this beautiful poem, as one of the fine old ballads for which the north is so celebrated ; but it is really the composition—as Mr. Wheatley has pointed out—of Robert Surtees (born 1779 ; died 1834), author of the "History of the County Palatine of Durham," in whose honour the Surtees Society was founded. We can admire the ballad, however, while we condemn the means by which it was foisted upon Scott and others as a true antique. Mr. Wheatley also informs us that two other well-known ballads, "The Death of Featherstonhaugh" and "Lord Ewrie," were likewise the production of Robert Surtees.



HEY shot him dead at the Nine-Stane Rig,
Beside the Headless Cross,
And they left him lying in his blood,
Upon the moor and moss.

They made a bier of the broken bow,
The sauch and the aspen gray,
And they bore him to the Lady Chapèl,
And waked him there all day.

A lady came to that lonely bower,
And threw her robes aside ;
She tore her ling long yellow hair,
And knelt at Barthram's side.

Beauty Rohtraut.

She bathed him in the Lady-Well,
His wounds sae deep and sair ;
And she plaited a garland for his breast,
And a garland for his hair.

They rowed him in a lily-sheet,
And bare him to his earth ;
And the Gray Friars sung the dead man's mass
As they passed the Chapel Garth.

They buried him at the mirk midnight,
When the dew fell cold and still :
When the aspen gray forgot to play,
And the mist clung to the hill.

They dug his grave but a bare foot deep,
By the edge of the Nine-Stane Burn,
And they covered him o'er with the heather-flower,
The moss, and the lady-fern.

A Gray Friar staid upon the grave,
And sang till the morning-tide ;
And a friar shall sing for Barthram's soul
While the Headless Cross shall bide.

BEAUTY ROHTRAUT.

GEORGE MEREDITH, the writer of the following ballad, was born in the year 1828. Though more widely known as the author of a series of novels possessing remarkable intellectual strength and fibre, early in his career he published two small volumes of poems, which make us regret that his appearance as a poet has not been more frequent. What little he has published in verse shows a wide range, and much originality of treatment. Amongst his classical studies may be mentioned the poem of "Antigone;" amongst his delightful English pastoral poems, "Love in a Valley;" his human and dramatic faculty is attested by "Juggling Jerry" and other poems of the same order; while as a specimen of the fine romantic ballad the following rendering of the story of Beauty Rohtraut deserves high praise. It is extracted from a little volume, entitled "Poems," published in 1851.



WHAT is the name of King Ringang's daughter?
Rohtraut, Beauty Rohtraut ;
And what does she do the livelong day,
Since she dare not knit and spin away?
O hunting and fishing is ever her play.
And, heigh ! that her huntsman I might be !

Illustrated British Ballads.

I'd hunt and fish right merrily.
Be silent, heart !

And it chanced that, after this some time—
Rohtraut, Beauty Rohtraut—
The boy in the Castle has gained access,
And a horse he has got and a huntsman's dress,
To hunt and to fish, with the merry Princess ;
And, oh ! that a king's son I might be !
Beauty Rohtraut I love so tenderly.
Hush ! hush ! my heart.

Under a grey old oak they sat—
Beauty, Beauty Rohtraut.



"UNDER A GREY OLD OAK THEY SAT—
BEAUTY, BEAUTY ROHTRAUT."

The Beggar's Daughter of Bednall-Green.

She laughs : " Why look you so slily at me ?
If you have heart enough, come, kiss me."
Cried the breathless boy, " Kiss thee ? "
But he thinks, " Kind fortune has favoured my youth ; "
And thrice he has kissed Beauty Rohtraut's mouth.
Down ! down ! mad heart.

Then slowly and silently they rode home—
Rohtraut, Beauty Rohtraut—
The boy was lost in his delight :
" And, wert thou empress this very night,
I would not heed or feel the blight ;
Ye thousand leaves of the wild wood wist
How Beauty Rohtraut's mouth I kissed.
Hush ! hush ! wild heart."

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BEDNALL-GREEN.

WE give the Percy version of this fine old ballad, because it is superior in poetic merit to the original—as collated with the copy in the Bagford Collection—while retaining its main features. Eight stanzas have been added to the modern ballad by Robert Dodsley. Percy, in giving this version, observes that by the alteration of a few lines the story is rendered much more affecting, and is reconciled to probability and true history. For this informs us that "at the decisive battle of Evesham (fought August 4, 1265), when Simon de Montfort, the great Earl of Leicester, was slain at the head of his Barons, his eldest son Henry fell by his side, and in consequence of that defeat his whole family sunk for ever, the king bestowing their great honours and possessions on his second son, Edmund, Earl of Lancaster." Mr. Chappell states that this ballad—which was written in the time of Queen Elizabeth—is still kept in print in *Seven Dials*, and sung about the country.

PART THE FIRST.



T was a blind beggar had long lost his sight ;
He had a faire daughter of bewty most bright ;
And many a gallant brave suiter had shee,
For none was soe comelye as pretty Bessee.

And though shee was of favor most faire,
Yett seeing shee was but a poor beggar's heyre,
Of ancient housekeepers despised was shee,
Whose sonnes came as suiters to prettye Bessee.

Wherefore in great sorrow faire Bessy did say,
" Good father and mother, let me goe away

Illustrated British Ballads.



"IT WAS A BLIND BEGGAR HAD LONG LOST HIS SIGHT ;
HE HAD A FAIRE DAUGHTER OF BEWTY MOST BRIGHT."

To seeke out my fortune, whatever itt bee."
This suite then they granted to pretty Bessee.

Then Bessy, that was of bewtye soe bright,
All cladd in grey russett, and late in the night,
From father and mother alone parted shee ;
Who sighed and sobbed for pretty Bessee.

She went till she come to Stratford-le-Bow ;
Then knew shee not whither nor which way to goe ;
With teares she lamented her hard destiniè,
So sadd and soe heavy was pretty Bessee.

She kept on her journey untill it was day,
And went unto Rumford along the hye way ;
Where at the Queene's Armes entertained was shee ;
Soe faire and wel-favoured was pretty Bessee.

Shee had not been there a month to an end,
But master and mistres and all was her friend ;
And every brave gallant, that once did her see,
Was straightway enamoured of pretty Bessee.

The Beggar's Daughter of Bednall-Green.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,
And in their songs daylye her love was extold ;
Her beawtye was blazed in every degree ;
So faire and soe comelye was prettye Bessee.

The young men of Rumford in her had their joy ;
Shee showed herself courteous and modestlye coye ;
And at her commandment still wold they bee ;
Soe fayre and soe comelye was prettye Bessee.

Foure suitors att once unto her did goe ;
They craved her favor, but still shee sayd noe :
" I wold not wish gentles to marry with mee."
Yett ever they honored prettye Bessee.

The first of them was a gallant young knight,
And he came unto her disguise in the night ;
The second a gentleman of good degree,
Who wooed and sued for prettye Bessee.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,
He was the third suiter, and proper withall ;
Her master's own sonne the fourth man must bee,
Who swore he would dye for prettye Bessee.

" And if thou wilt marry with me," quoth the knight,
" I'll make thee a ladye with joy and delight ;
" My heart's so inthrall'd by thy beawtie,
" That soone I shall dye for prettye Bessee."

The gentleman sayd, " Come marry with mee,
As fine as a lady my Bessy shal bee ;
My life is distress'd : O heare mee," quoth hee ;
" And grant mee thy love, my prettye Bessee."

" Let me bee thy husband," the merchant cold say,
" Thou shalt live in London both gallant and gay ;
My shippes shall bring home rych jewells for thee,
And I will for ever love prettye Bessee."

Then Bessy shee sighed, and thus shee did say,
" My father and mother I meane to obey ;
First gett their good-will, and be faithfull to mee,
And you shall enjoye your prettye Bessee."

Illustrated British Ballads.

To every one this answer shee made,
Wherefore unto her they joyfullye sayd :
" This thing to fulfill we all do agree ;
But where dwells thy father, my prettye Bessee ? "

" My father," shee said, " is soone to be seene ;
The seely blind beggar of Bednall-greene,
That daylye sits begging for charitie,
He is the good father of prettye Bessee.

" His markes and his tokens are known very well,
He alwayes is led with a dogg and a bell :
A seely olde man, God knoweth, is hee,
Yett hee is the father of pretty Bessee."

" Nay, then," quoth the merchant, " thou art not for mee ; "
" Nor," quoth the innholder, " my wiffe thou shalt bee ; "
" I lothe," sayd the gentle, " a beggar's degree,
And therefore adewe, my pretty Bessee ! "

" Why then," quoth the knight, " hap better or worse,
I waighe not true love by the waight of the pursse,
And bewtye is bewtye in every degree ;
Then welcome unto me, my pretty Bessee.

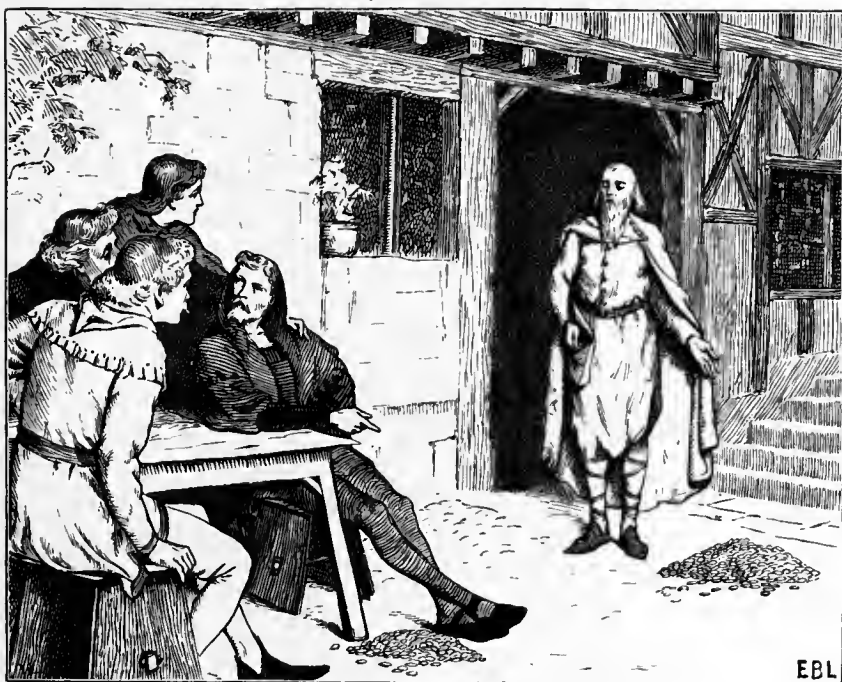
" With thee to thy father forthwith I will goe."
" Nay, soft," quoth his kinsmen, " it must not bee soe ;
A poor beggar's daughter noe ladye shal bee,
Then take thy adew of pretty Bessee."

But soon after this, by breake of the day
The knight had from Rumford stole Bessy away.
The younge men of Rumford, as thicke as might bee,
Rode after to feitch againe pretty Bessee.

As swifte as the winde to ryde they were seene,
Untill they came neare unto Bednall-greene ;
And as the knight lighted most courteouslie,
They all fought against him for pretty Bessee.

But rescue came speedilye over the plaine,
Or else the young knight for his love had been slaine.
This fray being ended, then, straitway he see
His kinsmen come rayling at pretty Bessee.

The Beggar's Daughter of Bednall-Green.



"FOR THE GENTLEMEN'S ONE THE BEGGAR DROPPED TWAYNE."

Then spake the blind beggar, "Although I bee poore,
Yett rayle not against my child at my owne doore;
Though she be not deckt in velvett and pearle,
Yett will I drop angells with you for my girle.

"And then, if my gold may better her birthe,
And equall the gold that you lay on the earth,
Then neyther rayle nor grudge you to see
The blind beggar's daughter a lady to bee.

"But first you shall promise, and have itt well knowne,
The gold that you drop shall all be your owne."
With that they replied, "Contented wee bee."
"Then here's," quoth the beggar, "for pretty Bessee."

With that an angell he cast on the ground,
And dropped in angels full three thousand pound;¹
And oftentimes itt was proved most plaine,
For the gentlemen's one the beggar dropped twayne :

¹ The old folio MS. gives £500.

Illustrated British Ballads.

Soe that the place, wherein they did sitt,
With gold it was covered every whitt.
The gentlemen then having dropt all their store,
Sayd, "Now, beggar, hold, for wee have noe more.

"Thou hast fulfilled thy promise arright."
"Then marry," quoth hee, "my girle to this knight ;
And heere," added hee, "I will now throwe you downe
A hundred pounds more to buy her a gowne."

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had scene,
Admired the beggar of Bednall-greene ;
And all those that were her suitors before,
Their fleshe for very anger they tore.

Thus was faire Bessy matched to the knight,
And then made a ladye, in others' despite :
A fairer ladye there never was seene
Than the blind beggar's daughter of Bednall-greene.

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,
What brave lords and knights thither were prest,
The second fitt shall set forth to your sight
With marveilous pleasure and wished delight.

PART THE SECOND.

Off a blind beggar's daughter most bright,
That late was betrothed unto a younge knight,
All the discourse thereof you did see ;
But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessee.

Within a gorgeous palace most brave,
Adorned with all the cost they cold have,
This wedding was kept most sumptuouslie,
And all for the creditt of pretty Bessee.

All kind of dainties, and delicates sweete,
Were bought for the banquet, as it was most meete ;
Partridge and plover and venison most free,
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessee.

This marriage through England was spread by report,
Soe that a great number therto did resort
Of nobles and gentles of every degree,
And all for the fame of pretty Bessee.

The Beggar's Daughter of Bednall-Green.

To church then went this gallant younge knight ;
His bride followed after, an angell most bright,
With troopes of ladyes, the like nere was seene
As went with sweet Bessy of Bednall-greene.

This marriage being solempnized then,
With music performed by the skilfullest men,
The nobles and gentles sat down at that tyde,
Each one admiring the beautifull bryde.

Now, after the sumptuous dinner was done,
To talke and to reason a number begunn :
They talked of the blind beggar's daughter most bright,
And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

Then spake the nobles, " Much marveil have wee,
This jolly blind beggar wee cannot here see."
" My lords," quoth the bride, " my father's so base,
He is loth with his presence these states to disgrace."

" The prayse of a woman in questyon to bringe
Before her own face were a flattering thinge ;
But wee thinke thy father's baseness," quoth they,
" Might by thy bewtye be cleane put awaye."

They had noe sooner these pleasant words spoke,
But in comes the beggar cladd in a silk cloke ;
A faire velvett capp and a fether had hee,
And now a musician forsooth he wold bee.

He had a daintye lute under his arme,
He touched the strings, which made such a charme,
Saies, " Please you to heare any musicke of mee,
Ile sing you a song of pretty Bessee."

With that his lute he twanged straightway,
And thereon began most sweetlye to play ;
And after that lessons were playd two or three,
He strayn'd out this song most delicatlie.

" A poore beggar's daughter did dwell on a greene,
Who for her faireness might well be a queene ;
A blithe bonny lasse, and a daintye was shee,
And many one called her pretty Bessee.

Illustrated British Ballads.

" Her father hee had noe goods, nor noe land,
But beggd for a penny all day with his hand ;
And yett to her marriage he gave thousands thre,
And still hee hath somewhat for pretty Bessee.

" And if any one here her birth doe disdaine,
Her father is ready, with might and with maine,
To proove shee is come of noble degree :
Therefore never flout at pretty Bessee."

With that the lords and the companye round
With hearty laughter were ready to swound ;
Att last said the lords, " Full well wee may see,
The bride and the beggar's behoulden to thee."

On this the bride, all blushing, did rise,
The pearlie dropps standing within her faire eyes.
" O pardon my father, grave nobles," quoth shee,
" That throughe blind affection thus doteth on mee."

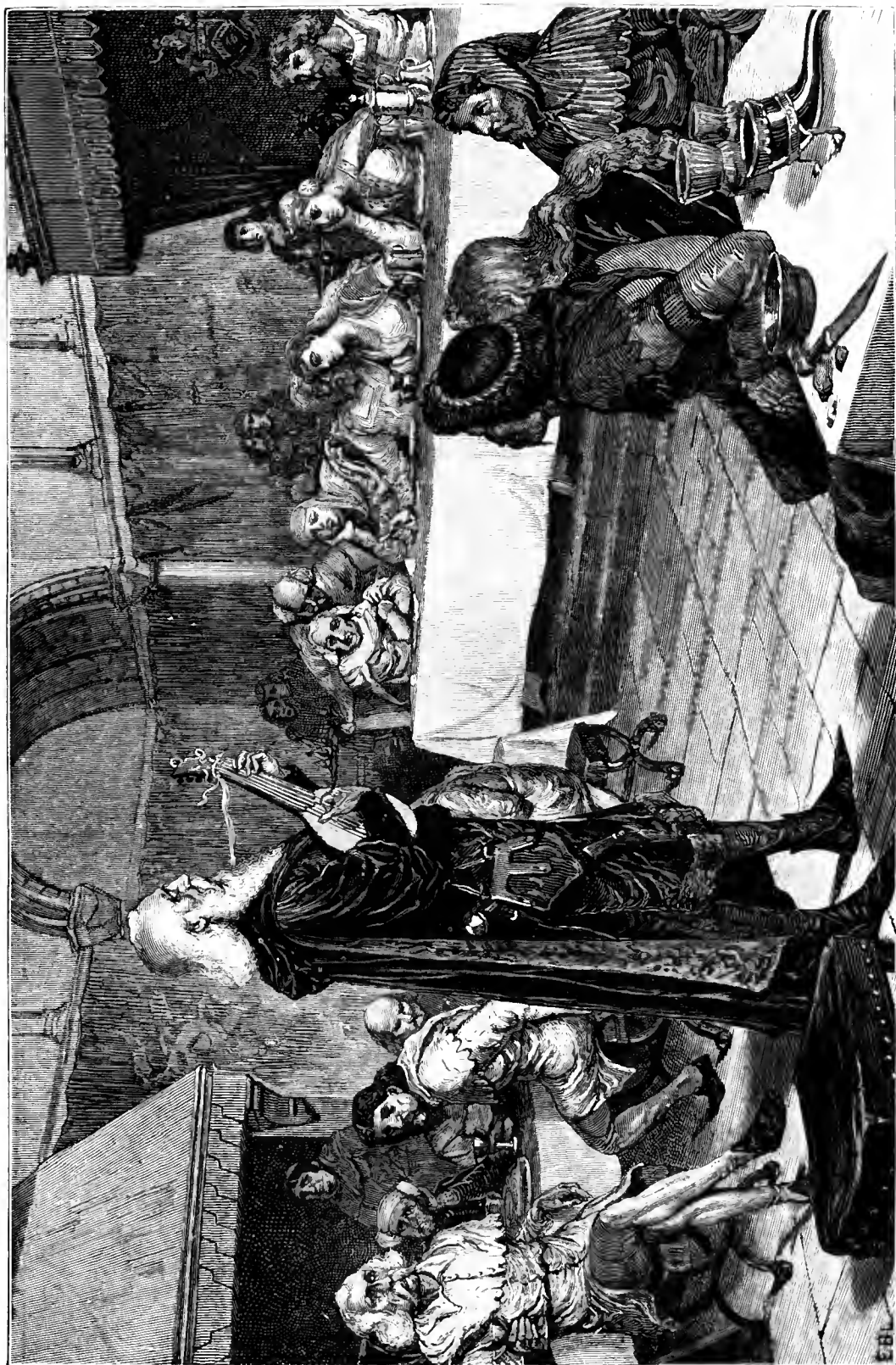
" If this be thy father," the nobles did say,
" Well may he be proud of this happy day ;
Yett by his countenance well may wee see
His birth and his fortune did never agree :

And therefore, blind man, we pray thee bewray
(And looke that the truth thou to us doe say)
Thy birth and thy parentage, what itt may be,
For the love that thou bearest to pretty Bessee."

" Then give me leave, nobles and gentles, each one,
One song more to sing, and then I have done ;
And if that itt may not winn good report,
Then doe not give me a groat for my sport.

" Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shal bee ;
Once chiefe of all the great barons was hee,
Yet fortune soe cruelle this lorde did abase,
Now loste and forgotten are hee and his race.

" When the barons in armes did King Henrye oppose,
Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose ;
A leader of courage undaunted was hee,
And oftentimes hee made their enemyes flee.



"WITH THAT HIS LUTE HE TWANGED STRAIGHTWAY,
AND THEREON BEGAN MOST SWEETLYE TO PLAY."

Illustrated British Ballads.

“ At length in the battle on Evesham plaine
The barons were routed, and Montfort was slaine ;
Moste fatall that battel did prove unto thee,
Thoughe thou wast not borne then, my prettye Bessye !

“ Along with the nobles that fell at that tyde,
His eldest son Henrye, who fought by his side,
Was felde by a blowe he receivde in the fight—
A blowe that deprivde him for ever of sight.

“ Among the dead bodyes all lifelesse he laye,
Till evening drewe on of the following daye,
When by a yong ladye discoverd was hee ;
And this was thy mother, my prettye Bessee.

“ A baron's faire daughter stepped forth in the nighte
To search for her father, who fell in the fight,
And seeing yong Montfort where gasping he laye,
Was moved with pitye, and brought him awaye.

“ In secrett she nursed him, and swaged his paine,
While hee throughe the realme was beleevd to be slaine ;
At lengthe his faire bride she consented to bee,
And made him glad father of prettye Bessee.

“ And nowe, lest oure foes our lives shold betraye,
We clothed ourselves in beggar's arraye ;
Her jewelles shee solde, and hither came wee :
All our comfort and care was our prettye Bessee.

“ And here have wee lived, in fortune's despite,
Thoughe poore, yet contented with humble delighe ;
Full forty winters thus have I beene
A silly blind beggar of Bednall-greene.

“ And here, noble lordes, is ended the song
Of one that once to your own ranke did belong :
And thus have you learned a secrette from mee,
That ne'er had been knowne but for prettye Bessee.”

Now when the faire companye everye one
Had heard the strange tale in the song he had showne,
They all were amazed, as well they might bee,
Both at the blind beggar and prettye Bessee.

Bessie Bell and Mary Gray.

With that the faire bride they all did embrace,
Saying, "Sure thou art come of an honourable race,
Thy father likewise is of noble degree,
And thou art well worthy a lady to bee."

Thus was the feast ended with joye and delighe,
A bridegroome most happy then was the young knight; ;
In joy and felicitie long lived hee,
All with his faire ladye, the pretty Bessee.

BESSIE BELL AND MARY GRAY.

LYLE printed this ballad in his "Ancient Ballads and Songs," and Cunningham and Chambers have also versions of it. Allan Ramsay wrote a song with the same title, and used the first stanza of this ballad. Bessie Bell and Mary Gray were the daughters of two country gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Perth, and were intimate friends. When the plague of 1666 broke out, the two young ladies went to a bower in a retired and romantic spot called the Burn-braes, in order to escape infection. A young gentleman of Perth, who was said to be in love with them both, supplied them with food, and eventually communicated the plague to them. Both died, and, according to custom with victims of the plague, they were not interred at the usual place of sepulture, but in a sequestered spot called the Dronac Haugh.



BESSIE BELL an' Mary Gray,
They were twa bonnie lassies ;
They biggit ¹ a house on yon burn-brae,
An' theek't ² it o'er wi' rashes.

They theek't it o'er wi' birk and brume,
They theek't it o'er wi' heather,
Till the pest cam frae the neib'rin town
And strack ³ them baith thegither.

They were na' buried in Meffin kirk-yard,
Among the rest o' their kin ;
But they were buried by Dornoch Haugh,
On the bent before the sun.

Sing, Bessie Bell an' Mary Gray,
They were twa bonnie lassies,
Wha biggit a bower on yon burn-brae,
An' theek't it o'er wi' rashes.

¹ Built.

² Thatched.

³ Struck.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, to whom we owe the following ballad, was born at Bristol on the 12th of August, 1774. From Westminster School he proceeded to Oxford, entering Balliol College in 1792. Like Coleridge, whom he at this time met, he was a Republican and a Unitarian. These opinions he afterwards abjured. Shortly after Southey's marriage, Cottle, the Bristol bookseller, purchased his epic poem, "Joan of Arc," for fifty guineas. After visiting Lisbon, the young poet entered at Gray's Inn, but did not long continue his legal studies. In 1801 appeared "Thalaba the Destroyer," a brilliant Eastern poem, which brought him considerable poetic reputation if little pecuniary profit. In 1804 he went to reside near Keswick, having for his companion Coleridge, while Wordsworth dwelt only fourteen miles away. These distinguished writers were subsequently described as "The Lake School." In 1813 Southey was made Poet Laureate, and in 1821 the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him. In 1835 Sir Robert Peel granted him a pension of £300 per annum. Southey, who was twice married—his second wife being Caroline Bowles, the writer of several beautiful lyrics—died at Greta on the 21st of March, 1843. His popularity as a poet was doubtless injured by his choice of topics, all his principal works—"Madoc," "The Curse of Kehama," "Roderick, the Last of the Goths," &c.—being concerned with foreign subjects, having no great attraction for lovers of English poetry. There is, however, in them much writing of a sustained and even sublime character. His minor poems enjoy more favour; and amongst his ballads none are more popular than "Lord William," "Mary, the Maid of the Inn," "The Battle of Blenheim," and "The Old Woman of Berkeley." Southey will also long be remembered for his prose writings, which included the lives of Nelson, Wesley, Cowper, and others, a "History of the Peninsular War," "Lives of the British Admirals," &c. His prose style is admirable, exhibiting an ease and a swing which have rarely been surpassed.



T was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done ;
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found ;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh :
" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
" Who fell in the great victory.

The Battle of Blenheim.



" 'TIS SOME POOR FELLOW'S SKULL," SAID HE,
"WHO FELL IN THE GREAT VICTORY."

"I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about,
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in the great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

Illustrated British Ballads.

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
 "That put the French to rout ;
But what they killed each other for
 I could not well make out ;
But everybody said," quoth he,
 "That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by ;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly ;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
 And new born infant, died ;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight,
 After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun ;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
 And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing !"
 Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke
 Who such a fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last ?"
 Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

The Bonnie Bairns.

THE BONNIE BAIRNS.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, Burns, and Hogg form the triumvirate of great Scottish song-writers. The first-named was born at Blackwood, near Dumfries, December 7th, 1784. At the age of twenty-six he edited the volume entitled "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song." Cunningham subsequently wrote for the London press, but this source of income proving precarious, he found employment in the establishment of Sir Francis Chantrey. The poet was generally esteemed for his excellent character, and enjoyed the friendship of Sir Walter Scott, the "Etrick Shepherd," Professor Wilson, and many other literary men. Cunningham, in his later years, executed a great variety of literary work. His songs, however, will really keep his memory green : they are distinguished for exquisite feeling and high finish, and the author is equally at home in descriptive, narrative, or pathetic subjects. Cunningham died in the year 1842, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery. This beautiful ballad is from Cunningham's "Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern." The compiler stated that he had "ventured to arrange and eke out these old and remarkable verses," but we shall not be wrong in accrediting him with the whole of the ballad as it at present stands. Buchan and Motherwell print ballads dealing with the same tradition, but Cunningham has given an entirely new and touching rendering to the old legend.



HE lady she walked in yon wild wood,
Aneath the hollin tree,
And she was aware of two bonnie bairns
Were running at her knee.

The tane ¹ it pulled a red, red rose,
With a hand as soft as silk ;
The other it pulled the lily pale,
With a hand mair white than milk.

"Now, why pull ye the red rose, fair bairns,
And why the white lily?"

"O, we sue wi' them at the seat of grace,
For the soul of thee, ladie!"

"O bide wi' me, my twa bonnie bairns !
I'll cleid ² ye rich and fine ;
And for all the blackberries o' the wood,
Ye'se hae white bread and wine."

She heard a voice, a sweet low voice,
Say—"Weans, ye tarry long"—
She stretched her hand to the youngest bairn :
"Kiss me before ye gang."

¹ One.

² Clothe.

Illustrated British Ballads.

She sought to take a lily hand,
And kiss a rosie chin—
“O, nought so pure can bide the touch
Of a hand red-wet wi’ sin !”

The stars were shooting to and fro,
And wild fire filled the air,
As that lady followed thae bonnie bairns
For three long hours and mair.

“O, where dwell ye, my ain sweet bairns?
I’m woe and weary grown !”
“O lady, we live where woe never is,
In a land to flesh unknown.”



“AND SHE WAS AWARE OF TWO BONNIE BAIRNS
WERE RUNNING AT HER KNEE.”

Bonnie George Campbell.

There came a shape which seemed to her
As a rainbow 'mang the rain ;
And sair these sweet babes pled for her,
And they pled and pled in vain.

"And O ! and O !" said the youngest babe,
"My mither maun come in ;"
"And O ! and O !" said the eldest babe,
"Wash her twa hands frae sin."

"And O ! and O !" said the youngest babe,
"She nursed me on her knee ;"
"And O ! and O !" said the eldest babe,
"She's a mither yet to me !"

"And O ! and O !" said the babes baith,
"Take her where waters rin,
And white as the milk of her white breast,
Wash her twa hands frae sin."

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

MOTHERWELL, in giving this beautiful fragment in his "Minstrelsy," says it is probably a lament for one of the adherents of the house of Argyle, who fell in the battle of Glenlivet, October 3rd, 1594. A more likely speculation, however, according to another authority, is that it refers to the assassination of Campbell of Calder, arising out of a feud with Campbell of Ardkinglas, in consequence of the former having been appointed guardian to the young Earl of Argyle.

HIE upon Highlands,
And low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
Rade out on a day.
Saddled and bridled
And gallant rade he ;
Hame cam his gude horse,
But never cam he !

Out cam his auld mither,
Greeting fu' sair ;
And out cam his bonnie bride,
Rivin' her hair.

Illustrated British Ballads.

Saddled and bridled
And bootèd rade he ;
Toom hame cam the saddle,
But never cam he !

“ My meadow lies green,
And my corn is unshorn,
My barn is to big,^{*}
And my babies unborn.”

Saddled and bridled
And bootèd rade he ;
Toom hame cam the saddle,
But never cam he !

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY.

THE Earl of Murray, being suspected of participation in the attempt of his cousin Bothwell against the person of King James VI., fell into disgrace. His arrest was ordered, and the commission entrusted to his mortal enemy, the Earl of Huntly. Huntly found the young Earl at Dunnibersel, the house of his mother, Lady Downe. Murray refusing to surrender, the mansion was fired. The Earl escaped, but was overtaken by his enemies and slain, on the 7th of February, 1592. The young Earl of Murray is represented as having been strikingly handsome and accomplished, and he was a favourite of the people. The King made a pretence of bringing the Earl of Huntly to trial, in obedience to the popular clamour for revenge ; but his moderation, and the escape of Huntly from justice, gave rise to a report that his Majesty countenanced the murderer out of jealousy for the favour with which the bonny Earl was regarded by the Queen. This ballad is extracted from Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany."

YE Highlands and ye Lawlands,
O where have you been ?
They have slain the Earl of Murray,
And they laid him on the green.

“ Now wae be to thee, Huntly !
And wherefore did ye sae ?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay.”

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring ;

^{*} Build.

The Battle of Bothwell Bridge.

And the bonny Earl of Murray,
O he might hae been a king.


He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the ba' ;
And the bonny Earl of Murray
Was the flower amang them a'.

He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the glove ;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
O he was the Queen's love.

O lang will his lady
Look o'er the castle Down,
Ere she see the Earl of Murray
Come sounding thro' the town.

THE BATTLE OF BOTHWELL BRIDGE.

THE Cameronians having been successful at Loudoun Hill, a number of moderate Presbyterians joined the insurgents. The two factions, however, did not work well in concert. The Duke of Monmouth, with 10,000 men, advanced from Edinburgh against the allies, who numbered altogether only 4,000. The insurgents were encamped on the western side of the Clyde, between Hamilton and the village of Bothwell. The action having begun, while negotiations were on foot with the moderate Whigs, the Cameronians bravely defended the bridge, but were at length compelled to abandon the post. A discharge from the Duke's cannon caused the cavalry of the Covenanters to wheel about, whereupon the foot-soldiers were thrown into irrecoverable disorder. Four hundred Covenanters were slain, and 1,200 surrendered at discretion. These were preserved from death by the clemency of the Duke of Monmouth. The battle was fought on the 22nd of June, 1679. This ballad is from Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." Other ballads are current upon the same subject.

 BILLIE,¹ billie, bonny billie,
Will ye go to the wood wi' me?
We'll ca' our horse hame masterless,
An' gar them trow² slain men are we."

"O no, O no!" says Earlstoun,
"For that's the thing that mauna be,
For I am sworn to Bothwell Hill,
Where I maun either gae or dee."

So Earlstoun rose in the morning,
An' mounted by the break o' day:

¹ Comrade.

² Make them think.

Illustrated British Ballads.

An' he has joined our Scottish lads,
As they were marching out the way.

"Now, farewell, father ; and farewell, mother ;
And fare ye well, my sisters three ;
An' fare ye weel, my Earlstoun,
For thee again I'll never see !"

So they're awa' to Bothwell Hill,
An' waly they rode bonnily !
When the Duke o' Monmouth saw them comin',
He went to view their company.

"Ye're welcome, lads," the Monmouth said,
"Ye're welcome, brave Scots lads, to me ;
And sae are you, brave Earlstoun,
The foremost o' your company.

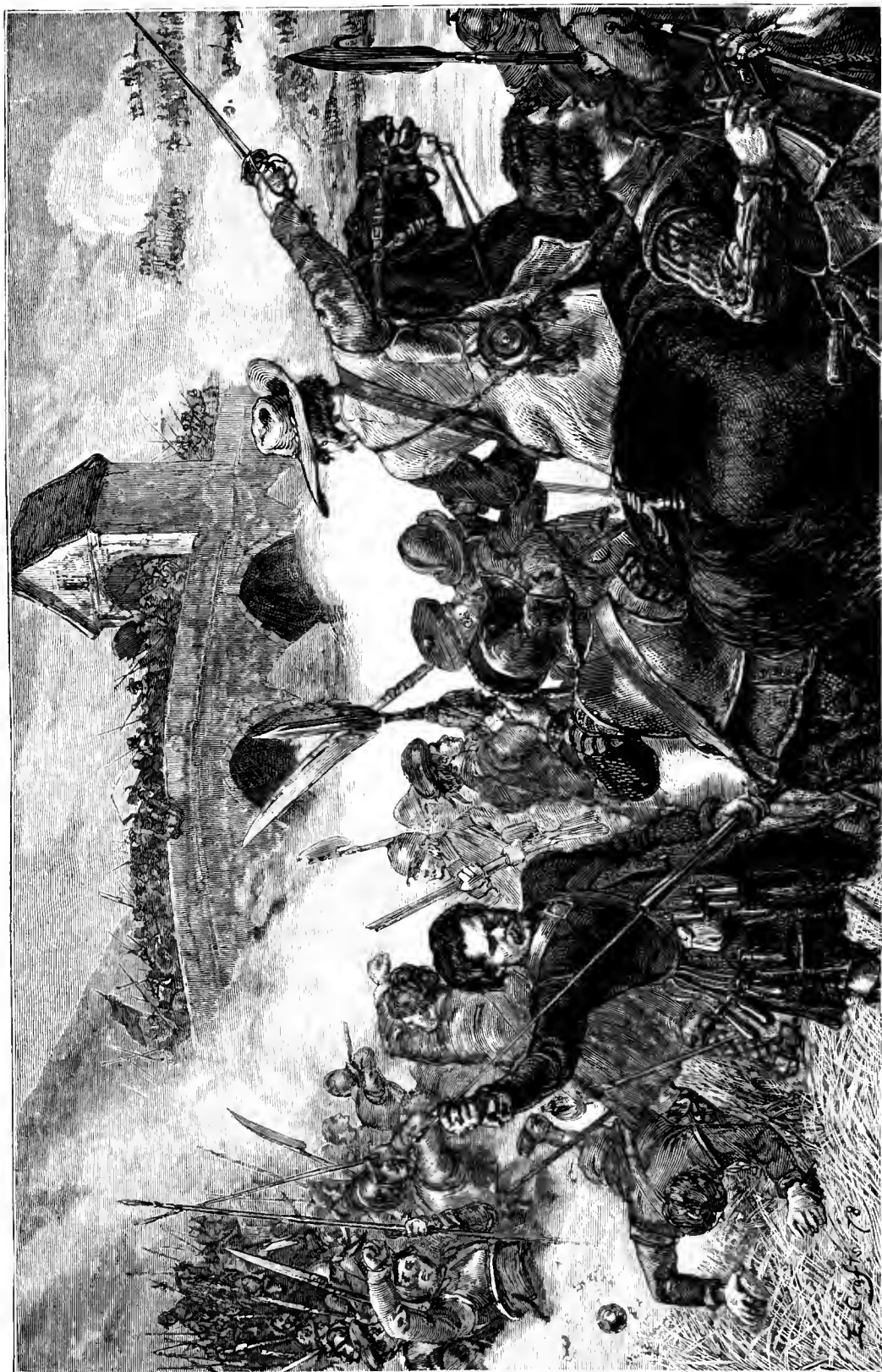
"But yield your weapons, ane and a',
O yield your weapons, lads, to me ;
For, gin ye'll yield your weapons up,
Ye'se a' gae hame to your country."

Out then spak a Lennox lad,
But waly he spoke bonnily !
"I winna yield my weapons up
To you nor nae man that I see."

Then he set up the flag o' red,
A' set about wi' bonny blue :
"Since ye'll no cease, and be at peace,
See that ye stand by ither true."

They stelled their cannons on the height,
And showered their shot down in the howe,
An' beat our Scots lads even down—
Thick they lay slain on every knowe.

As e'er you saw the rain down fa',
Or yet the arrow frae the bow—
Sae our Scottish lads fell even down,
An' they lay slain on every knowe.



"THEY STELL'D THEIR CANNONS ON THE HEIGHT,
AND SHOWERED THEIR SHOT IN THE HOWE."

Illustrated British Ballads.

"O hold your hand," then Monmouth cry'd,
"Gie quarters to yon men for me!"
But wicked Claver'se swore an oath
His Cornet's death revenged sud be.¹

"O hold your hand!" then Monmouth cry'd,
"If onything you'll do for me;
Hold up your hand, you curs'd Græme,
Else a rebel to your king ye'll be."

Then wicked Claver'se turned about:
I wot an angry man was he;
And he has lifted up his hat,
And cry'd, "God bless his Majesty!"

Than he's awa' to London town,
Aye, e'en as fast as he can dree;
Fause witnesses he has wi' him ta'en,
And ta'en Monmouth's head frae his body.

Along the trac, beyond the brig,
Mony brave man lies cauld and still;
But lang we'll mind, an' sair we'll rue,
The bloody battle of Bothwell Hill.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

THE date and writer of this ballad are alike unknown. The present version, however, of the "Boyne Water" is the one in universal use among the Orangemen of Ireland, and, as Sir Charles Gavan Duffy observes, "is the only one ever sung by them. But that it is not the original song, written a century and a half ago, is perfectly certain." Fragments of the old "Boyne Water" are still remembered, and many attempts have been made to recover the whole, but the task is now considered hopeless. The Battle of the Boyne was fought on the 1st of July, 1690.



ULY the first, in Oldbridge town,
There was a grievous battle,
Where many a man lay on the ground,
By cannons that did rattle.
King James he pitched his tents between
The lines, for to retire;
But King William threw his bomb-balls in,
And set them all on fire.

¹ Claverhouse's kinsman had fallen at Loudoun Hill.

The Battle of the Boyne.

Thereat enraged, they vowed revenge
Upon King William's forces,
And oft did vehemently cry
That they would stop their courses.
A bullet from the Irish came,
And grazed King William's arm ;
They thought his Majesty was slain,
Yet it did him little harm.

Duke Schomberg, then, in friendly care,
His king would often caution
To shun the spot where bullets hot
Retained their rapid motion.
But William said, "He don't deserve
The name of Faith's defender,
Who would not venture life and limb
To make a foe surrender."

When we the Boyne began to cross,
The enemy they descended,
But few of our brave men were lost,
So stoutly we defended ;
The horse was the first that marched o'er,
The foot soon followed after ;
But brave Duke Schomberg was no more,
By venturing over the water.

When valiant Schomberg he was slain,
King William he accosted
His warlike men for to march on,
And he would be the foremost :
"Brave boys," he said, "be not dismayed
For the loss of one commander,
For God will be our King this day,
And I'll be general under."

Then stoutly we the Boyne did cross,
To give the enemies battle :
Our cannon, to our foes' great cost,
Like thund'ring claps did rattle.
In majestic mien our prince rode o'er,
His men soon followed after,
With blows and shouts put our foes to the rout
The day we crossed the water.

Illustrated British Ballads.

The Protestants of Drogheda
Have reason to be thankful
That they were not to bondage brought :
They being but a handful.
First to the Tholsel they were brought,
And tried at the Millmount after ;
But brave King William set them free,
By venturing over the water.

The cunning French near to Duleek
Had taken up their quarters,
And fenced themselves on every side,
Still waiting for new orders ;
But in the dead time of the night
They set the fields on fire,
And long before the morning light
To Dublin they did retire.

Then said King William to his men,
After the French departed,
“ I’m glad (said he) that none of ye
Seem to be faint-hearted ;
So sheathe your swords and rest awhile,
In time we’ll follow after ; ”
Those words he uttered with a smile
The day he crossed the water.

Come let us all with heart and voice
Applaud our lives’ defender,
Who at the Boyne his valour showed,
And made his foe surrender.
To God above the praise we’ll give
Both now and ever after ;
And bless the glorious memory
Of King William that crossed the water.

The Braes of Yarrow.



“THE BRAES OF YARROW.”

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

WILLIAM HAMILTON, of Bangour, the author of this beautiful and pathetic ballad, came of an ancient Ayrshire family, and was born in the year 1704. In 1745 he joined the standard of Prince Charles Edward, and was recognised as Poet Laureate of the Jacobite army. When the cause of the Stuarts was hopelessly lost, Hamilton escaped into France; but on obtaining a pardon, through the aid of powerful friends, he returned to the enjoyment of his paternal estate. Failing health compelled him to go abroad, however, and he died of consumption at Lyons, on the 25th of March, 1754. His body was brought to Scotland, and interred in the Abbey Church of Holyrood. He was twice married, on each occasion into a family of distinction. Of all his poems this is incomparably the finest, and it is almost worthy of ranking with the noblest of our ballads. The impression which this ballad made upon Wordsworth was deep and lasting, and to it we owe three of his own poems.

“**B**USK¹ ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride;
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!²
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes³ of Yarrow.”

“Where gat ye that bonny, bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?”

“I gat her where I darena weel be seen,
Pouing the birks⁴ on the Braes of Yarrow.

“Weep not, weep not, my bonny, bonny bride;
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to le ve
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.”

¹ Dress.

² Mate.

³ Slopes.

⁴ Pulling the birch-trees.

Illustrated British Ballads.

- “Why does she weep, thy bonny, bonny bride,
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weel be seen
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?”
- “Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow;
And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.
- “For she has tint^r her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow,
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
That e’er pou’d birks on the Braes of Yarrow.”
- “Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow red?
Why on thy braes is heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weeds
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?
- “What’s yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?
What’s yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!”
- “’Tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.
- “Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.
- “Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;
And weep around in waeful wise
His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.
- “Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield;
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow;
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow.
- “Did I not warn thee not to, not to lue,
And warn from fight, but to my sorrow?
O’er rashly bauld, a stronger arm
Thou mett’st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

The Braes of Yarrow.

“Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow’s bank the gowan ;¹
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

“Flows Yarrow sweet ? As sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

“Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love,
In flowery bands thou him didst fetter ;
Though he was fair and well-beloved again,
Than me he never loved thee better.

“Busk ye then, busk, my bonny, bonny bride ;
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow ;
Busk ye, and love me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.”

“How can I busk a bonny, bonny bride ?
How can I busk a winsome marrow ?
How love him on the banks of Tweed
That slew my love on the Braes of Yarrow ?

“O Yarrow fields ! may never, never rain
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover ;
For there was basely slain my love—
My love, as he had not been a lover.

“The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, ’twas my ain sewing ;
Ah ! wretched me ! I little, little kenned
He was in these to meet his ruin.

“The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow ;
But ere the foofall² of the night
He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

“Much I rejoiced that wae’ful, wae’ful day ;
I sang, my voice the woods returning ;
But lang ere night the spear was flown
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

¹ Daisy.

² Twilight.

Illustrated British Ballads.

“What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me ?
My lover’s blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me ?

“My happy sisters may be, may be proud ;
With cruel and ungentle scoffin’,
May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes
My lover nailed in his coffin.

“My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
And strive with threatening words to move me ;
My lover’s blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me love thee ?

“Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal sheets my body cover ;
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband lover.

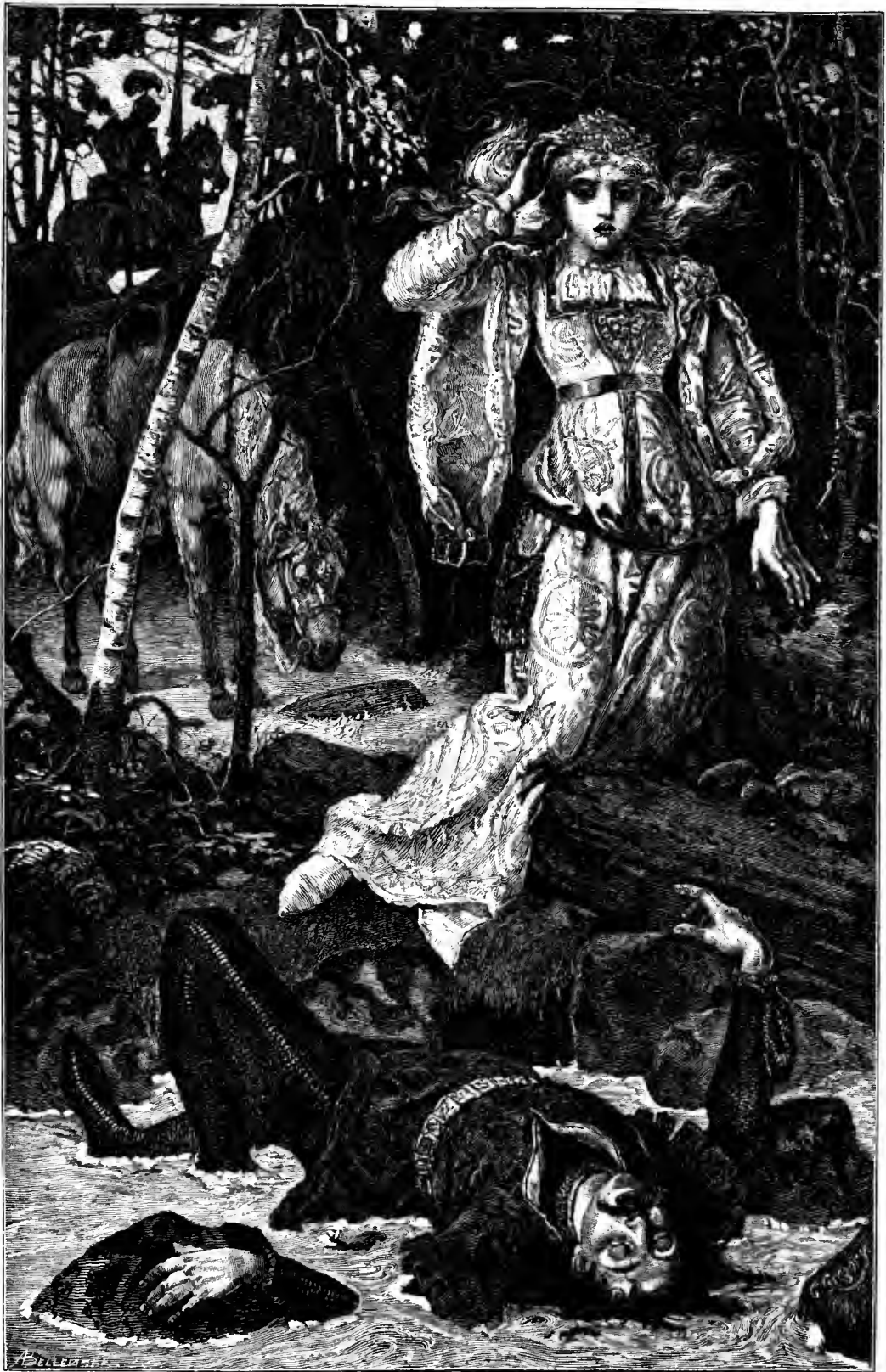
“But who the expected, expected husband is ?
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter.
Ah, me ! what ghastly spectre’s yon
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after ?

“Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow ;
Take off, take off these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.

“Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved,
O could my warmth to life restore thee !
Ye’d lie all night between my breasts—
No youth lay ever there before thee.

“Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive so cruel a slaughter,
And lie all night between my breasts—
No youth shall ever lie there after.”

“Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow :
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.”



"THERE WAS BASELY SLAIN MY LOVE -
MY LOVE, AS HE HAD NOT BEEN A LOVER."

Illustrated British Ballads.

BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBEY.

THE subject of this ballad, Peregrine Bertie, Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, distinguished himself at the siege of Zutphen, in the year 1586. In the succeeding year he was appointed General of the English Forces in the United Provinces, in place of the Earl of Leicester. In his new capacity Lord Willoughby more than sustained his previous fame for courage and military skill by his actions against the Spaniards. One of these actions probably gave rise to this very popular old ballad. Lord Willoughby died in 1601. The names of Norris and Turner were in high repute amongst the military men of the age of Elizabeth. Percy states that "the subject of this ballad (which is printed from an old black-letter copy, with some conjectural emendations) may possibly receive illustration from what Chapman says, in the dedication to his version of Homer's 'Frogs and Mice,' concerning the brave and memorable retreat of Sir John Norris, with only 1,000 men, through the whole Spanish army, under the Duke of Parma, for three miles together." Lord Willoughby was son of the Duke of Suffolk's widow, by her second husband, Richard Bertie. Driven into exile as a Protestant during the reign of Queen Mary, the duchess passed through a series of extraordinary adventures.



HE fifteenth day of July,
With glistening spear and shield,
A famous fight in Flanders
Was foughten in the field ;
The most courageous officers
Were English captains three ;
But the bravest man in battel
Was brave Lord Willoughbey.

The next was Captain Norris,
A valiant man was hee ;
The other, Captain Turner,
From field would never flee.
With fifteen hundred fighting men,
Alas ! there were no more,
They fought with fourteen thousand then
Upon the bloody shore.

"Stand to it, noble pikemen,
And look you round about ;
And shoot you right, you bowmen,
And we will keep them out.
You musquet and caliver men,
Do you prove true to me ;
I'll be the foremost man in fight,"
Says brave Lord Willoughbey.

And then the bloody enemy,
They fiercely did assail,

Brave Lord Willoughbey.

And fought it out most furiously,
Not doubting to prevail.
The wounded men on both sides fell,
Most piteous for to see,
Yet nothing could the courage quell
Of brave Lord Willoughbey.

For seven hours, to all men's view,
This fight endured sore,
Until our men so feeble grew
That they could fight no more :
And then upon dead horses
Full savourey they ate,
And drank the puddle-water—
They could no better get.

When they had fed so freely,
They kneeled on the ground,
And praised God devoutly
For the favour they had found ;
And beating up their colours,
The fight they did renew,
And turning tow'rds the Spaniard,
A thousand more they slew.

The sharp steel-pointed arrows
And bullets thick did fly ;
Then did our valiant soldiers
Charge on most furiously :
Which made the Spaniards waver—
They thought it best to flee ;
They feared the stout behaviour
Of brave Lord Willoughbey.

Then quoth the Spanish general,
“Come, let us march away :
I fear we shall be spoiled all
If here we longer stay ;
For yonder comes Lord Willoughbey,
With courage fierce and fell ;
He will not give one inch of way
For all the devils in hell.”

Illustrated British Ballads.

And then the fearful enemy
Was quickly put to flight.
Our men pursued courageously,
And caught their forces quite.
But at the last they gave a shout,
Which echoed through the sky ;
" God and St. George for England ! "
The conquerors did cry.

This news was brought to England
With all the speed might be,
And soon our gracious Queen was told
Of this same victory.
" O this is brave Lord Willoughbey,
My love that ever won ;
Of all the lords of honour,
'Tis he great deeds hath done."

To the soldiers that were maimed
And wounded in the fray,
The Queen allowed a pension
Of fifteen pence a day ;
And from all costs and charges
She quit and set them free ;
And this she did all for the sake
Of brave Lord Willoughbey.

Then courage, noble Englishmen,
And never be dismayd ;
If that we be but one to ten
We will not be afraid
To fight with foraign enemies,
And set our nation free.
And thus I end the bloody bout
Of brave Lord Willoughbey.

The Bridal of Malahide.

THE BRIDAL OF MALAHIDE.

GERALD GRIFFIN, the writer of the following ballad, was born at Limerick in the year 1803. He early became a journalist and author. His "Munster Tales" and "The Collegians" acquired great popularity. He died in 1840. He left many poems, some of which display conspicuous merit. The present ballad is historically true, and the armour in which its hero was slain is still shown in Malahide Castle, the monument of the heroine being in the neighbouring chapel. This lady was the Hon. Maud Plunket, wife of Sir Richard Talbot. "She had been previously married," says Mr. D'Alton, "to Mr. Hussey, son of the Baron of Galtrim, who was slain on the day of her nuptials, leaving her the singular celebrity of having been a maid, wife, and widow on the same day. Mr. Hussey was killed on Whitsun Eve in the year 1329, during a party fight between Irish nobles (with some English followers) and the Anglo-Normans, the cause of animosity being the election of the Earl of Louth to the palatinate dignity of the county."



MALAHIDE CASTLE.

THE joy-bells are ringing
In gay Malahide,
The fresh wind is singing
Along the sea-side ;
The maids are assembling
With garlands and flowers,
And the harp-strings are trembling
In all the glad bowers.

Swell, swell the gay measure,
Roll trumpet and drum !
'Mid greetings of pleasure
In splendour they come !

The chancel is ready,
The portal stands wide,
For the lord and the lady,
The bridegroom and bride.

What years, ere the latter
Of earthly delight,
The future shall scatter
O'er them in its flight !
What blissful caresses
Shall fortune bestow,
Ere those dark flowing tresses
Fall white as the snow !

Before the high altar
Young Maud stands arrayed,
With accents that falter
Her promise is made—

Illustrated British Ballads.



"BEFORE THE HIGH ALTAR."

From father and mother
For ever to part,
For him and no other
To treasure her heart.

The words are repeated,
The bridal is done,
The rite is completed—
The two they are one ;
The vow it is spoken
All pure from the heart,
That must not be broken
Till life shall depart.

Hark ! 'mid the gay clangour
That compassed their car,
Loud accents in anger
Come mingling afar !
The foe's on the border,
His weapons resound
Where the lines in disorder
Unguarded are found.

As wakes the good shepherd,
The watchful and bold,
When the ounce or the leopard
Is seen in the fold,

The Bridal of Malahide.

So rises already
The chief in his mail,
While the new-married lady
Looks fainting and pale.

“Son, husband, and brother,
Arise to the strife,
For the sister and mother,
For children and wife !
O'er hill and o'er hollow,
O'er mountain and plain,
Up, true men, and follow !
Let dastards remain !”

Farrah ! to the battle !
They form into line—
The shields, how they rattle !
The spears, how they shine !
Soon, soon shall the foeman
His treachery rue—
On, burgher and yeoman,
To die or to do !

The eve is declining
In lone Malahide,
The maidens are twining
Gay wreaths for the bride ;
She marks them unheeding—
Her heart is afar,
Where the clansmen are bleeding
For her in the war.

Hark ! loud from the mountain,
'Tis Victory's cry !
O'er woodland and fountain
It rings to the sky.
The foe has retreated !
He flies to the shore ;
The spoiler's defeated—
The combat is o'er !

With foreheads unruffled
The conquerors come—

Illustrated British Ballads.

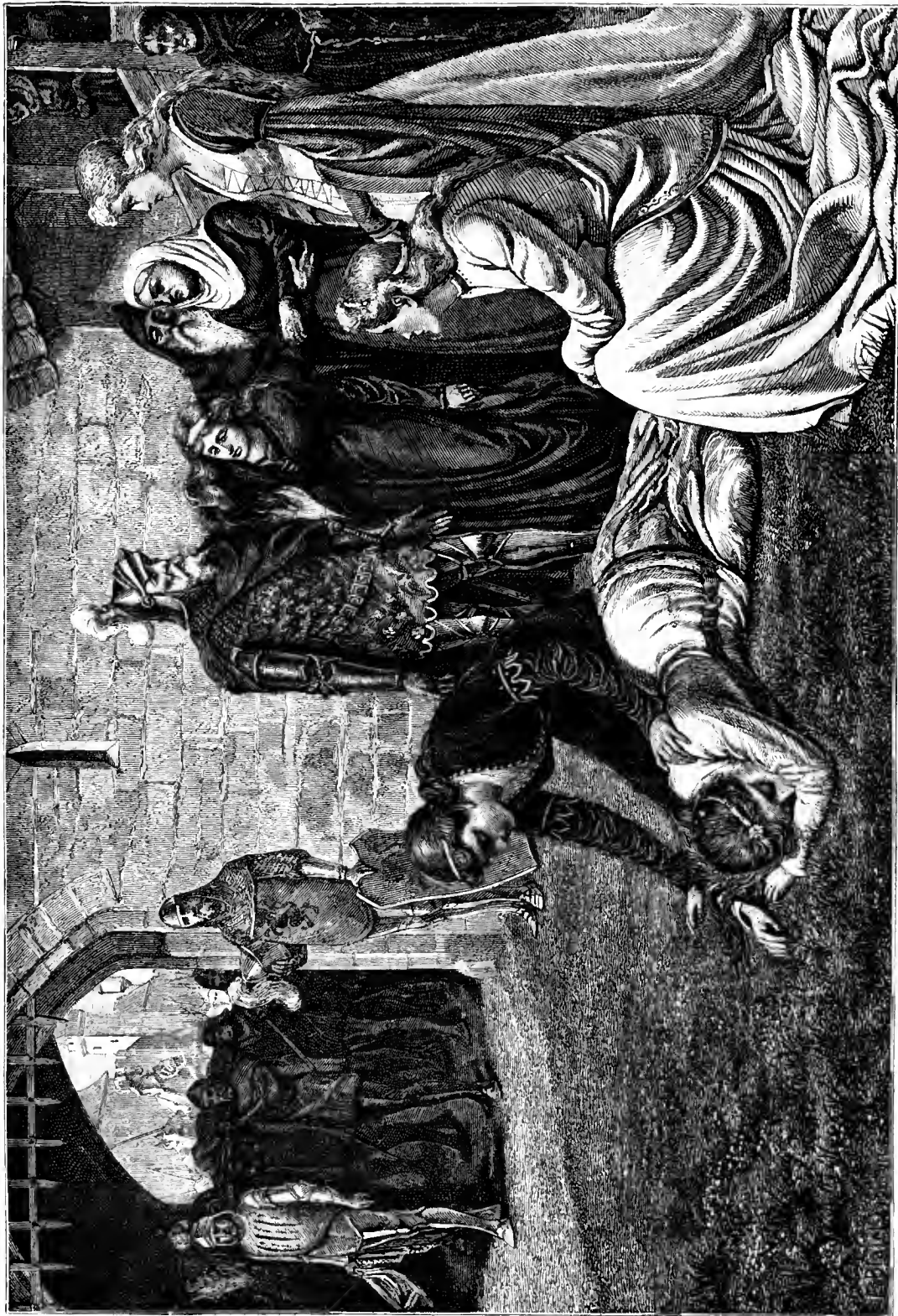
But why have they muffled
The lance and the drum ?
What form do they carry
Aloft on his shield ?
And where does he tarry,
The lord of the field ?

Ye saw him at morning,
How gallant and gay !
In bridal adorning,
The star of the day :
Now weep for the lover—
His triumph is sped,
His hope it is over,
The chieftain is dead !

But oh, for the maiden
Who mourns for that chief,
With heart overladen
And rending with grief !
She sinks on the meadow,
In one morning-tide
A wife and a widow,
A maid and a bride !

Ye maidens attending,
Forbear to condole,
Your comfort is rending
The depths of her soul.
True—true, 'twas a story
For ages of pride ;
He died in his glory—
But, oh, he *has* died !

The war-cloak she raises
All mournfully now,
And steadfastly gazes
Upon the cold brow.
That glance may for ever
Unaltered remain,
But the bridegroom will never
Return it again.



"SHE SINKS ON THE MEADOW, IN ONE MORNING-TIDE
A WIFE AND A WIDOW, A MAID AND A BRIDE!"

Illustrated British Ballads.

The dead-bells are tolling
In sad Malahide,
The death-wail is rolling
Along the sea-side ;
The crowds, heavy-hearted,
Withdraw from the green,
For the sun has departed
That brightened the scene !

Even yet in that valley,
Though years have rolled by,
When through the wild sally
The sea-breezes sigh,
The peasant with sorrow
Beholds, in the shade,
The tomb where the morrow
Saw Hussey conveyed.


How scant was the warning,
How briefly revealed,
Before, on that morning,
Death's chalice was filled !
The hero who drunk it
There moulders in gloom,
And the form of Maud Plunket
Weeps over his tomb.

The stranger who wanders
Along the lone vale,
Still sighs while he ponders
On that heavy tale :
" Thus passes each pleasure
That earth can supply ;
Thus joy has its measure—
We live but to die ! "

The Brownie of Blednoch.

THE BROWNIE OF BLEDNOCH.

NICHOLSON, "the Galloway poet," as he is frequently described, was born at Tanimaus, parish of Borgue, Galloway, August 15, 1782. After leaving school he wandered for thirty years about his native district, singing his own songs and ballads. In 1814 appeared his volume of poems, entitled "Tales in Verse and Miscellaneous Poems, descriptive of Rural Life and Manners." In his declining years, terribly reduced in circumstances, Nicholson played with his bagpipes at fairs as a beggar-man. He died in the year 1849. His songs possess more than the average merit, but the following ballad—the best example of Nicholson's work—is almost of the first order. It is full of striking touches, both of humour and pathos.

 HERE cam a strange wight to our town en',
An' the fient a body¹ did him ken ;
He tirl² na lang, but he glided ben³
Wi' a weary, dreary hum.

His face did glow like the glow o' the west,
When the drumly cloud has it half o'ercast,
Or the struggling moon when she's sair distrest—
O sirs ! 'twas Aiken-drum.

I trow the bauldest stood aback,
Wi' a gape and a glower till their lugs did crack,
As the shapeless phantom mumblin' spak—
"Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum ?"

O had ye seen the bairns' fright,
As they stared at this wild and unyirthly wight ;
As they skulkit in 'tween the dark and the light,
And graned out, "Aiken-drum !"

"Sauf us !" quoth Jock, "d'ye see sic een ?"
Cries Kate, "There's a hole where a nose should ha' been ;
An' the mouth's like a gash that a horn had ri'en :
Wow ! keep's frae Aiken-drum !"

The black dog growling cowered his tail,
The lassie swarfed,⁴ loot fa' the pail ;
Rob's lingle brak as he men't the flail,
At the sight o' Aiken-drum.

His matted head on his breast did rest,
A lang blue beard wan'ered down like a vest ;
But the glare o' his ee hath nae bard expressed,
Nor the skimes o' Aiken-drum.

¹ Never a body.

² Rattled at the door.

³ In.

⁴ Swooned.

Illustrated British Ballads.

Roun' his hairy form there was naething seen
But a philabeg o' the rashes green,
An' his knotted knees played aye knoit¹ between—
What a sight was Aiken-drum!

On his wauchie arms three claws did meet,
As they trailed on the grun' by his taeless feet;
E'en the auld gudeman himsel' did sweat,
To look at Aiken-drum.

But he drew a score, himsel' did sain;
The auld wife tried, but her tongue was gane;
While the young ane closer clasped her wean,
And turned frae Aiken-drum.

But the cantie auld wife cam till her breath,
And she thocht the Bible might ward off scaith,
Be it banshee, bogle, ghaist, or wraith—
But it feared na Aiken-drum.

"His presence protect us!" quoth the old gudeman;
"What wad ye, whare won ye, by sea or by lan'?"
I conjure you—speak—by the beuk in my han'!"
What a grane ga'e Aiken-drum!

"I lived in a lan' whare we saw nae sky,
I dwalt in a spot whare a burn rins na by;
But I'se dwell now wi' you if ye like to try—
Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum?"

"I'll shiel a' your sheep i' the mornin' sune,
I'll berry your crap by the light o' the mune,
An' ba' the bairns wi' an unkenned tune,
If ye'll keep puir Aiken-drum.

"I'll loup the linn when ye canna wade,
I'll kirk the kirk, and I'll turn the bread;
An' the wildest filly that ever can rede,
I'se tame't," quoth Aiken-drum.

"To wear the tod² frae the flock on the fell,
To gather the dew frae the heather-bell,
An' to look at my face in your clear crystal well,
Might gi'e pleasure to Aiken-drum.

¹ A beating noise.

² Drive the fox.

The Brownie of Blednoch.

"I'se seek nae guids, gear, bond, nor mark ;
I use nae beddin', shoon, nor sark ;
But a cogfu'¹ o' brose 'tween the light an' the dark
Is the wage o' Aiken-drum."

Quoth the wylie auld wife: "The thing speaks weel ;
Our workers are scant ;² we hae routh³ o' meal ;
Gif he'll do as he says—be he man, be he de'il—
Wow ! we'll try this Aiken-drum."

But the wenches skirled, "He's no be here !
His eldritch⁴ look gars⁵ us swarf wi' fear :
An' the fient a ane will the house come near,
If they think but o' Aiken-drum."

"For a foul an' a stalwart ghaist is he,
Despair sits broodin' aboon his ee-bree,
And unchancie to light o' a maiden's ee
Is the glower o' Aiken-drum."

"Puir clipmalabors ! ye hae little wit ;
Is'tna Hallowmas now, an' the crap⁶ out yet ?"
Sae she silenced them a' wi' a stamp o' her fit—
"Sit yer wa's down, Aiken-drum !"

Roun' a' that side what wark was dune
By the streamer's gleam, or the glance o' the mune !
A word, or a wish, an' the brownie cam sune,
Sae helpfu' was Aiken-drum.

But he slade aye awa' or the sun was up ;
He ne'er could look straught on Macmillan's cup ;⁷
They watched—but nane saw him his brose ever sup,
Nor a spune sought Aiken-drum.

On Blednoch banks, an' on crystal Cree,
For mony a day a toiled wight was he ;
And the bairns they played harmless roun' his knee,
Sae social was Aiken-drum.

¹ Dishful.

² Few.

³ Plenty.

⁴ Awful, hideous.

⁵ Makes.

⁶ Crop.

⁷ A Communion cup belonging to the Rev. Mr. Macmillan, founder of a sect of Covenanters. The cup was used as a test by which to ascertain the orthodoxy, or otherwise, of suspected persons.

Illustrated British Ballads.

But a new-made wife, fu' o' frippish freaks,
Fond o' a' things feat' for the five first weeks,
Laid a mouldy pair o' her ain man's breeks
By the brose o' Aiken-drum.

Let the learned decide when they convene,
What spell was him an' the breeks between ;
For frae that day forth he was nae mair seen,
An' sair missed was Aiken-drum.

He was heard by a herd gaun by the Thrieve,
Crying, " Lang, lang now may I greet an' grieve ;
For, alas ! I hae gotten baith fee an' leave—
O luckless Aiken-drum ! "

Awa', ye wrangling sceptic tribe,
Wi' your pro's an' your con's wad ye decide
'Gain the 'sponsible voice o' a hale country-side,
On the facts 'bout Aiken-drum ?

Though the " Brownie o' Blednoch " lang be gane,
The mark o' his feet's left on mony a stane ;
An' mony a wife an' mony a wean
Tell the feats o' Aiken-drum.

E'en now, light loons that jibe an' sneer
At spiritual guests an' a' sic gear,
At the Glashnoch Mill hae swat wi' fear,
An' looked roun' for Aiken-drum.

An' guidly folks hae gotten a fright,
When the moon was set, an' the stars gied nae light,
At the roaring linn, in the howe o' the night,
Wi' sughs like Aiken-drum.

¹ Smart, deft, or lively.

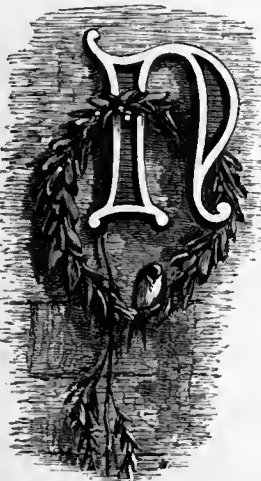
The Burial of Sir John Moore.



"WE BURIED HIM DARKLY AT DEAD OF NIGHT."

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

THE REV. CHARLES WOLFE, the writer of the following ballad, was a native of Dublin, and was born in the year 1791. He became a minister of the Episcopal Church, and died in the year 1823. His best literary effort was the "Burial of Sir John Moore," which is as widely known as almost any modern poem. Fruitless efforts have been made to rob him of the honour of its production ; but the original manuscript, in Wolfe's writing, hangs on the walls of the Royal Irish Academy. Lord Byron expressed the somewhat extravagant opinion that the poem is one of the finest in the language. It is, however, powerful, with a graphic simplicity. Sir John Moore died on the 16th of January, 1809, of a wound received at the battle of Corunna.



NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Illustrated British Ballads.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But little he'll reck if they'll let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone in his glory !

THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.

THIS ballad, one of the most effective pieces of verse by Thackeray, has always been justly admired for its unstrained sentiment and simple pathos. Written in a moment of happy inspiration, it well depicts that feeling which causes humanity generally to cling to some spot or object endeared by numberless sad or sweet associations.



N tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toil and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure ;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

The Cane-bottomed Chair.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks
With worthless old knicknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armour, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all cracked),
Old rickety tables and chairs broken-backed :
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see ;
What matter ? 'Tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire ;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinnet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp ;
By 'Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp ;
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn :
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times ;
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakia,
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and cherish the best :
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back and twisted old feet ;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair :

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms
A thrill must have passed through your withered old arms !
I looked, and I longed, and I wished in despair ;
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place ;
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face ;
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair.

Illustrated British Ballads.



"BUT SINCE THE FAIR MORNING WHEN FANNY SAT THERE,
I BLESS THEE AND LOVE THEE, OLD CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR!"

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince ;
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet, I declare
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

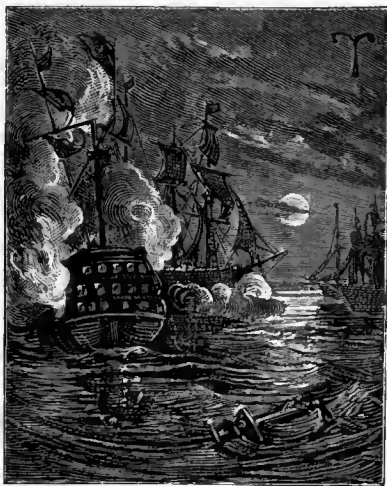
When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past and re-visits my room ;
She looks, as she then did, all beauty and bloom,
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

Casabianca.

CASABIANCA.

MRS. FELICIA HEMANS, who wrote the following ballad, was born in the year 1794, and was the daughter of Mr. Browne, a Liverpool merchant. For some time she lived with her friends at Gwyrch Castle, in North Wales. When early in her teens, she appeared before the public as a writer of poetry, and continued to publish volumes at intervals till within a few weeks of her death, which occurred in Dublin on the 16th of May, 1835. Her marriage had been an unfortunate one. The more ambitious works of this writer are already almost forgotten—including her tragedy, *The Vespers of Palermo*; but several of her numerous lyrics may be expected to retain their popularity. Among these, doubtless, will be "The Pilgrim Fathers," "The Homes of England," and the present ballad. Casabianca, a boy of thirteen, was son of the admiral of the *Orient*. He remained at his post, in the battle of the Nile, after the ship had taken fire, and the guns had been abandoned. When the flames reached the powder, he perished in the explosion.



HE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though child-like form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go,
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud—"Say, father, say
If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death,
In still yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father, must I stay?"

Illustrated British Ballads.

While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high ;
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound—
The boy—oh ! where was he ?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea !

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young faithful heart.

THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE.

WALTER THORNBURY was born in the year 1828, and died in London in 1876. His prose works were numerous and popular, but his finest talent is to be discovered in his "Songs of the Cavaliers and Roundheads." He also wrote a volume entitled "Ballads of the New World." The following ballad is amongst the most spirited of his lyrics.



RAMPLE ! trample ! went the roan,
Trap ! trap ! went the grey ;
But pad ! pad ! pad ! like a thing that was mad,
My chestnut broke away.
It was just five miles from Salisbury town,
And but one hour to day.

Thud ! thud ! came on the heavy roan,
Rap ! rap ! the mettled grey ;
But my chestnut mare was of blood so rare,
That she showed them all the way.
Spur on ! spur on !—I doffed my hat,
And wished them all good day.

The Cavalier's Escape.

They splashed through miry rut and pool—
Splintered through fence and rail ;
But chestnut Kate switched over the gate—
I saw them droop and tail.
To Salisbury town—but a mile of down,
Once over this brook and rail.

Trap ! trap ! I heard their echoing hoofs,
Past the walls of mossy stone ;
The roan flew on at a staggering pace,
But blood is better than bone.
I patted old Kate and gave her the spur,
For I knew it was all my own.

But trample ! trample ! came their steeds,
And I saw their wolf's eyes burn ;
I felt like a royal hart at bay,
And made me ready to turn.
I looked where highest grew the may,
And deepest arched the fern.



"I DOFFED MY HAT,
AND WISHED THEM ALL GOOD DAY."

Illustrated British Ballads.

I flew at the first knave's sallow throat ;
One blow, and he was down.
The second rogue fired twice, and missed ;
I sliced the villain's crown,
Clove through the rest, and flogged brave Kate,
Fast, fast to Salisbury town !

Pad ! pad ! they came on the level sward,
Thud ! thud ! upon the sand ;
With a gleam of swords, and a burning match,
And a shaking of flag and hand :
But one long bound and I passed the gate,
Safe from the canting band.

CHEVY-CHACE; OR, THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT.

THIS ballad, the finest and most remarkable of all the old heroic ballads, has commanded alike the admiration of the illiterate and the learned. As Bishop Percy observes, "Those genuine strokes of nature and artless passion which have endeared it to the most simple readers, have recommended it to the most refined ; and it has equally been the amusement of our childhood and the favourite of our riper years." Ben Jonson envied its author, and Sir Philip Sidney confessed how his own soul was moved by its vigorous strains. The old manuscript of it bears the name of Richard Sheale as the author, but in all probability he was only the reciter of it—an assumption strengthened by the manifest inferiority of other work associated with his name, when compared with this ballad. With regard to the incidents celebrated, Bishop Percy considers the poem may have been written to commemorate a defiant expedition of one of the lords of the Marches upon the domain of another. "It was one of the laws of the Marches, frequently renewed between the nations, that neither party should hunt in the other's borders without leave from the proprietors, or their deputies. There had long been a rivalry between the two martial families of Percy and Douglas, which, heightened by the national quarrel, must have produced frequent challenges and struggles for superiority, petty invasions of their respective domains, and sharp contests for the point of honour, which would not always be recorded in history. Something of this kind, we may suppose, gave rise to the ancient ballad of 'The Hunting o' the Cheviat.' Percy, Earl of Northumberland, had vowed to hunt for three days in the Scottish Border without condescending to ask leave from Earl Douglas, who was either lord of the soil or Lord Warden of the Marches. Douglas would not fail to resent the insult, and endeavour to repel the intruders by force. This would naturally produce a sharp conflict between the two parties ; something of which, it is probable, did really happen, though not attended with the tragical circumstances recorded in the ballad, for these are evidently borrowed from the battle of Otterbourn, a very different event, but which after-times would easily confound with it." In the revised edition of his work, Bishop Percy also quoted the following historical passage from Collins's Peerage, which he thought might throw considerable light upon the origin of the ballad :—"In this year, 1436, according to Hector Boethius, was fought the battle of Pepperden, not far from the Cheviot Hills, between the Earl of Northumberland (second earl, son of Hotspur) and Earl William Douglas, of Angus, with a small army of about four thousand men each, in which the latter had the advantage. As this seems to have been a private conflict between these two great chieftains of the Borders, rather than a national war, it has been thought to have given rise to the celebrated old ballad of Chevy-Chace, which, to render it more pathetic and interesting, has been heightened with

Chevy-Chace.

tragical incidents wholly fictitious." As Mr. Wheatley, however, points out, it is highly improbable that the ballad refers to the battle of Pepperden, seeing that in both the ancient and modern versions the battle of Humbledown is alluded to as a future event, caused by the death of Percy at Chevy-Chace. Humbledown was fought in the year 1402, and Pepperden not until 1436, so that the ballad, if it has any historical basis at all, must refer to some battle before that of Humbledown, and Otterbourn seems to have been the only conflict of importance before that event. Many authorities, however—and with considerable show of reason—affirm that the ballad has no historical foundation whatever, some of its incidents and verses having been merely borrowed from the ballad on "The Battle of Otterbourne," which celebrates an encounter between Percy and Douglas in the year 1388. The modern version of the present ballad, entitled "Chevy-Chace," and written some time between the age of Queen Elizabeth and that of Charles II., is very inferior to the old one. It lacks the strength and vivacity of the ancient ballad. It was concerning this latter that Sidney said: "I never heard the olde song of Percy and Duglas, that I found not my heart mooved more than with a trumpet." We give the ancient ballad, only interfering with it to make it fairly intelligible by substituting in some instances our modern spelling for the rugged and uncouth orthography of the original.



THE FIRST FIT.

THE Persè¹ owt of Northombarlande,
And a vowe to God mayd he,
That he wolde hunte in the mountayns
Off Chyviat within dayes thre,
In the mauger² of doughtè Dogles,³
And all that ever with him be.

The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat
He sayd he wold kill, and carry them away :
" By my feth," sayd the doughty Dogles agayn.
" I wyll let⁴ that hunting if that I may."

Then the Persè owt of Banborowe cam,
With him a mighty many ;⁵
With fifteen hundred archers bold—
They were chosen out of shires three.⁶

This begane on a Monday at morn,
In Cheviat the hillys so he ;⁷
The chyld may rue that is unborn,
It was the more pitie.

The drivers through the woodes went
For to reas⁸ the dear ;
Bowmen bickarte uppone the bent⁹
With their broad arrows clear.

¹ Percy. ² In spite of. ³ Douglas. ⁴ Prevent. ⁵ Company.

⁶ Three districts in Northumberland that still go by the name of shires—viz., Islandshire, Norehamshire, and Bamboroughshire. ⁷ High. ⁸ Rouse. ⁹ Skirmished in the long grass.

Illustrated British Ballads.



"IN CHEVIAT THE HILLYS SO HE."

Then the wyld¹ through the woodes went,
On every side shear;²
Grey-hounds through the greves³ glent,⁴
For to kill their dear.

They began in Chyviat the hills above
Early on a Monday;
By that it drew to the hour of noon
A hundred fat hartes ded there lay.

They blew a mort uppone the bent,⁵
They semblyd on sides shear;
To the quarry⁶ then the Persè went
To see the brittling⁷ off the deare.

He sayd, "It was the Duglas promise
This day to meet me hear;
But I wist he wold faylle verament:"⁸
A gret oth the Persè swear.

At last a Squire of Northombarlande
Looked at his hand full nigh,
He was war ath⁹ the doughty Doglas coming:
With him a mighty meany,

¹ Wild deer.

² On all sides.

³ Bushes.

⁴ Glanced.

⁵ A note over the dead stag on the grass.

⁶ The slaughtered game.

⁷ Quartering.

⁸ Truly.

⁹ Aware of.



"THE DOUGHTY DOGLAS ON A STEDE,
HE RODE ALL HIS MEN BBFORNE."

Illustrated British Ballads.

Both with spear, bill, and brande :¹
It was a mighty sight to see.
Hardier men both off hart nor hande
Wear not in Christiantè.

They were twenty hundred spearmen good
Withouten any fayle ;
They were borne along by the water a Twyde,
Ith bowndes of Tividale.

"Leave off the brittling of the dear," he sayde,
"And to your bows look ye take good heed ;
For never sith ² ye were on your mothers borne
Had ye never so mickle need."

The doughty Doglas on a stede,
He rode all his men beforne ;
His armour glittered as did a glede ;³
A bolder barne ⁴ was never borne.

"Tell me what men ye ar," he says,
"Or whos men that ye be ;
Who gave you leave to hunte in this
Chyviat Chays in the spite of mè ?"

The first man that ever him an answer mayd,
It was the good Lord Persè ;
"We will not tell thee what men we ar," he says,
"Nor whos men that we be ;
But we will hunt hear in this chays
In the spite of thyne, and of the.

"The fattiste hartes in all Chyviat
We have kill'd, and cast ⁵ to carry them away.
"Be my troth," sayd the doughty Doglas agayn,
"Therfor the ton ⁶ of us shall die this day."

Then sayd the doughty Doglas
Unto the Lord Persè :
"To kill all these giltless men,
Alas ! it were great pitle.

¹ Battle-axe and sword.

² Since.

³ Glowing coal.

⁴ Man.

⁵ Mean.

⁶ The one of us.

Chevy-Chace.

"But, Persè, thowe art a lord of lande,
I am a yerle¹ callyd within my country;
Let all our men uppone a parti stande;²
And do the battell off the and of me."

"Nowe curse on his cronne," sayd the Lord Persè,
"Whosoever therto says nay.
Be my troth, doughty Doglas," he says,
"Thow shalt never see that day:

"Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar France,
Nor for no man of a woman born,
But and³ fortune be my chance,
I dar met him on man for on."⁴

Then bespake a squire of Northomborlànðe,
Richard Wytharynton⁵ was his nam;
"It shall never be told in South-Ynglonde," he says,
"To King Harry the Fourth for sham.

"I know ye for great lords two,
I am a poor squire of lande;
I will never see my captain fight on a field,
And stande myselffe, and looke on,
But while I may my weppone wield,
I will not fayle both harte and hande."

That day, that day, that dredfull day:
The first Fit here I fynde.
And you⁶ will hear any mor a the hountyng a the Chyviat,
Yet is ther mor behynde.

THE SECOND FIT.

THE Yngglisshemen had their bowès bent,
Their hartes were good enow;
The first [flight] of arrowes they shot off,
Seven-score spearmen they slew.

Yet bides Earl Doglas uppon the bent,
A captayne good enow:
And that was seen veramènt,
For he wrought them both woo and wouche.⁷

¹ Earl.

² Stand apart.

³ But if.

⁴ One man for one.

⁵ Probably a corruption of
Roger Widdrington.

⁶ If you.

⁷ Mischief and wrong.

Illustrated British Ballads.

The Douglas parted his host in three,
Like a chief chieftain of pride,
With sure spears of mighty tree
They came in on every side.

Thorough our Yngglishe archery,
Gave many a wounde full wyde ;
Many a doughty they made to die,
Which gained them no [small] pride.

The Yngglishe men let their bowès be,
And pulled out brandes that wer bright ;
It was a heavy sight to see
Bright swords on basnites' light.

Through rich mail and maniple
Many sterne the stroke down streght ;²
Many a freyke³ that was full free
There under foot did light.

At last the Douglas and the Persè met,
Like two captains of might and main ;
They swappe⁴ together till they both swat⁵
With swords that were of fine Milàn.

These worthy frekes for to fight
Thereto they were full fain,
Till the blood out of their basnetes sprete⁶
As ever did hail or rain.

"Holde thee, Persè," sayd the Doglàs,
"And i' faith I shall thee brynge .
Where thou shalt have an earl's wagès
Of Jamie our Scottish Kynge.

"Thou shalt have thy ransom free ;
I promise thee here this thing ;
For the manfullest man yet art thou
That ever I conquered in field-fighting."

"Nay," then said the Lord Persè,
"I told it thee beforne
That I wolde never yielded be
To no man of a woman borne."

¹ Helmets.

² Many fierce ones they struck down.

³ Strong man.

⁴ Exchanged blows.

⁵ Did sweat.

⁶ Spurted out.

Chevy-Chace.

With that there came an arrow hastely
Forth off a mightie wane,¹
It hath stricken the Earl Doglàs
In at the breast bane.

Thorough liver and lungs both
The sharp arrowe is gane ;
That never after in all his life-days
He spake more wordes but ane,
That was, "Fyghte ye, my merry men, while ye may,
For my life-days be gone."



"AT LAST THE DOGLAS AND THE PERSÈ MET,
LIKE TWO CAPTAINS OF MIGHT AND MAIN."

¹ From a mighty man.

Illustrated British Ballads.

The Persè leaned on his brand,
And saw the Doglas die ;
He tooke the dead man by the hand,
And sayd, " Woe is me for thee !
" To have saved thy life I would have parted with
My landès for years three,
For a better man of heart, nor of hand,
Was not in all the north countrie."
Of all that saw, a Scottish knyghte
Was called Sir Hugh the Montgomerie ;
He sawe the Doglas to the death was dight,¹
He grasped a spear, a trusty tree ;
He rode uppon a courser
Through a hundred archery ;
He never stinted, nor never blan,²
Till he came to the good Lord Persè.
He set uppone the Lord Persè
A dynte³ that was full sore ;
With a sure spear of a mighty tree
Clean through the body he the Persè bore,
At the other side that a man might see
A large cloth yard and mair ;
Two better captains were not in Christiantè,
Than that day slain there were.
An archer of Northombarlände
Saw slain was the Lord Persè,
He bare a bend-bow in his hand,
Was made of trusty tree :
An arrow that a cloth yard was long
To the hard steel haled he ;
A dint, that was both sad and sore,
He set on Sir Hugh the Montgomerle.
The dint it was both sad and sore,
That he on Montgomerie set ;
The swan feathers that his arrowe bore,
With his heart's blood were wet.

¹ Put.

² Never lingered nor stopped.

³ Blow.

Chevy-Chace.

There was never a freke one foot wold flee,
But still in stour¹ did stand,
Hewing on each other, while they might dree
With many a baleful brand.

This battell began in Chyviat
An hour before the noon,
And when even song bell was rang
The battell was not half done.

They tooke on² on either hand
By the light of the moon ;
Many had no strength to stand
In Chyviat the hills aboon.

Of fifteen hundred archers of Ynglònde
Went away but fifty and three ;
Of twenty hundred spearmen of Skotlònde,
But even five and fifty :

All else were slain Cheviat within,
They had no strength to stand on high ;
The child may rue that is unborn,
It was the more pitie.

There was slain with the Lord Persè
Sir John of Agerstone,
Sir Roger, the hynde³ Hartlèy,
Sir William, the bold Heròn.

Sir George, the worthy Lovèl,
A knight of great renown ;
Sir Ralph, the rich Rugby,
With dints were beaten down.

For Witherington my heart was woe,
That ever he slain should be ;
For when both his legs were hewn in two,
Yet he kneeled and fought on his knee.

There was slain with the doughty Doglàs,
Sir Hugh the Montgomerie ;
Sir David Liddale, that worthy was,
His sister's son was he :

¹ Fight.

² Took each other off.

³ Gentle.

Illustrated British Ballads.

Sir Charles à Murray, in that place,
That never a foot would flee ;
Sir Hugh Maxwell, a lorde he was,
With the Doglas did he dee.

So on the morrow they made them biers
Of birch and hazel so gray ;
Many widows with weeping tears
Came to fetch their makys ¹ away.

Tivydale may carp of care,
Northombarlande may make great mone
For two such captains as there were slain
On the Marches shall never be none.

Word is come to Eddenburrowe,
To Jamie the Scottish Kynge,
That doughty Doglas, Lieutenant of the Marches,
Lay slain Chyviàt within.

His handes did he weal and wring,
He sayd, "Alas, and woe is me !
Such an other captayn Skotland within,"
He sayd, "i' faith, shuld never be."

Word is come to lovely Londòn,
To the Fourth Harry our King,
That Lord Persè, Lieutenant of the Marches,
Lay slain Chyviàt within.

"God have mercy on his soul !" sayd King Harry,
"Good Lord, if Thy will it be !
I have a hundred captayns in Ynglonde," he said,
"As good as ever was he :
But, Percy, and I brook ² my life,
Thy death well quit ³ shall be."

As our noble Prince made his a-vowe,
Like a noble Prince of renown ;
For the death of the Lord Persè,
He dyd the battel of Humbledown : ⁴

¹ Mates.

² If I enjoy.

³ Requited.

⁴ The Battle of Humbleton, or Homildon Hill, in Northumberland, was fought on the 14th of September, 1402. The English, under the command of the Earl of Northumberland, and his son Hotspur, gained a decisive victory over the Scots.

The Children in the Wood.

Where six and thirty Scottish knyghtes
On a day were beaten down ;
Glendale glittered on their armour bright,
Over castle, tower, and town.

This was the hunting of the Cheviat ;
That tear begane this spurn ;¹
Old men that knew the ground well enough,
Call it the battell of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this spurn,
Upon a Monday ;
There was the doughty Douglas slain,
The Persè never went away.

There was never a time on the March partes,
Since the Doglas and Persè met,
But it was marvell and the redde blude ronne not,
As the rain does in the street.

Jhesue Christ our balys bete,²
And to His bliss us bring ;
This was the hunting of the Chevyat :
God send us all good ending !

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

ADDISON refers to this popular ballad as "one of the darling songs of the common people," and "the delight of most Englishmen in some part of their age." He also points out that the incident where the robin-redbreast covers the children with leaves had a parallel in Horace. The Roman poet tells us that when a child he fell asleep in a desert wood, whereupon the turtle-doves took pity on him and covered him with leaves. Old literature supplies many instances of the supposition, generally entertained, that the robin covers the bodies of the friendless dead with leaves. Shakspere, Drayton, Webster, Dekker, and others furnish examples of this. Authorities differ as to the origin and date of the following ballad. Percy believes it to have been suggested by an old play entitled "Two lamentable Tragedies ; the one of the murder of Maister Beech, a chandler in Thames Streete, &c. The other of a young child murdered in a wood, by two ruffins, with the consent of his unkle. By Rob. Yarrington." (1601. 4to.) Sharon Turner, in his "History of England," says :—"I have sometimes fancied that the popular ballad may have been written at this time [the period of Richard III.] on Richard and his nephews, before it was quite safe to stigmatise him more openly." This theory, however, that Richard was the wicked uncle referred to, does not find much favour. Wayland Wood, near Walton, in Norfolk, and the village of Wood Dalling, alike claim the distinction of being the place where the tragedy was enacted, but tradition generally accepted assigns it to the former place. The full title of the ancient ballad in the Pepys collection is, "The Children in the Wood ; or, the Norfolk Gentleman's Last Will and Testament : to the tune of Rogero, &c."

¹ That tearing or pulling began this kick.

² Remedy our evils, better our bales.

Illustrated British Ballads.



OW ponder well, you parents deare,
These wordes, which I shall write ;
A doleful story you shall heare,
In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolke dwelt of late,
Who did in honour far surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,
No helpe his life could save ;
His wife by him as sicke did lye,
And both possesse one grave.
No love between these two was lost.

Each was to other kinde,
In love they liv'd, in love they dyed,
And left two babes behinde :

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three yeares olde ;
The other a girl more young than he,
And fram'd in beautyes molde.
The father left his little son,
As plainlye doth appeare,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred poundes a yeare.

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred poundes in gold,
To be paid down on marriage-day,
Which might not be controll'd ;
But if the children chance to dye
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possesse their wealth,
For so the wille did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Looke to my children deare ;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friendes else have they here :
To God and you I recommend
My children deare this day ;
But little while be sure we have
Within this world to staye.

The Children in the Wood.

"You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one ;
God knowes what will become of them,
When I am dead and gone."
With that bespake their mother deare,
"O brother kinde," quoth shee,
"You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or miserie :

"And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward ;
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deedes regard."
With lippes as cold as any stone,
They kist their children small :
"God bless you both, my children deare ;"
With that the teares did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
To this sick couple there :
"The keeping of your little ones,
Sweet sister, do not feare ;
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children deare,
When you are layd in grave."

The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them straite unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.
He had not kept those pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a daye,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both awaye.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young,
And slaye them in a wood.
He told his wife an artful tale—
He would the children send
To be brought up in faire London,
With one that was his friend.

Illustrated British Ballads.

Away then went those pretty babes,
Rejoycing at that tide,
Rejoycing with a merry minde,
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the waye,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives decaye :

So that the pretty speeche they had,
Made Murder's heart relent ;
And they that undertooke the deed,
Full sore did now repent.
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vowe to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
So here they fall to strife ;
With one another they did fight
About the children's life ;
And he that was of mildest mood
Did slaye the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood ;
The babes did quake for feare !

He took the children by the hand,
Teares standing in their eye,
And bad them straitwaye follow him,
And look they did not crye :
And two miles long he ledd them on
While they for food complaine ;
"Staye here," quoth he, "I'll bring you bread
When I come back againe."

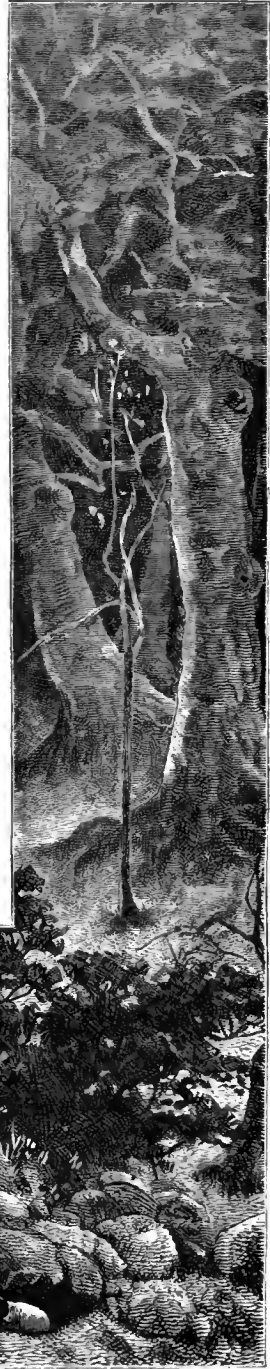
These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and downe ;
But never more could see the man
Approaching from the town :
Their prettye lippes with black-berries,
Were all besmear'd and dyed ;
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them downe and cryed.

The Children in the Wood.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
Till death did end their grief;
In one anothers armes they dyed,
As wanting due relief:
No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till Robin Red-breast piously
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrathe of God
Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell:
His barnes were fir'd, his goodes consum'd,
His landes were barren made,
His cattle dyed within the field,
And nothing with him stay'd.

And in a voyage to Portugall
Two of his sonnes did dye;
And to conclude, himself was brought
To want and miserÿe:
He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land
Ere seven yeares came about.
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this meanes come out:



"AND WHEN THEY SAW THE DARKSOME NIGHT,
THEY SAT THEM DOWNE AND CRYED."

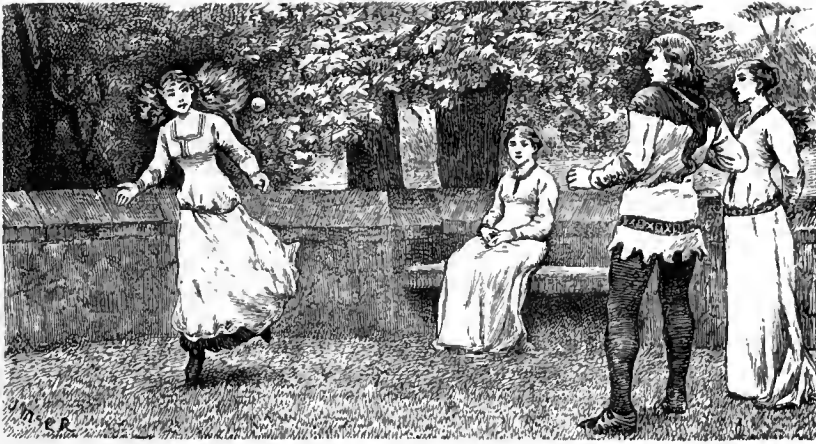
Illustrated British Ballads.

The fellowe that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judg'd to dye,
Such was God's blessed will :
Who did confess the very truth,
As here hath been display'd :
Their uncle having dyed in gaol,
Where he for debt was layd.

You that executors be made,
And overseers eke
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek,
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God with such like miserye
Your wicked minds requite.



The Cruel Brother.



"THERE WAS THREE LADIES PLAY'D AT THE EA."

THE CRUEL BROTHER.

OF this very popular ballad there are several versions, the best of which is the one that follows, by Jamieson. The story is also common to Danish, Swedish, and German folk-lore. The second and fourth lines of each verse being the same, we have given the refrain only in the first and last stanzas.



HERE was three ladies play'd at the ba',
With a heigh-ho ! and a lily gay ;
There came a knight and play'd o'er them a',
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

The eldest was baith tall and fair,
But the youngest was beyond compare.

The midmost had a gracefu' mien,
But the youngest look'd like beauty's queen.

The knight bow'd low to a' the three,
But to the youngest he bent his knee.

The lady turn'd her head aside,
The knight he wooed her to be his bride.

The lady blush'd a rosy red,
And said, "Sir Knight, I'm o'er young to wed."

"O ladie fair, give me your hand,
And I'll make you ladie of a' my land."

Illustrated British Ballads.

"Sir Knight, ere you my favour win,
Ye maun get consent frae a' my kin."

He has got consent frae her parents dear,
And likewise frae her sisters fair.

He has got consent frae her kin each one,
But forgot to speer at her brother John.

Now, when the wedding-day was come,
The knight would take his bonny bride home.

And many a lord and many a knight
Came to behold that lady bright.

And there was nae man that did her see,
But wished himself bridegroom to be.

Her father dear led her down the stair,
And her sisters twain they kissed her there.

Her mother dear led her through the close,
And her brother John set her on her horse.

She Jean'd her o'er the saddle-bow,
To give him a kiss ere she did go.

He has ta'en a knife baith lang and sharp,
And stabb'd the bonny bride to the heart.



"HER FATHER DEAR LED HER DOWN THE STAIR,
AND HER SISTERS TWAIN THEY KISSED HER THERE."

The Cruel Brother.

She hadna ridden half thro' the town,
Until her heart's blood stained her gown.

"Ride saftly on," said the best young man,
"For I think our bonny bride looks pale and wan."

"O lead me gently up yon hill,
And I'll there sit down and make my will."

"O what will you leave to your father dear?"
"The silver-shod steed that brought me here."

"What will you leave to your mother dear?"
"My velvet pall and silken gear."

"And what will ye leave to your sister Ann?"
"My silken scarf and my golden fan."

"What will ye leave to your sister Grace?"
"My bloody cloaths to wash and dress."

"What will ye leave to your brother John?"
"The gallows-tree to hang him on."

"What will ye leave to your brother John's wife?"
"The wilderness to end her life."

This fair lady in her grave was laid,
And a mass was o'er her said.

But it would have made your heart right sair—

*With a heigh-ho ! and a lily gay—
To see the bridegroom rive his hair,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.*





"CUMNOR HALL."

CUMNOR HALL.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE, the writer of the following ballad, was born at Langholm, in Dumfriesshire, September 29th, 1734. In 1763 he went to London, and was introduced to Lord Lyttelton; but failing to enlist the interest of his lordship as he hoped, Mickle was obliged to accept the post of corrector to the Clarendon Press at Oxford. He commenced, in 1771, a translation of the "*Lusiad*" of Camoëns, which he completed in 1775. By two editions of the work Mickle realised 1,000 guineas, and it also brought him considerable distinction. He afterwards visited Portugal, where he was warmly received by the countrymen of Camoëns. In 1783 he married a lady whose fortune enabled him to live at ease, and to cultivate the Muses. Of all his short pieces and ballads, "*Cumnor Hall*" is deservedly the greatest favourite. Sir Walter Scott entertained a high opinion of Mickle's poetical gifts, and in all probability he was capable of greater things than he actually accomplished. He died at Forest Hill, near Oxford, October 28, 1788. The present ballad suggested to Scott the groundwork of his novel, "*Kenilworth*." The story of Amy Robsart's death is one that lends true pathos to the tragic recital of either ballad or romance.



THE dews of summer night did fall,
The moon (sweet regent of the sky)
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies
(The sounds of busy life were still)
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

Cumnor Hall.

“Leicester,” she cried, “is this the love
That thou so oft hast sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privy ?

“No more thou com’st, with lover’s speed,
Thy once-beloved bride to see ;
But, be she alive or be she dead,
I fear, stern Earl, ’s the same to thee.

“Not so the usage I received
When happy in my father’s hall ;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appal.

“I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay ;
And, like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the live-long day.

“If that my beauty is but small,
Among court ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized ?

“And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was, you oft would say !
And, proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

“Yes ! now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale, the lily’s dead ;
But he that once their charms so prized
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

“For know, when sickening grief doth prey,
And tender love’s repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay ;
What floweret can endure the storm ?

“At court, I’m told, is beauty’s throne,
Where every lady’s passing rare ;
That Eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

Illustrated British Ballads.

"Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by ?

"'Mong rural beauties I was one ;
Among the fields wild flowers are fair ;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my beauty passing rare.

"But, Leicester, or I much am wrong,
It is not beauty lures thy vows ;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

"Then, Leicester, why, again I plead
(The injured surely may repine),
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine ?

"Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And, oh ! then leave them to decay ?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave me to mourn the live-long day ?

"The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go :
Envious, they mark my silken train,
Nor think a Countess can have woe.

"The simple nymphs ! they little know
How far more happy's their estate ;
To smile for joy than sigh for woe ;
To be content than to be great.

"How far less blest am I than them,
Daily to pine and waste with care !
Like the poor plant that, from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling air.

"Nor, cruel Earl, can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude ;
Your minions proud my peace destroy
By sullen frowns, or pratings rude.



"LAST NIGHT, AS SAD I CHANCED TO STRAY,
THE VILLAGE DEATH-BELL SMOTE MY EAR."

Illustrated British Ballads.

"Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear ;
They winked aside, and seemed to say :
'Countess, prepare—thy end is near.'

"And now, while happy peasants sleep,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn ;
No one to soothe me as I weep,
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.



"THE MASTIFF HOWLED AT VILLAGE DOOR."

"My spirits flag, my hopes decay ;
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear ;
And many a boding seems to say :
'Countess, prepare—thy end is near.'"

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear ;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The Demon Lover.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An ærial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapped its wings
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
The oaks were shattered on the green ;
Woe was the hour, for nevermore
That hapless Countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor, now no more
Is cheerful feast or sprightly ball ;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall,
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller has sighed,
And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
As wandering onwards they've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

THE DEMON LOVER.

SIR WALTER SCOTT first printed this ballad, having received it from Mr. William Laidlaw, who took it down from recitation. Motherwell subsequently recovered a fragment of the same legend, and Buchan, in his "Ballads of the North of Scotland," gives another version of the present poem, under the title of "James Herries."



“WHERE have you been, my long, long love,
This long seven years and more ? ”
“ O I'm come to seek my former vows
Ye granted me before.”

“ O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For they will breed sad strife ;
O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For I am become a wife.”

Illustrated British Ballads.

He turned him right and round about,
And the tear blinded his ee.
“I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground,
If it had not been for thee.

“I might hae had a king’s daughtèr,
Far, far beyond the sea ;
I might have had a king’s daughtèr,
Had it not been for love o’ thee.”

“If ye might have had a king’s daughtèr,
Yer sell ye had to blame ;
Ye might have taken the king’s daughtèr,
For ye ken’d that I was nane.”

“O fause are the vows of womankind,
But fair is their fause bodie ;
I never wad hae trod on Irish ground,
Had it not been for love o’ thee.”

“If I was to leave my husband dear,
And my two babes also,
O what have you to take me to,
If with you I should go ? ”

“I hae seven ships upon the sea,
The eighth brought me to land ;
With four-and-twenty bold marinèrs,
And music on every hand.”

She has taken up her two little babes,
Kiss’d them baith cheek and chin ;
“O fare ye weel, my ain two babes,
For I’ll never see you again.”

She set her foot upon the ship,
No mariners could she behold ;
But the sails were o’ the taffetie,
And the masts o’ the beaten gold.

She had not sail’d a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance,
And drumlie grew his ee.

The Demon Lover.

The masts that were like the beaten gold
Bent not on the heaving seas,
And the sails that were o' the taffetie,
Fill'd not in the east land breeze.

They had not sail'd a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Until she espied his cloven foot,
And she wept right bitterlie.

"O hold your tongue of your weeping," says he,
"Of your weeping now let me be ;
I will show you how the lilies grow
On the banks of Italy,"

"O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
That the sun shines sweetly on?"
"O yon are the hills of heaven," he said,
"Where you will never win."

"O whatten a mountain is yon," she said,
"All so dreary wi' frost and snow?"
"O yon is the mountain of hell," he cried,
"Where you and I will go."

And aye when she turned her round about,
Aye taller he seem'd for to be,
Until that the tops o' that gallant ship
Nae taller were than he.

The clouds grew dark, and the wind grew loud,
And the levin fill'd her ee ;
And waesome wail'd the snaw-white sprites
Upon the gurlie' sea.

He strack the tap-mast wi' his hand,
The fore-mast wi' his knee ;
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea.²

¹ Stormy.

² The moral of this ballad is obvious, and the legend appears to be prevalent, according to Sir Walter Scott, in various guises in Scotland. England and Ireland also furnish versions of it, more or less varying from that of the printed ballad.

Illustrated British Ballads.



THE "BELL" AT EDMONTON.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

WILLIAM COWPER, to whom the world is indebted for this celebrated ballad, was born at Great Berkhamstead, in the year 1731. When he was six years of age his mother died. At eighteen he was articled to the Law, having for his fellow-student Thurlow, afterwards Lord Chancellor. Called to the bar in 1754, Cowper lived for some time in the Temple. In 1763, unable to face the ordeal of examination for a post to which he was appointed, his mind gave way, and he was confined in a private asylum at St. Albans. Several times in after-life he was subjected to the same terrible affliction. In 1766 Cowper took up his abode with his friends the Unwins, at Olney, in Buckinghamshire. Here he led a gentle, peaceful life. In 1782 he published his first work, containing "Table Talk," "Truth," &c.; and in 1785 he produced the six books of "The Task." Lady Austen originated the idea by playfully giving the poet "The Sofa" as a subject for a blank-verse poem. He afterwards translated Homer into English verse. After much sorrow and suffering, Cowper died on the 25th of April, 1800. Two poems by Cowper, possessing entirely opposite characteristics, will live as long as the English language—viz., the verses "On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture," and the inimitable ballad of "John Gilpin." It would be difficult to cite a poem distinguished for such genuine tenderness as the former; and it would be equally difficult to match the latter for its playful humour, which shines throughout the entire ballad. The original John Gilpin is reported to have been a Mr. Beyer, a linen-draper, living at the corner of Paternoster Row and Cheapside. He died in 1791, aged ninety-eight. The ballad attracted no attention when it was first published anonymously; but some years afterwards it enjoyed extraordinary popularity.

The Diverting History of John Gilpin.



JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the ' Bell ' at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said ;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife ;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.



Illustrated British Ballads.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in ;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad ;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again ;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty, screaming, came down-stairs—
“The wine is left behind !”

“Good lack !” quoth he, “yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.”

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul !)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side
To make his balance true.

The Diverting History of John Gilpin.



"NOW SEE HIM MOUNTED ONCE AGAIN."

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain ;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

Illustrated British Ballads.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

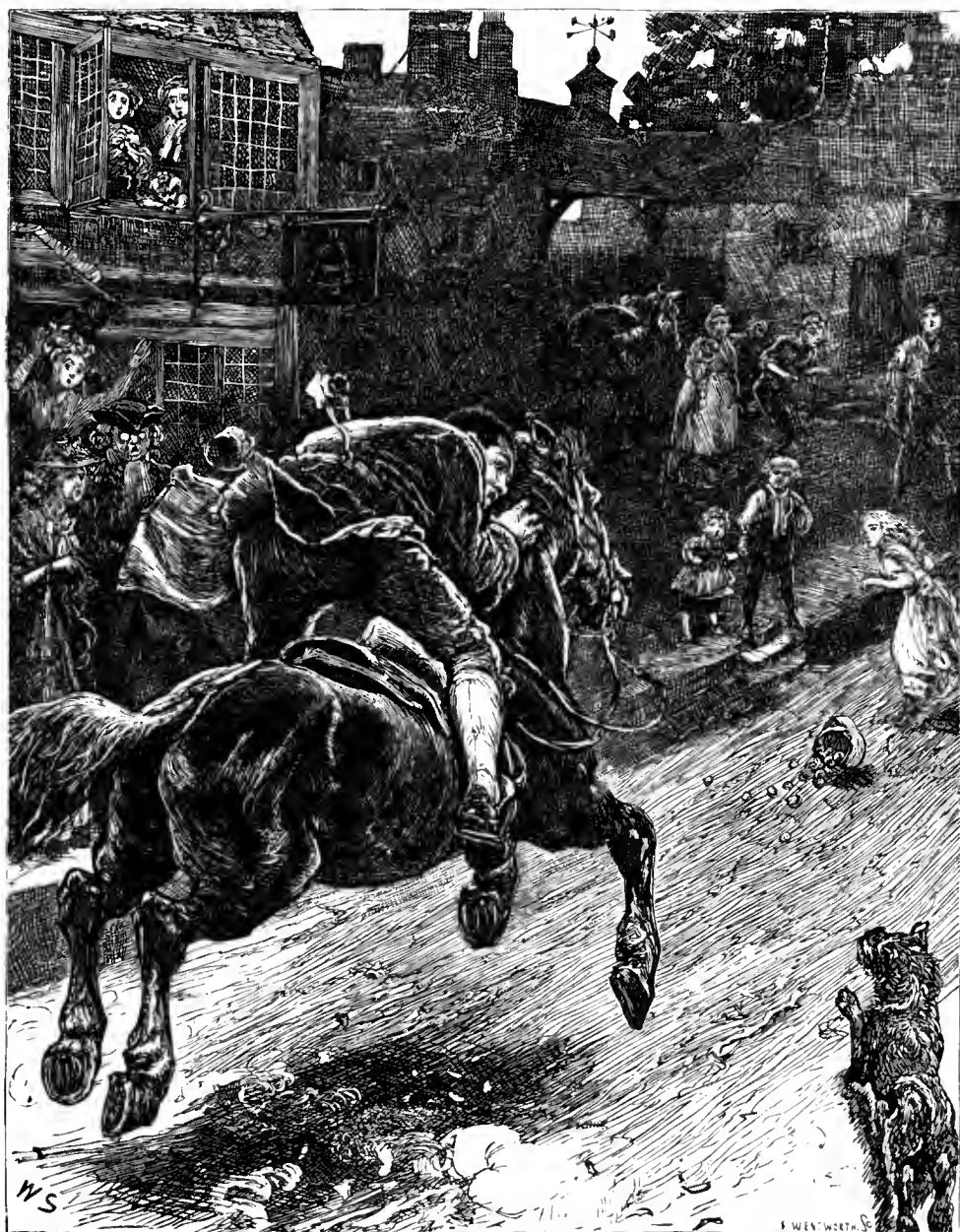
Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around.
"He carries weight!" "He rides a race!"
"Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

The Diverting History of John Gilpin.



"STOP! STOP! JOHN GILPIN!—HERE'S THE HOUSE!"

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Illustrated British Ballads.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay ;

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony espied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop ! stop ! John Gilpin !—Here's the house !"
They all at once did cry ;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired ;"—
Said Gilpin, "So am I !"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there ;
For why ?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong ;
So did he fly ; which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him :—

"What news? what news? your tidings tell ;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all ?"

The Diverting History of John Gilpin.

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke ;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke :—

“I came because your horse would come,
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here—
‘They are upon the road.’”

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,



“THE CALENDER, AMAZED
. FLEW TO THE GATE,
AND THUS ACCOSTED HIM.”

Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in ;
Whence straight he came with hat and wig—
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit :

“My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

“But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face ;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.”

Illustrated British Ballads.

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine ;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast !
For which he paid full dear ;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig ;
He lost them sooner than at first ;
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the "Bell :"
"This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back again ;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

The Diverting History of John Gilpin.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels ;
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.
Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry :
"Stop thief ! stop thief ! a highwayman !"
Not one of them was mute ;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.
And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space ;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.
And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town ;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.
Now let us sing, Long live the King !
And Gilpin, long live he !
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see !



"AND ALL AND EACH THAT PASSED THAT WAY
DID JOIN IN THE PURSUIT."



" ' NOW OFF WITH YOUR GAUNTLETS ! ' KING ARTHUR HE CRIED ;
' AND GLORY OR SHAME FOR OUR TAMAR SIDE . ' "

THE DOOM-WELL OF ST. MADRON.

THE following spirited ballad is selected from the numerous poetical pieces written at various times
by the Rev. R. S. Hawker.



PUNGE thy right hand in St. Madron's Spring,
If true to its troth be the palm you bring ;
But if a false sigil thy fingers bear,
Lay them the rather on the burning share."

Loud laughed King Arthur when as he heard
That solemn friar his boding word ;
And blithely he sware, as a king he may,
" We tryst for St. Madron's at break of day."

" Now horse and haddock, both but and ben,"
Was the cry at Lands, with Dundagel men ;
And forth they pricked upon Routorr side,
As goodly a raid as a king could ride.

The Doom-Well of St. Madron.

Proud Gwennivar rode like a queen of the land,
With page and with squire at her bridle hand ;
And the twice six Knights of the Stony Ring,
They girded and guarded their Cornish king.

Then they halted their steeds at St. Madron's cell,
And they stood by the Monk of the Cloistered Well.
"Now off with your gauntlets!" King Arthur he cried ;
"And glory or shame for our Tamar side."

'Twere sooth to sing how Sir Gauvain smiled,
When he grasped the waters so soft and mild ;
How Sir Lancelot dashed the glistening spray
O'er the rugged beard of the rough Sir Kay.

Sir Bevis he touched and he found no fear ;
'Twas a benit  e stoup to Sir Bevidere ;
How the fountain flashed o'er King Arthur's Queen,
Say, Cornish dames, for ye guess the scene.

"Now rede me my riddle, Sir Mordred, I pray,
My kinsman, mine ancient, my *Bien-aim  * ;
Now rede me my riddle, and read it aright,
Art thou traitorous knave or my trusty knight?"

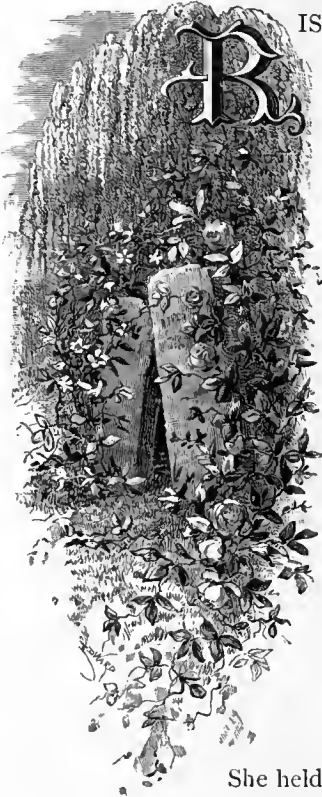
He plunged his right arm in the judgment well,
It bubbled and boiled like a cauldron of hell ;
He drew and he lifted his quivering limb—
Ha! Sir Judas, how Madron had sodden him.

Now let Uter Pendragon do what he can,
Still the Tamar River will run as it ran ;
Let king or let kaisar be fond or be fell,
Ye may harowe their troth in St. Madron's Well.



THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in publishing this ballad in the "Border Minstrelsy," says it is one of the few to which popular tradition has ascribed complete locality. The farm of Blackhouse, in Selkirkshire, is said to have been the scene of this melancholy event. There is still a very ancient tower upon a torrent, named Douglas Burn, and from this tower Lady Margaret is stated to have been carried by her lover. Scott appears on many occasions to have been led into too ready an acceptance of the alleged origin, scene, and authorship of many of the ballads he collected with such loving care. At any rate, the tradition in the following poem is common to many Scandinavian ballads.



RISE up, rise up now, Lord Douglas," she says,
"And put on your armour so bright ;
Let it never be said that a daughter of thine
Was married to a lord under night.
"Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
And put on your armour so bright,
And take better care of your youngest sister,
For your eldest's awa' the last night."
He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple-grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.
Lord William lookit o'er his left shoulder
To see what he could see,
And there he spy'd her seven brethren bold
Come riding o'er the lea.
"Light down, light down, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold
And your father I make a stand."
She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa',
And her father hard fighting, who loved her so dear.
"O hold your hand, Lord William !" she said,
"For your strokes they are wondrous sair ;
True lovers I can get many a ane,
But a father I can never get mair."
O she's ta'en out her handkerchief,
It was o' the holland sae fine,
And aye she dighted her father's bloody wounds,
That were redder than the wine.

The Douglas Tragedy.

"O chuse, O chuse, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"O whether will ye gang or bide?"
"I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William," she said,
"For you have left me no other guide."

He's lifted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple-grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they baith rade away.

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light o' the moon,
Until they came to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to tak' a drink
Of the spring that ran sae clear;
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
And sair she 'gan to fear.

"Hold up! hold up! Lord William," she says,
"For I fear that you are slain!"
"Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak
That shines in the water sae plain."

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light o' the moon,
Until they cam' to his mother's ha' door,
And there they lighted down.

"Get up, get up, lady mother!" he says,
"Get up and let me in!"
Get up, get up, lady mother!" he says,
"For this night my fair lady I've win."

"O mak' my bed, lady mother," he says,
"And mak' it braid and deep!"
And lay Lady Marg'ret close at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep."

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
Lady Marg'ret lang ere day—
And all true lovers that go thegither,
May they have mair luck than they!

Illustrated British Ballads.

Lord William was buried in St. Marie's Kirk,
Lady Marg'ret in Mary's Quire ;
Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
And out o' the knight's a brier.

And they twa met, and they twa plat,
And fain they wad be near,
And a' the warld might ken right weel,
They were twa lovers dear.

But bye and rade the Black Douglàs,
And wow but he was rough !
For he pull'd up the bonny brier,
And flang't in St. Marie's Loch.



"ST. MARIE'S LOCH."

The Dowie Dens of Yarrow.

THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW.

THIS ballad is extracted from Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." The hero was a knight of great bravery, called Scott, termed in tradition the Baron of Oakwood. It is believed that the ballad refers to a duel fought at Deucharswyre, of which Annan's Treat is a part, between John Scott of Tushielaw and his brother-in-law, Walter Scott, third son of Robert of Thirlestane, in which the latter was slain. This unfortunate Walter Scott was the main ancestor of Lord Napier. The ballad is supposed to have suggested to Hamilton of Bangour the beautiful modern ballad already given, as well as the poem, "The Braes of Yarrow," by the Rev. John Logan. Buchan, Motherwell, Herd, Chambers, and Evans have included versions or variations of this ballad in their collections.



ATE at e'en, drinking the wine,
And ere they paid the lawing,
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawning.
"O stay at hame, my noble lord ;
O stay at hame, my marrow !
My cruel brother will you betray
On the dowie houns of Yarrow."



"THEY SET A COMBAT THEM BETWEEN,
TO FIGHT IT IN THE DAWING."

Illustrated British Ballads.

"O fare ye weel, my lady gaye !
O fare ye weel, my Sarah !
For I maun gae, though I ne'er return
Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow."

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
As oft she had done before, O ;
She belted him with his noble brand,
And he's away to Yarrow.

As he gaed up the Tennies bank,
I wot he gaed wi' sorrow ;
Till, down in a glen, he spied nine armed men,
On the dowie houns of Yarrow.

"O ! come ye here to part your land,
The bonnie forest thorough ?
Or come ye here to wield your brand
On the dowie houns of Yarrow ?"

"I come not here to part my land,
And neither to beg nor borrow ;
I come to wield my noble brand,
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow."

"If I see all, ye're nine to ane,
And that's an unequal marrow ;
Yet will I fight while lasts my brand,
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow."

Four has he hurt, and five has slain,
On the bonnie braes of Yarrow ;
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,
And ran his body thorough.

"Gae hame, gae hame, good brother John,
And tell your sister Sarah
To come and lift her leafu' lord ;
He's sleeping sound on Yarrow."

"Yestreen I dreamed a dolefu' dream ;
I fear there will be sorrow !
I dreamed I pu'd the heather green,
Wi' my true love, on Yarrow.

The Dowie Dens of Yarrow.

"O gentle wind that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth !

"But in the glen strive armèd men ;
They've wrought me dole and sorrow ;
They've slain—the comeliest knight they've slain,
He bleeding lies on Yarrow."

As she sped down yon high, high hill,
She gaed wi' dole and sorrow ;
And in the den spied ten slain men
On the dowie banks of Yarrow.

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
She searched his wounds all thorough ;
She kissed them till her lips grew red,
On the dowie houns of Yarrow.

"Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear,
For a' this breeds but sorrow ;
I'll wed ye to a better lord
Than him ye lost on Yarrow."

"O haud your tongue, my father dear ;
Ye mind me but of sorrow ;
A fairer rose did never bloom
Than now lies cropped on Yarrow."



"NOW HAUD YOUR TONGUE, MY DAUGHTER DEAR,
FOR A' THIS BREEDS BUT SORROW."

Illustrated British Ballads.



"'TWAS IN THE PRIME OF SUMMER TIME."

1799 19+5

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

THIS weird and striking ballad will retain a permanent hold upon our literature. Its realism and dramatic power stamp it indelibly upon the mind of the reader. The two other most popular serious poems by Hood—"The Bridge of Sighs" and "The Song of the Shirt"—scarcely come within the scope of this work, belonging to the lyric proper rather than to the ballad or the song. But were they of the class of poems with which we are now concerned, there would be the less necessity again to reproduce them, seeing that they are already "familiar in our mouths as household words." Whenever the name of Hood is mentioned, these tragic lyrics instantly rise to the memory. "The Dream of Eugene Aram" is equally powerful, but it is more complex, and the subject does not touch in a similar degree the great heart of humanity. The strange career of Eugene Aram furnished Lord Lytton with the ground-work of one of his best-abused, and yet most popular, novels. In defending his choice of such a subject for treatment, the novelist observes, in a preface to the edition of "Eugene Aram" issued in 1840:—"The guilt of Eugene Aram is not that of a vulgar ruffian; it leads us to views and considerations vitally and wholly distinct from those with which profligate knavery and brutal cruelty revolt and displease us in the literature of Newgate and the hulks. His crime does, in fact, belong to those startling paradoxes which the poetry of all countries, and especially of our own, has always delighted to contemplate and examine. Whenever crime appears the aberration and monstrous product of a great intellect, or of a nature ordinarily virtuous, it becomes not only the subject for genius, which deals with passions, to describe; but a problem for philosophy, which deals with actions, to investigate and solve: hence the Macbeths and Richards, the Iagos and Othellos." There is much to be said, however, in favour of the tragedy or the ballad—as opposed to the novel—being the best and most graphic medium for conveying such a story as that which has conferred an unenviable notoriety upon Eugene Aram.



WAS in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.



"THE USHER TOOK SIX HASTY STRIDES, AS SMIT WITH SUDDEN PAIN -
SIX HASTY STRIDES BEYOND THE PLACE, THEN SLOWLY BACK AGAIN."

Illustrated British Ballads.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin ;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in.
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can ;
But the Usher sat remote from all
A melancholy man !

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze ;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease ;
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees.

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide :
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp :
“ Oh, God ! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp ! ”

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook—
And, lo ! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book.

“ My gentle lad, what is't you read,
Romance or fairy fable ?

The Dream of Eugene Aram.

Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod—
Aye, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder in my dream!

"One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old;
I led him to a lonely field;

Illustrated British Ballads.

The moon shone clear and cold :
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold !

“Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife—
And then the deed was done :
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone !

“Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill ;
And yet I feared him all the more
For lying there so still :
There was a manhood in his look
That murder could not kill !

“And, lo ! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame ;
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame :
I took the dead man by his hand,
And called upon his name !

“Oh, God ! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain !
But when I touched the lifeless clay
The blood gushed out amain !
For every clot a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain !

“My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice ;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the Devil's price ;
A dozen times I groaned ; the dead
Had never groaned but twice !

“And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging Sprite :—



"TWO SUDDEN BLOWS WITH A RAGGED STICK, AND ONE WITH A HEAVY STONE,
ONE HURRIED GASH WITH A HASTY KNIFE— AND THEN THE DEED WAS DONE."

Illustrated British Ballads.

'Thou guilty man ! take up thy dead
And hide it from my sight !'

"I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme ;—
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream !

"Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanished in the pool !
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening, in the school.

"Oh, heaven ! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim !
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in Evening Hymn :
Like a Devil of the Pit I seemed
'Mid holy Cherubim !

"And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread ;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red !

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep ;
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep ;
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of Hell to keep !

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint
That racked me all the time ;
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime !

The Dream of Eugene Aram.

“One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave ;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave !

“Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursèd pool
With a wild misgiving eye ;
And I saw the Dead in the river-bed,
For the faithless stream was dry !

“Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing ;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing ;
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

“With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran ;—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began :
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man.

“And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was elsewhere ;
As soon as the midday task was done
In secret I was there :
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare !

“Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep,
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

“So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones !

Illustrated British Ballads.

Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,
The world shall see his bones !

"Oh, God ! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake !
Again—again—with dizzy brain,
The human life I take ;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake !

"And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow ;
The horrid thing pursues my soul—
It stands before me now !"
The fearful boy looked up and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist ;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.



"AND EUGENE ARAM WALKED BETWEEN,
WITH GYVES UPON HIS WRIST."

A Dream of the Future.

A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.

DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY, the author of this ballad, was born in the year 1817. In addition to other literary work, he has written an account of the early life of Shelley, and published a translation of Calderon.



DREAM'T a dream, a dazzling dream, of a green isle far away,
Where the glowing west to the ocean's breast calleth the dying day ;
And that island green was as fair a scene as ever man's eye did see,
With its chieftains bold, and its temples old, and its homes and its
altars free.

No foreign foe did that green isle know—no stranger band it bore,
Save the merchant train from sunny Spain and from Afric's golden
shore.

And the young man's heart would fondly start, and the old man's eye would smile,
As their thoughts would roam o'er the ocean foam to that lone and "holy isle."

Years passed by, and the orient sky blazed with a new-born light,
And Bethlehem's star shone bright afar the lost world's darksome night ;
And the diamond shrines from plundered mines, and the golden fanes of Jove,
Melted away in the blaze of day in the simple spell-word "Love !"
The light serene o'er that island green played with its saving beams,
And the fires of Baal waxed dim and pale like the stars in the morning streams !
And 'twas joy to hear in the bright air clear, from out each sunny glade,
The tinkling bell from the quiet cell or the cloister's tranquil shade.

A cloud of night o'er that dream so bright soon with its dark wing came,
And the happy scene of that island green was lost in blood and shame ;
For its kings unjust betrayed their trust, and its queens, though fair, were frail,
And a robber band from a stranger land with their war-whoops filled the gale ;
A fatal spell on that green isle fell—a shadow of death and gloom
Passed withering o'er, from shore to shore, like the breath of the foul simoom ;
And each green hill's side was crimson dyed, and each stream rolled red and wild
With the mingled blood of the brave and good—of mother, and maid, and child !

Dark was my dream, though many a gleam of hope through that black night broke,
Like a star's bright form through a whistling storm, or the moon through a midnight oak !
And many a time, with its wings sublime, and its robes of saffron light,
Would the morning rise on the eastern skies, but to vanish again in night.
For, in abject prayer, the people there still raised their fettered hands,
When the sense of right and the power to smite are the spirit that commands ;
For those who would sneer at the mourner's tear, and heed not the suppliant's sigh,
Would bow in awe to that first great law—a banded nation's cry !

Illustrated British Ballads.

At length arose o'er that isle of woes a dawn with a steadier smile,
And in happy hour a voice of pow'r awoke the slumbering isle !
And the people all obeyed the call of their chief's unsceptred hand,
Vowing to raise as in ancient days the name of their own dear land !
My dream grew bright as the sunbeam's light, as I watched that isle's career
Through the varied scene and the joys serene of many a future year—
And, oh ! what thrill did my bosom fill, as I gazed on a pillared pile,
Where a senate once more in power watched o'er the rights of that lone green isle !

THE BATTLE OF DRUMLIEMOOR.

ROBERT BUCHANAN, the writer of the following stirring ballad, though born in Staffordshire, came of Scottish parents. He was educated at the University of Glasgow. When only nineteen years of age he published his first volume of poems, entitled "Undertones." Whatever blemishes the volume exhibited, it stamped him as a genuine poet. It was succeeded by the "Idyls and Legends of Inverburn." The titles of his remaining works in prose and verse are doubtless familiar to the reader. His "Balder the Beautiful" contains passages worthy of any living poet. Mr. Buchanan is also the author of numerous translations, has written several dramas, and edited various works. His genius as a poet is most comprehensive, his works furnishing many fine examples of the pathetic, the humorous, and the descriptive. His "London Poems" will maintain a lasting hold upon our literature. He is still young to have accomplished so much and such varied work, having been born in the year 1841. The present ballad is a striking and powerful effort connected with the period of the Covenanters.



BAR the door ! put out the light, for it gleams across the night,
And guides the bloody motion of their feet ;
Hush the bairn upon thy breast, lest it guide them in their quest ;
And with water quench the blazing of the peat.
Now, wife, sit-still and hark ! hold my hand amid the dark ;
O Jeanie, we are scattered—e'en as sleet !

It was down on Drumliemoor, where it slopes upon the shore,
And looks upon the breaking of the bay,
In the kirkyard of the dead, where the heather is thrice red
With the blood of those asleep beneath the clay ;
And the Howiesons were there, and the people of Glen Ayr,
And we gathered in the gloom o' night—to pray.

How ! sit at home in fear, when God's voice was in mine ear,
When the priests of Baal were slaughtering His sheep ?

The Battle of Drumliemoor.

Nay! there I took my stand, with my reap-hook in my hand,
For bloody was the sheaf that I might reap;
And the Lord was in His skies, with a thousand dreadful eyes,
And His breathing made a trouble on the deep.

Each mortal of the band brought his weapon in his hand,
Though the chopper or the spit was all he bare;
And not a man but knew the work he had to do,
If the fiend should fall upon us unaware;
And our looks were ghastly white, but it was not with affright—
The Lord our God was present to our prayer.

Oh! solemn, sad, and slow, rose the stern voice of Monroe,
And he curst the curse of Babylon the Whore.
We could not see his face, but a gleam was in its place,
Like the phosphor of the foam upon the shore;
And the eyes of all were dim as they fixed themselves on him,
And the sea filled up the pauses with its roar.

But when, with accents calm, Kilmahoe gave out the psalm,
The sweetness of God's voice upon his tongue,
With one voice we praised the Lord of the fire and of the sword,
And louder than the winter wind it rung;
And across the stars on high went the smoke of tempest by,
And a vapour rolled around us as we sung.

'Twas terrible to hear our cry rise deep and clear,
Though we could not see the criers of the cry,
But we sang and gripped our brands, and touched each other's hands,
While a thin sleet smote our faces from the sky;
And, sudden, strange, and low, hissed the voice of Kilmahoe,
"Grip your weapons! Wait in silence! They are nigh!"

And heark'ning with clenched teeth, we could hear across the heath
The tramping of the horses as they flew;
And no man breathed a breath, but all were still as death,
And close together shivering we drew;
And deeper round us fell all the eyeless gloom of hell,
And—the fiend was in among us ere we knew!

Then our battle shriek arose, and the cursing of our foes—
No face of friend or foeman could we mark;
But I struck and kept my stand (trusting God to guide my hand),
And struck, and struck, and heard the hell-hounds bark;

Illustrated British Ballads.

And I fell beneath a horse, but I reached with all my force,
And ripped him with my reap-hook through the dark ;

As we struggled, knowing not whose hand was at our throat,
Whose blood was spouting warm into our eyes,
We felt the thick snow-drift swoop upon us from the lift,
And murmur in the pauses of our cries ;
But, lo ! before we wist rose the curtain of the mist,
And the pale moon shed her sorrow from the skies.

O God ! it was a sight that made the hair turn white,
That withered up the heart's blood into woe,
To see the faces loom in the dimly lighted gloom,
And the butchered lying bloodily below ;
While melting, with no sound, fell so peacefully around
The whiteness and the wonder of the snow !

Ay, and thicker, thicker poured the pale silence of the Lord,
From the hollow of His hand we saw it shed ;
And it gathered round us there till we groaned and gasped for air,
And beneath was ankle-deep and stained red ;
And soon, whatever wight was smitten down in fight
Was buried in the drift ere he was dead.



"BAR THE DOOR ! PUT OUT THE LIGHT, FOR IT GLRAMS ACROSS THE NIGHT."

The Battle of Drumliemoor.

Then we beheld at length the troopers in their strength,
For faster, faster, faster up they streamed,
And their pistols flashing bright showed their faces ashen white,
And their blue steel caught the driving moon and gleamed.
But a dying voice cried, "Fly!" And, behold, e'en at the cry
A panic fell upon us, and we screamed!

Oh! shrill and awful rose, 'mid the splashing blood and blows,
Our scream unto the Lord that let us die;
And the fiend amid us roared his defiance at the Lord,
And his servants slew the strong man 'mid his cry;
And the Lord kept still in heaven, and the only answer given
Was the white snow falling, falling from the sky.

Then we fled! the darkness grew! 'mid the driving cold we flew,
Each alone, yea, each for those whom he held dear;
And I heard upon the wind the thud of hoofs behind,
And the scream of those who perished in their fear;
But I knew by heart each path through the darkness of the strath,
And I hid myself all day—and I am here!

Ah! gathered in one fold be the holy men and bold,
And beside them the accursed and the proud;
The Howiesons are there, and the Wylies of Glen Ayr,
Kirkpatrick, and Macdonald, and Macleod.
And while the widow groans, lo! God's hand around their bones
His thin ice windeth whitely as a shroud.

On mountain and in vale our women will look pale,
And palest where the ocean surges boom;
Buried 'neath snow-drift white, with no holy prayer or rite,
Lie the loved ones they look for in the gloom;
And deeper, deeper still, spreads the snow on vale and hill,
And deeper and yet deeper is their tomb!



Illustrated British Ballads.



"HOW CAN I MARRY THEE, JEANIE,
HOW CAN I MARRY THEE?"

THE DUKE OF ATHOL.

THIS ballad was first printed in the collection by Kinloch, who states that it was taken down from the recitation of an idiot boy in Wishaw. There is a very popular version of it sung at the present day, with the title of "Huntingtower."



AM gaing awa', Jeanie,
I am gaing awa',
I am gaing ayont the saut seas,
I'm gaing sae far awa'."

"Whan will ye marry me, Jamie,
Whan will ye marry me?
Will ye tak' me to your countrie—
Or will ye marry me?"

"How can I marry thee, Jeanie,
How can I marry thee?"

Edom O'Gordon.

When I've a wife and bairns three—
T'wa wad na weill agree."

"Wae be to your fause tongue, Jamie,
Wae be to your fause tongue!
Ye promised for to marry me,
And has a wife at hame!"

"If my wife wad dee, Jeanie,
And sae my bairns three,
I wad tak' ye to my ain countrie,
And married we wad be."

"O an your head were sair, Jamie,
O an your head war sair,
I'd tak' the napkin frae my neck,
And tie down your yellow hair."

"I ha'e nae wife at a'. Jeanie,
I ha'e nae wife at a';
I ha'e neither wife nor bairns three,
I said it to try thee.

"Blair in Athol is mine, Jeanie,
Blair in Athol is mine;
Bonnie Dunkel is where I dwell.
And the boats o' Garry's mine."

EDOM O' GORDON.

MANY versions are extant of this fine yet melancholy ballad, but the following is the most vigorous and perfect. It appears in the "Reliques," but since its first publication there several stanzas have been recovered and added. It relates to the deeds of one Adam Gordon (deputy for his brother, the Earl of Huntly), who about the year 1571 committed divers oppressions in the north of Scotland, under cover of the queen's authority. Amongst others, Artur Forbes, brother to Lord Forbes, was killed. Gordon sent to summon the house of Tavoy, pertaining to Alexander Forbes. The lady refused to yield without her husband's sanction, whereupon Gordon put fire to the house and burnt her therein, together with her children and servants—twenty-seven persons in all. This diabolical act rendered Gordon's name infamous.

IT fell about the Martinmas,
When the wind blew shril and cauld,
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
"We maun draw till a hauld.¹

¹ To a halt.

Illustrated British Ballads.

“And what a hauld sall we draw till,
My mirry men and me?
We wal gae to the house o’ the Rodes,
To see that fair ladie.”

The lady stude on her castle wa’,
Beheld baith dale and doune;
There she was ware of a host of men
Cum ryding towards the toun.¹

“O see ye nat, my mirry men a’,
O see ye nat what I see?
Methinks I see a host of men:
I marveil who they be.”

She weend it had been hir luvely lord,
As he cam ryding hame;
It was the traitor Edom o’ Gordon,
Who reckt nae sin nor shame.



“GIVE OWRE YOUR HOUSE, YE LADY FAIR,
GIVE OWRE YOUR HOUSE TO ME.”

¹ The castle.

Edom O' Gordon.



"O THAN DESPAIK HIR LITTLE SON,
SATE ON THE NURSE'S KNEE."

She had no sooner buskit ¹ hirselt',
And putten on hir gown,
But Edom o' Gordon and his men
Were round about the toun.

They had nae sooner supper sett,
Nae sooner said the grace,
But Edom o' Gordon and his men
Were light about the place.

The lady ran up to hir towir head,
Sa fast as she could hie,
To see if by hir fair speechès
She could wi' him agree.

But when he see this lady saif,
And hir yates ² all lockèd fast,
He fell into a rage of wrath,
And his look was all aghast.

"Cum doun to me, ye lady gay,
Cum doun, cum doun to me ;
This night sall ye lig ³ within mine armes,
To-morrow my bride sall be."

¹ Dressed.

² Gates.

³ Lie.

Illustrated British Ballads.

" I winna cum doun, ye fals Gordòn,
I winna cum doun to thee ;
I winna forsake my ain dear lord,
That is sae far frae me."

" Give owre your house, ye lady fair,
Give owre your house to me,
Or I sall brenn yoursel' therein.
Bot and your babies three."

" I winna give owre, ye false Gordòn,
To nae sik traitor as yee ;
And if ye brenn my ain dear babes,
My lord sall make ye drie.

" But reach my pistoll, Glaud, my mon,
And charge ye weil my gun ;
For, but an I pierce that bluidy butchèr,
My babes, we been undone."

She stude upon hir castle wa',
And let twa bullets flee :
She mist that bluidy butchers hart,
And only raz'd his knee.

" Set fire to the house," quo' fals' Gordòn,
All wood wi' dule¹ and ire :
" Fals' lady, ye sall rue this deid,
As ye bren in the fire."

" Wae worth,² wae worth ye, Jock, my man !
I paid ye weil your fee ;
Why pu' ye out the ground-wa' stane,³
Lets in the reek to me ?

" And ein wae worth ye, Jock, my man !
I paid ye weil your hire ;
Why pu' ye out the ground-wa' stane,
To me lets in the fire ?"

" Ye paid me weil my hire, lady ;
Ye paid me weil my fee ;
But now I'm Edom o' Gordon's man,
Maun either doe or dee."

¹ Mad with sorrow.

² Woe betide.

³ The ground-wall stone.

Edom O'Gordon.

O than bespaik hir little son,
Sate on the nurse's knee ;
Sayes, " Mither dear, gi'e owre this house,
For the reek it smithers me."

" I wad gi'e a' my gowd, my childe,
Sae wald I a' my fee,
For ane blast o' the western wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee."

O then bespaik her dochter dear—
She was baith jimp¹ and sma' :
" O row² me in a pair o' sheits,
And tow me³ owre the wa'."

They rowd her in a pair o' sheits,
And towd hir owre the wa' ;
But on the point of Gordon's spear
She gat a deadly fa'.

O bonnie, bonnie was hir mouth,
And cherry were hir cheiks,
And clear, clear was hir yellow hair,
Whereon the reid bluid dreips.

Then wi' his spear he turned hir owre—
O gin hir face was wan !—
He sayd, " Ye are the first that eir
I wisht alive again."

He turnd hir owre and owre againe—
O gin hir skin was whyte !—
" I might ha' spared that bonnie face
To ha'e been sum man's delyte.

" Busk and bonn,⁴ my mirry men a',
For ill dooms I doe guess ;
I canna luik in that bonnie face,
As it lyes on the grass."

" Thame luiks to freits,⁵ my master deir,
Then freits will follow thame :

¹ Slender.

² Roll.

³ Let me down.

⁴ Get ready to depart.

⁵ Omens.

Illustrated British Ballads.

Let it neir be said brave Edom o' Gordon
Was daunted by a dame."

But when the ladye see the fire
Cum flaming owre hir head,
She wept and kist her children twain,
Sayd, "Bairns, we been but dead."

The Gordon then his bougill¹ blew,
And sayd, "Awa', awa' !
This house o' the Rodes is a' in flame,
I hauld it time to ga'."

O then bespied hir ain deir lord,
As hee cam owre the lee ;
He sied his castle all in blaze
Sa far as he could see.

Then sair, O sair his mind misgave,
And all his hart was wae :
"Put on, put on, my wighty² men,
Sa fast as ye can gae.

"Put on, put on, my wighty men,
Sa fast as ye can drie,³
For he that is hindmost o' the thrang
Sall neir get guid o' me."

Than sum they rade, and sum they rin,
Fou fast out owre the bent ;⁴
But eir the foremost could get up,
Baith lady and babes were brent.

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,
And wept in teenefu' muid :⁵
"O traitors, for this cruel deid
Ye sall weep teirs o' bluid."

And after the Gordon he is gane,
Sa fast as he might drie ;
And soon i' the Gordon's foul hartis bluid
He's wroken⁶ his dear ladye.

¹ Bugle.

² Nimble or active.

³ Bear.

⁴ Over the meadows.

⁵ In wrathful mood.

⁶ Revenged.

"Edward, Edward!"

"EDWARD, EDWARD!"

THIS curious old ballad is taken from Percy's "Reliques," with slight alterations in the orthography. It was published from a manuscript transmitted to Dr. Percy by Lord Hailes. Some have supposed it to be a modern invention, but against this supposition is to be set the fact that the poet Motherwell obtained another version of the ballad from an old woman; and this second version was printed under the title of "Son Davie, Son Davie!"



HY does your brand sae drap wi' blude,
Edward, Edward?

Why does your brand sae drap wi' blude,
And why sae sad gang ye, O?"

"O I ha'e kill'd my hawk sae gude,
Mother, mother;

O I ha'e killed my hawk sae gude,
And I ha'e nae mair but he, O."

"Your hawk's blude was never sae red,
Edward, Edward;

Your hawk's blude was never sae red,
My dear son, I tell thee, O."

"O I ha'e kill'd my red roan steed,
Mother, mother;

O I ha'e kill'd my red roan steed,
That was sae fair and free, O."

"Your steed was auld, and ye ha'e gat mair,
Edward, Edward;

Your steed was auld, and ye ha'e gat mair;
Some other dule ye drie,¹ O."

"O I ha'e kil'd my father dear,
Mother, mother;

O I ha'e killed my father dear,
Alas! and woe is me, O!"

"And whatten penance will ye drie² for that,
Edward, Edward?

And whatten penance will ye drie for that,
My dear son, now tell me, O?"

"I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
Mother, mother;

I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
And I'll fare over the sea, O."

¹ You suffer some other grief.

² Undergo.

Illustrated British Ballads.

"And what'll ye do wi' your towers and your ha',
Edward, Edward?

And what'll ye do wi' your towers and your ha',
That were sae fair to see, O?"

"I'll let them stand till they doun fa',

Mother, mother;

I'll let them stand till they doun fa',

For here never mair maun I be, O."

"And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,

Edward, Edward?

And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,

When ye gang over the sea, O?"

"The warld's room :¹ let them beg through life,

Mother, mother :

The warld's room : let them beg through life,

For them never mair will I see, O."



"THE CURSE OF HELL FROM ME YE SALL BEIR,
SIC COUNSELS YE GAVE TO ME, O!"

¹ The world is large.

Edwin and Emma.

“ And what will ye leave to your ain mother dear,
Edward, Edward ?
And what will ye leave to your ain mother dear ?
My dear son, now tell me, O.”
“ The curse of hell from me ye sall beir,
Mother, mother ;
The curse of hell from me ye sall beir ;
Sic counsels ye gave to me, O !”

EDWIN AND EMMA.

THIS ballad has long been a popular favourite. Some critics place it in merit before “ William and Margaret,” and the last four stanzas will certainly bear comparison with any which the author of both ballads, David Mallet, has left behind him. An incident known as the Bowes tragedy furnished the basis of the present ballad. Roger Wrightson and Martha Railton, of the town of Bowes, Yorkshire, died for each other, in a manner similar to that described in the poem, in March, 1715.



AR in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a shelt'ring wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
A humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourished fair
Beneath her mother's eye,
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads
Gave colour to her cheek ;
Such orient colour smiles through heav'n
When May's sweet mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
The charmers of the plains ;
That sun which bids the diamond blaze,
To deck our lily deigns.

Long had she fired each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair,
And though by all a wonder owned,
Yet knew not she was fair ;

Illustrated British Ballads.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul that knew no art ;
And from whose eyes, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
Was quickly too revealed ;
For neither bosom lodged a wish
Which virtue keeps concealed.

What happy hours of heart-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow !
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like Envy formed,
Like her in mischief joyed,
To work them harm with wicked skill
Each darker art employed.

The father too, a sordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the rock
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their mutual flame,
And seen it long unmoved—
Then with a father's frown at last
He sternly disapproved.

In Edwin's gentle heart a war
Of diff'ring passions strove—
His heart, which could not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Denied her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walked and wept.

Oft, too, in Stanemore's wintry waste,
Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his softened soul,
The midnight mourner strayed.

Edwin and Emma.

His cheeks, where love with beauty glowed,
A deadly pale o'ercast ;
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed,
And wearied Heav'n with fruitless pray'rs,
And fruitless sorrows shed.

"'Tis past," he cried, " but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold
What they must ever love."

She came—his cold hand softly touched,
And bathed with many a tear ;
Fast falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear.

But, oh ! his sister's jealous care
(A cruel sister she !)
Forbade what Emma came to say—
" My Edwin, live for me."

Now homeward as she hopeless went
The churchyard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl screamed
Her lover's fun'ral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In ev'ry bush his hov'ring shade
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appalled, thus had she passed
The visionary vale,
When lo ! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale.

Just then she reached with trembling steps
Her aged mother's door ;

Illustrated British Ballads.

"He's gone," she cried, "and I shall see
That angel-face no more !

"I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side !"
From her white arm down sank her head,
She shivered, sighed, and died.

AN ELECTION BALLAD.

THIS ballad, entitled by its author, Lord Macaulay, "The Country Clergyman's Trip to Cambridge," was written in 1827. It is not so widely known as the heroic and historical ballads from the same pen ; but its unquestioned humour, which has always made it a favourite, well entitles it to a place in this collection. The circumstances under which the ballad was written, on the occasion of a famous election contest at Cambridge, may be gathered from the amusing references to them in the ballad itself.



S I sate down to breakfast in state,
At my living of Tithing-cum-Boring,
With Betty beside me to wait,
Came a rap that almost beat the door in.
I laid down my basin of tea,
And Betty ceased spreading the toast :
"As sure as a gun, sir," said she,
"That must be the knock of the post."



"I LAID DOWN MY BASIN OF TEA,
AND BETTY CEASED SPREADING THE TOAST."

An Election Ballad.

"A letter—and free—bring it here—
I have no correspondent who franks.
No! Yes! Can it be? Why, my dear,
'Tis our glorious, our Protestant Bankes."
"Dear Sir, as I know you desire
That the Church should receive due protection,
I humbly presume to require
Your aid at the Cambridge election.

"It has lately been brought to my knowledge
That the Ministers fully design
To suppress each cathedral and college,
And eject every learned divine.
To assist this detestable scheme
Three nuncios from Rome are come over;
They left Calais on Monday by steam,
And landed to dinner at Dover.

"An army of grim Cordeliers,
Well furnished with relics and vermin,
Will follow, Lord Westmoreland fears,
To effect what their chiefs may determine.
Lollards' Tower, good authorities say,
Is again fitting up for a prison;
And a wood-merchant told me to-day,
'Tis a wonder how fagots have risen.

"The finance scheme of Canning contains
A new Easter-offering tax;
And he means to devote all the gains
To a bounty on thumb-screws and racks.
Your living, so neat and compact—
Pray, don't let the news give you pain!—
Is promised, I know for a fact,
'To an olive-faced Padre from Spain."

I read, and I felt my heart bleed,
Sore wounded with horror and pity:
So I flew, with all possible speed,
To our Protestant champion's committee.
True gentlemen, kind and well-bred!
No fleering; no distance; no scorn;

Illustrated British Ballads.

They asked after my wife who is dead,
And my children who never were born.

They then, like high-principled Tories,
Called our Sovereign unjust and unsteady,
And assailed him with scandalous stories,
Till the coach for the voters was ready.
That coach might be well called a casket
Of learning and brotherly love ;
There were parsons in boot and in basket ;
There were parsons below and above.

There were Sneaker and Griper, a pair
Who stick to Lord Mulesby like leeches ;
A smug chaplain of plausible air,
Who writes my Lord Goslingham's speeches ;
Dr. Buzz, who alone is a host,
Who, with arguments weighty as lead,
Proves six times a week in the *Post*
That flesh somehow differs from bread

Dr. Nimrod, whose orthodox toes
Are seldom withdrawn from the stirrup ;
Dr. Humdrum, whose eloquence flows
Like droppings of sweet poppy syrup ;
Dr. Rosygill, puffing and fanning,
And wiping away perspiration ;
Dr. Humbug, who proved Mr. Canning
The beast in St. John's Revelation.

A layman can scarce form a notion
Of our wonderful talk on the road,
Of the learning, the wit, and devotion,
Which almost each syllable showed :
Why divided allegiance agrees
So ill with our free constitution ;
How Catholics swear as they please,
In hope of the priest's absolution ;

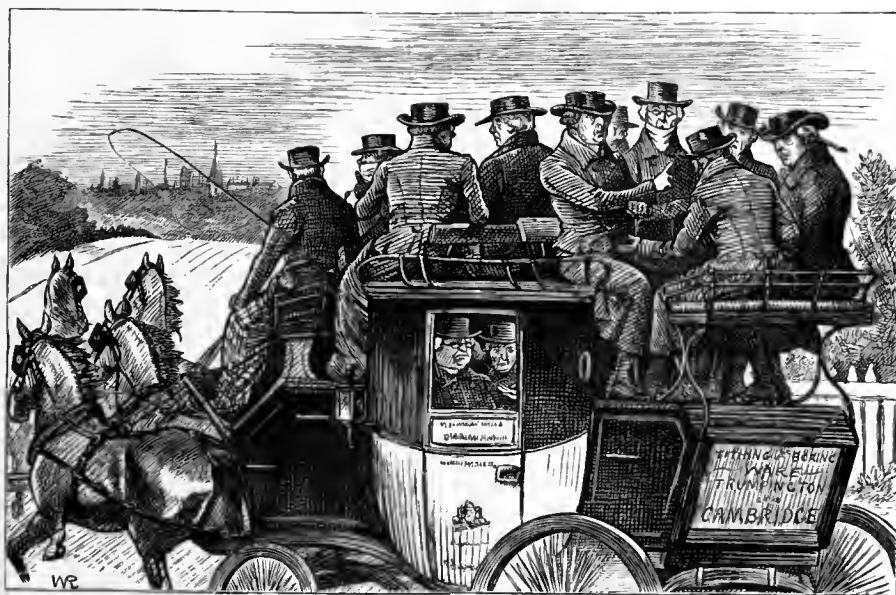
How the Bishop of Norwich had bartered
His faith for a legate's commission ;
How Lyndhurst, afraid to be martyred,
Had stooped to a base coalition ;

An Election Ballad.

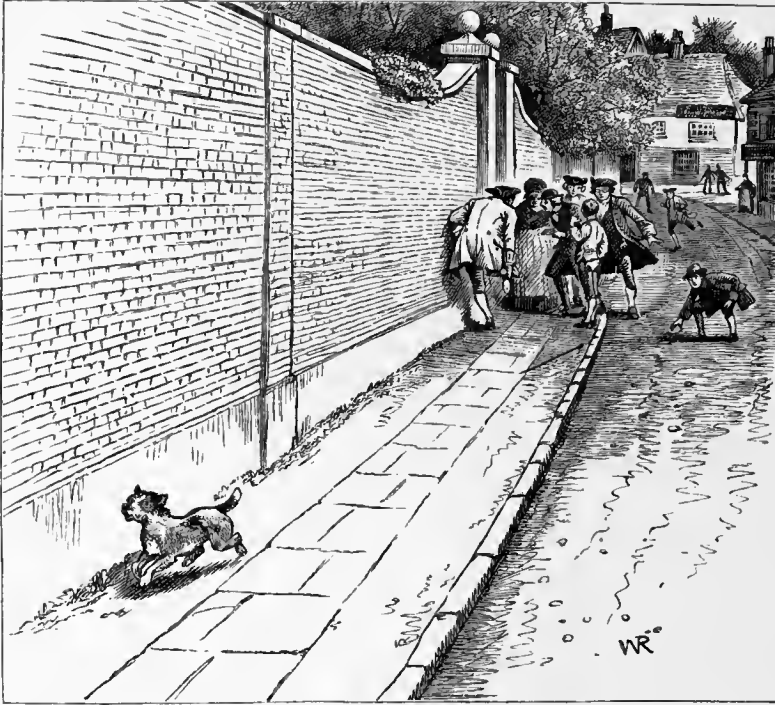
How Papists are cased from compassion
By bigotry, stronger than steel ;
How burning would soon come in fashion,
And how very bad it must feel.

We were all so much touched and excited
By a subject so direly sublime,
That the rules of politeness were slighted,
And we all of us talked at a time ;
And in tones which each moment grew louder,
Told how we should dress for the show,
And where we should fasten the powder,
And if we should bellow or no.

Thus from subject to subject we ran,
And the journey passed pleasantly o'er,
Till at last Dr. Humdrum began—
From that time I remember no more.
At Ware he commenced his prelection,
In the dullest of clerical drones ;
And when next I regained recollection
We were rumbling o'er Trumpington stones.



"THERE WERE PARSONS IN BOOT AND IN BASKET,
THERE WERE PARSONS ABOVE AND BELOW."



"THE DOG, TO GAIN SOME PRIVATE ENDS,
WENT MAD AND BIT THE MAN."

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

THIS well-known humorous ballad first appeared in the "Vicar of Wakefield," published in the year 1765. It is sung to the worthy Vicar by his youngest son.

GOOD people all of every sort,
Give ear unto my song ;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes :
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

The Eve of St. John.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends ;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighb'ring streets
The wond'ring neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad,
To every Christian eye ;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light
That showed the rogues they lied :
The man recovered of his bite,
The dog it was that died.

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

THE scene of this ballad—Smaylho'me, or Smallholm Tower—is situate in the north of Roxburghshire. Being upon a lofty elevation, the tower is seen from a distance of many miles in every direction. The catastrophe of the story is founded upon an Irish tradition, to the effect that the bodies of certain spirits and devils are so scorchingly hot that they leave upon everything they touch an impress as of red-hot iron. Sir Walter Scott originally contributed the ballad to Lewis's "Tales of Wonder."

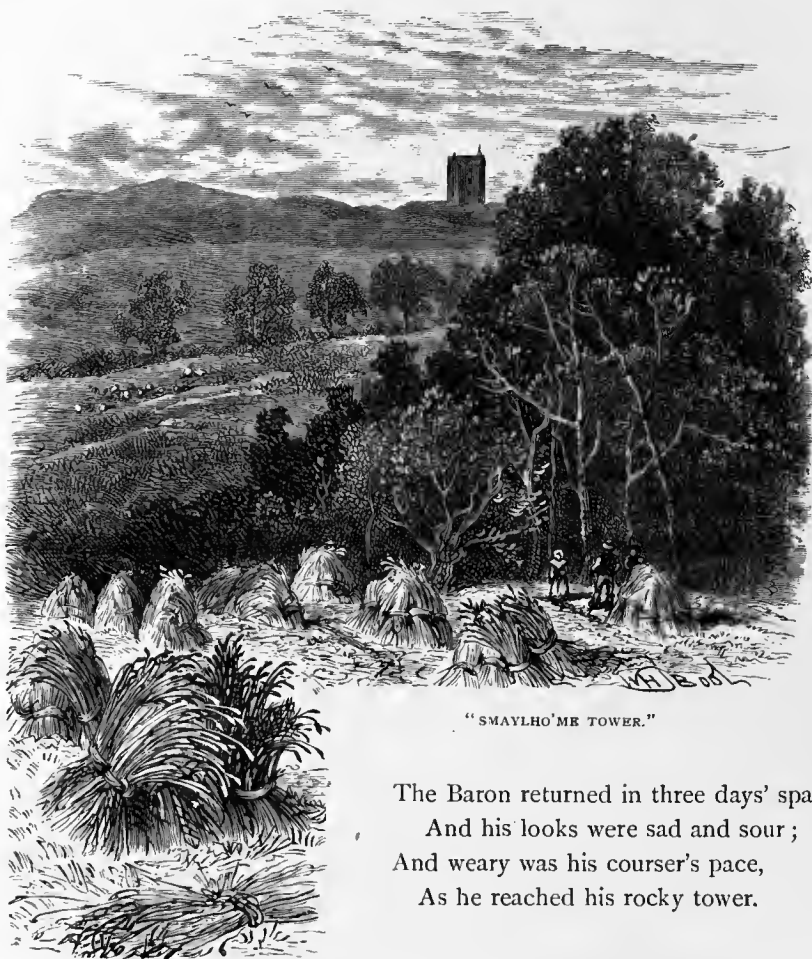


HE Baron of Smaylho'me rode with day,
He spurred his courser on,
Without stop or stay, down the rocky way
That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch,
His banner bold to rear ;
He went not 'gainst the English yew,
To lift the Scottish spear.

Illustrated British Ballads.

Yet his plate-jack was braced and his helmet was laced,
And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore ;
At his saddle-girth was a good steel sperthe,
Full ten pound weight and more.



"SMAYLHO'ME TOWER."

The Baron returned in three days' space,
And his looks were sad and sour ;
And weary was his courser's pace,
As he reached his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancrum Moor
Ran red with English blood ;
Where the Douglas true and the bold Buccleuch
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood :

Yet was his helmet hacked and hewed,
His acton pierced and tore,
His axe and his dagger with blood imbrued—
But it was not English gore.

The Eve of St. John.

He lighted at the Chapellage,
He held him close and still ;
And he whistled thrice for his little foot-page—
His name was English Will.



DRYBURGH ABBEY.

“ Come thou hither, my little foot-page,
Come hither to my knee ;
Though thou art young, and tender of age,
I think thou art true to me.

“ Come, tell me all that thou hast seen,
And look thou tell me true !

Since I from Smaylho'me Tower have been,
What did thy lady do ? ”

“ My lady, each night, sought the lonely light
That burns on the wild watchfold ;
For, from height to height, the beacons bright
Of the English foemen told.

Illustrated British Ballads.

"The bittern clamoured from the moss,
The wind blew loud and shrill ;
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross
To the eiry Beacon Hill !

"I watched her steps, and silent came
Where she sat her on a stone ;
No watchman stood by the dreary flame,
It burnèd all alone.

"The second night I kept her in sight
Till to the fire she came,
And, by Mary's might ! an armèd knight
Stood by the lonely flame.

"And many a word that warlike lord
Did speak to my lady there ;
But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the blast,
And I heard not what they were.

"The third night there the sky was fair,
And the mountain blast was still,
As again I watched the secret pair
On the lonesome Beacon Hill.

"And I heard her name the midnight hour,
And name this holy eve,
And say, 'Come this night to thy lady's bower,
Ask no bold Baron's leave.

" 'He lifts his spear with the bold Buccleuch,
His lady is all alone ;
The door she'll undo to her knight so true,
On the eve of good St. John.'

" 'I cannot come, I must not come,
I dare not come to thee ;
On the eve of St. John I must wander alone,
In thy bower I may not be.'

" 'Now out on thee, faint-hearted knight !
Thou shouldst not say me nay ;
For the eve is sweet, and when lovers meet,
Is worth the whole summer's day.

The Eve of St. John.

“ ‘ And I’ll chain the bloodhound, and the warder shall not sound,
And rushes shall be strewed on the stair ;
So, by the black rood-stone, and the holy St. John,
I conjure thee, my love, to be there ! ’

“ ‘ Though the bloodhound be mute, and the rush beneath my foot,
And the warder his bugle should not blow,
Yet there sleepeth a priest in the chamber to the east,
And my footstep he would know.’

“ ‘ O fear not the priest who sleepeth to the east,
For to Dryburgh the way he has ta’en,
And there to say mass, till three days do pass,
For the soul of a knight that is slayne.’

“ He turned him around, and grimly he frowned,
Then he laughed right scornfully—
‘ He who says the mass-rite for the soul of that knight,
May as well say mass for me :

“ ‘ At the lone midnight hour, when spirits have power,
In thy chamber will I be.’
With that he was gone, and my lady left alone,
And no more did I see.”

Then changed, I trow, was that bold Baron’s brow,
From the dark to the blood-red high :
“ Now tell me the mien of the knight thou hast seen,
For, by Mary, he shall die ! ”

“ His arms shone full bright in the beacon’s red light,
His plume it was scarlet and blue ;
On his shield was a hound, in a silver leash bound,
And his crest was a branch of the yew.”

“ Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,
Loud dost thou lie to me !
For that knight is cold, and laid low in the mould,
All under the Eildon-tree.”

“ Yet hear but my word, my noble lord !
For I heard her name his name ;
And that lady bright, she called the knight
Sir Richard of Coldinghame.”

Illustrated British Ballads.

The bold Baron's brow then changed, I trow,
From high blood-red to pale :
"The grave is deep and dark—and the corpse is stiff and stark—
So I may not trust thy tale.



"HOLY MELROSE."

"Where fair Tweed flows round Holy Melrose,
And Eildon slopes to the plain,
Full three nights ago, by some secret foe,
That gay gallant was slain.
"The varying light deceived thy sight,
And the wild winds drowned the name ;
For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the White Monks do sing,
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame !"

The Eve of St. John.

He passed the court-gate, and he oped the tower-gate,
And he mounted the narrow stair,
To the barbican seat, where, with maids that on her wait,
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood,
Looked over hill and vale,
Over Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's wood,
And all down Teviotdale.

"Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright !"
"Now hail, thou Baron true !
What news, what news from Ancrum fight,
What news from the bold Buccleuch ?"

"The Ancrum moor is red with gore,
For many a Southern fell ;
And Buccleuch has charged us evermore
To watch our beacons well."

The lady blushed red, but nothing she said,
Nor added the Baron a word :
Then she stepped down the stair to her chamber fair,
And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourned, and the Baron tossed and turned,
And oft to himself he said—
"The worms around him creep, and his bloody grave is deep ;
It cannot give up the dead !"

It was near the ringing of matin-bell,
The night was well-nigh done,
When a heavy sleep on that Baron fell,
On the eve of good St. John.

The lady looked through the chamber fair,
By the light of a dying flame ;
And she was aware of a knight stood there—
Sir Richard of Coldinghame !

"Alas, away ! away !" she cried,
"For the Holy Virgin's sake !"
"Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side,
But, lady, he will not awake.

Illustrated British Ballads.

“ By Eildon-tree, for long nights three,
In bloody grave have I lain ;
The mass and the death-prayer are said for me,
But, lady, they are said in vain.

“ By the Baron’s brand, near Tweed’s fair strand,
Most foully slain, I fell ;
And my restless sprite on the beacon’s height
For a space is doomed to dwell.

“ At our trysting-place, for a certain space,
I must wander to and fro ;
But I had not that power to come to thy bower
Hadst thou not conjured me so.”

Love mastered fear ; her brow she crossed
“ How, Richard, hast thou sped ?
And art thou saved, or art thou lost ? ”—
The vision shook his head !

“ Who spilleth life shall forfeit life,
So bid thy lord believe ;
That lawless love is guilt above,
This awful sign receive.”

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam,
His right upon her hand ;
The lady shrunk and fainting sunk,
For it scorched like a fiery brand.

The sable score of fingers four
Remains on that board impressed ;
And for evermore that lady wore
A covering on her wrist.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower,
Ne’er looks upon the sun ;
There is a monk in Melrose tower,
He speaketh word to none.

That nun, who ne’er beholds the day,
That monk, who speaks to none—
That nun was Smaylho’me’s lady gay,
That monk the bold Baròn.

Fair Annie of Lochroyan.

FAIR ANNIE OF LOCHROYAN.

THE following version of this beautiful ballad is that given by Jamieson. Scott's rendering, entitled "The Lass of Lochroyan," represents Lord Gregory as confined by fairy charms in an enchanted castle; but Jamieson states that he heard the ballad chanted in Morayshire, and that no mention was made of enchantment or fairy charms. Herd gives a variation of the ballad, and Buchan also, the latter under the title of "Lord Gregory." Burns and others have written songs upon the fair heroine. Lochroyan, says Chambers, is a beautiful but wild and secluded bay, which projects from the Irish Channel into Wigtonshire. Along the coast may be perceived the ruins of many castles, such as that described in the ballad.



WHA will shoe my fair foot,
And wha will glove my han' ?
And wha will lace my middle jimp
Wi' a new-made London ban' ?

"Or wha will kemb my yellow hair
Wi' a new-made silver kemb ?
Or wha'll be father to my young bairn,
Till love Gregòr come hame ?"

"Your father'll shoe your fair foot,
Your mother glove your han' ;
Your sister lace your middle jimp,
Wi' a new-made London ban' ;

"Your brethren will kemb your yellow hair
Wi' a new-made silver kemb ;
And the King o' Heaven will father your bairn,
Till love Gregòr come hame."

"O gin I had a bonny ship,
And men to sail wi' me,
It's I wad gang to my true love,
Since he winna come to me !"

Her father's gi'en her a bonny ship,
And sent her to the stran' ;
She's ta'en her young son in her arms,
And turned her back to the lan'.

She had na been o' the sea sailin'
About a month or more,
Till landed has she her bonny ship
Near her true love's door.

Illustrated British Ballads.



“ ‘ HOW WE CHANGED THE RINGS FRAE OUR FINGERS?—
AND I CAN SHOW THEE THINE.’ ”

The nicht was dark and the wind blew cald,
And her love was fast asleep,
And the bairn that was in her twa arms
Fu' sair began to greet.

Long stood she at her true love's door,
And lang tirl'd at the pin ;
At length up gat his fause mothèr,
Says, “ Wha's that wad be in ? ”

“ O it is Annie of Lochroyàn,
Your love, come o'er the sea,
But and your young son in her arms,
So open the door to me.”

‘ Awa, awa, ye ill womàn,
You've nae come here for gude ;

Fair Annie of Lochroyan.

You're but a witch, or a vile warlock,
Or a mermaid o' the flude."

"I'm-nae a witch, or warlock,
Or mermaiden," said she ;
"I'm but your Annie of Lochroyan—
O open the door to me !"

"O gin ye be Annie of Lochroyan—
As I trust not ye be—
What taiken can ye gi'e that e'er
I kept you companie ?"

"O dinna ye mind, love Gregor," she says,
"Whan we sat at the wine,
How we changed the napkins frae our necks?—
It's nae sae lang sinsyne—

"And yours was gude, and gude enough,
But nae sae gude as mine ;
For yours was o' the cambrick clear,
But mine o' the silk sae fine.

"And dinna ye mind, love Gregor," she says,
"As we twa sat at dine,
How we changed the rings frae our fingers?—
And I can show thee thine—



"O FIRST HE KIST HER CHERRY CHEEK,
AND SYNE HE KIST HER CHIN."

Illustrated British Ballads.

“ And yours was gude, and gude eneugh,
But nae sae gude as mine ;
For yours was o’ the gude red gold,
But mine o’ the diamonds fine.

“ Sae open the door now, love Gregòr,
And open it wi’ speed ;
Or your young son, that is in my arms,
For cald will soon be dead.”

“ Awa, awa, ye ill womàn,
Gae frae my door for shame ;
For I ha’e gotten anither fair love,
Sae ye may hie you hame.”

“ O ha’e ye gotten anither fair love,
For a’ the oaths ye sware ?
Then fare ye weel now, fause Gregòr,
For me ye’s never see mair !”

O hooly, hooly gaed she back,
As the day began to peep ;
She set her foot on good ship board,
And sair, sair did she weep.

“ Tak’ down, tak’ down the mast o’ goud ;
Set up the mast o’ tree ;
Ill sets it a forsaken lady
To sail sae gallantlie.

“ Tak’ down, tak’ down the sails o’ silk ;
Set up the sails o’ skin ;
Ill set’s the outside to be gay,
When there’s sic grief within !”

Love Gregor started frae his sleep,
And to his mother did say,
“ I dreamt a dream this nicht, mithèr,
That mak’s my heart richt wae !

“ I dreamt that Annie of Lochroyàn,
The flower o’ a’ her kin,
Was standin’ mournin’ at my door,
But none wad lat her in.”

Fair Annie of Lochroyan.

“O there was a woman stood at the door,
Wi’ a bairn intill her arms ;
But I wadna let her within the bower
For fear she had done you harm.”

O quickly, quickly raise he up,
And fast ran to the strand ;
And there he saw her, fair Annie,
Was sailing frae the land.

And “Heigh, Annie !” and “How, Annie !
O Annie, winna ye bide ?”
But aye the louder he cried, “Annie !”
The higher raired the tide.

And “Heigh, Annie ! and “How, Annie !
O Annie, speak to me !”
But aye the louder he cried, “Annie !”
The louder raired the sea.

The wind grew loud, and the sea grew rough,
And the ship was rent in twain ;
And soon he saw her, fair Annie,
Come floating o’er the main.

He saw his young son in her arms,
Baith tossed aboon the tide ;
He wrang his hands, and fast he ran,
And plunged in the sea sae wide.

He caught her by the yellow hair,
And drew her to the strand ;
But cald and stiff was every limb
Before he reached the land.

O first he kist her cherry cheek,
And syne he kist her chin,
And sair he kist her ruby lips,
But there was nae breath within.

O he has mourned o’er fair Annie,
Till the sun was ganging down ;
Syne ¹ with a sigh ² his heart it brast,³
And his saul to heaven has flown.

¹ Then.

² Sigh.

³ Burst.

Illustrated British Ballads.

FAIR INES.

THIS ballad, by Thomas Hood, has been regarded by Edgar Allan Poe and others as perfect of its kind. Its light, music, and colour lift it into a high region of lyric art. The versatile genius of its writer has here struck off something worthy to live with the lyrics of Shelley and Campbell.



SAW ye not fair Ines?
She's gone into the West,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest :
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

O turn again, fair Ines,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivalled bright ;
And blessèd will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek
I dare not even write !

Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier
Who rode so gaily by thy side,
And whispered thee so near !
Were there no bonny dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear ?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before,
And gentle youths and maidens gay—
And snowy plumes they wore :
It would have been a beauteous dream—
If it had been no more !

Fair Ines.



"THAT GALLANT CAVALIER,
WHO RODE SO GAILY BY THY SIDE,
AND WHISPERED THEE SO NEAR!"

Alas, alas, fair Ines !
She went away with song,
With music waiting on her steps,
And shoutings of the throng :
But some were sad and felt no mirth,
But only music's wrong,
In sounds that sang, Farewell, farewell,
To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines !
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before.
Alas, for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore !
The smile that blest one lover's heart
Has broken many more !

Illustrated British Ballads.

FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.

THE fortunes of the two lovers, Margaret and William, have given rise to many ballads. The following, which is the most ancient, seems to be the old song, according to Percy, partially quoted in Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle," though there is some variation between the two versions. Mallet's ballad, "Margaret's Ghost," was suggested by this poem, and by those lines relating to the subject which appear in Fletcher. Numerous ballads have been published under different titles, all of which bear a very considerable resemblance to the present one. "The Douglas Tragedy" and "Lord Lovel" possess something in common with it.

AS it fell out on a long summer's day,
Two lovers they sat on a hill;
They sat together that long summer's day,
And could not talk their fill.

"I see no harm by you, Margarèt,
And you see none by mee;
Before to-morrow at eight o' the clock
A rich wedding you shall see."



"THERE SHE SPYED SWEET WILLIAM AND HIS BRIDE,
AS THEY WERE A-RIDING NEAR."

Fair Margaret and Sweet William.

Fair Margaret sat in her bower-window,
Combing her yellow hair ;
There she spyed sweet William and his bride,
As they were a-riding near.

Then down she laid her ivory combe,
And braided her hair in twain ;
She went alive out of her bower,
But ne'er came alive in't again.

When day was gone, and night was come,
And all men fast asleep,
Then came the spirit of fair Margarèt,
And stood at William's feet.

"Are you awake, sweet William ?" shee said,
"Or, sweet William, are you asleep ?
God give you joy of your gay bride-bed,
And me of my winding-sheet."

When day was come, and night was gone,
And all men wak'd from sleep,
Sweet William to his lady sayd,
"My dear, I have cause to weep.

"I dreamt a dream, my dear ladye—
Such dreames are never good ;
I dreamt my bower was full of red 'wine,'
And my bride-bed full of blood."

"Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured sir,
They never do prove good ;
To dream thy bower was full of red 'wine,'
And thy bride-bed full of blood."

He called up his merry men all,
By one, by two, and by three,
Saying, "I'll away to fair Marg'ret's bower,
By the leave of my ladie."

And when he came to Marg'ret's bower,
He knockèd at the ring,
And who so ready as her seven breth'rèn
To let sweet William in ?

Illustrated British Ballads.

Then he turned up the covering-sheet :

“ Pray let me see the dead ;

Methinks she looks all pale and wan,

She hath lost her cherry-red.

“ I'll do more for thee, Margarèt,

Than any of thy kin ;

For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,

Though a smile I cannot win.”

With that bespake the seven brethrèn,

Making most piteous mone :

“ You may go kiss your jolly brown bride,

And let our sister alone.”

“ If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,

I do but what is right :

I ne'er made a vow to yonder poor corpse,

By day, nor yet by night.

“ Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,

Deal on your cake and your wine : †

For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day,

Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine.”

Fair Margaret dyed to-day, to-day,

Sweet William dyed the morrow : †

Fair Margaret dyed for pure true love—

Sweet William dyed for sorrow.

Margaret was buried in the lower chancèl,

And William in the higher :

Out of her breast there sprang a rose,

And out of his a briar.

They grew till they grew unto the church-top,

And then they could grow no higher :

And there they tyed in a true lovers' knot,

Which made all the people admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,

As you the truth shall hear,

And by misfortune cut them down,

Or they had now been there.

† The dole given at funerals.

Fair Rosamond.



KING HENRY II. (*From his Monumental Effigy at Fontevault.*)

FAIR ROSAMOND.

THE story of the love of King Henry II. for the beautiful Rosamond has been a prolific theme for poets and historians. Higden, the old chronicler of Chester, states that Rosamond was the daughter of Walter, Lord Clifford, and that she died at Woodstock, A.D. 1177—poisoned, as some thought, by Queen Eleanor. The king had constructed for her a wonderful secret residence, so that none might come to her save those who had been specially instructed by him. This house was afterwards called "Labyrinthus, or Dedalus Worke," being constructed with its grounds into a maze. Queen Eleanor is alleged to have found out her rival by a silken thread, which the king had drawn after him out of her chamber with his foot, and that she "dealt with hir in such sharpe and cruell wise, that she lived not long after." Other methods of discovery, however, are related, and it will be seen that the present ballad indicates that the clue was gained by surprise, from the knight who was left to guard Rosamond's bower. The ballad of "Fair Rosamond" appears to have been first published in a work entitled "Strange Histories, or Songs and Sonnets, of Kings, Princes, Dukes, Lords, Ladyes, Knights, and Gentlemen, &c. By Thomas Delone. London, 1607." Percy printed the ballad, with emendations, from four ancient copies in black letter, two of them being in the Pepys Library.



HEN as King Henry rulde this land,
The second of that name,
Besides the queene, he dearly lovde
A faire and comely dame.

Most peerlesse was her beautye found,
Her favour, and her face ;

Illustrated British Ballads.

A sweeter creature in this worlde
Could never prince embrace.

Her crispèd lockes like threads of golde
Appeard to each mans sight ;
Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearles,
Did cast a heavenlye light.

The blood within her crystal cheekes
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lillye and the rose
For mastership did strive.

Yea, Rosamonde, fair Rosamonde,
Her name was callèd so,
To whom our queene, dame Ellinor,
Was known a deadlye foe.

The king therefore, for her defence
Against the furious queene,
At Woodstocke builded such a bower,
The like was never seene.

Most curiously that bower was built
Of stone and timber strong,
An hundered and fifty doors
Did to this bower belong :

And they so cunninglye contriv'd
With turnings round about,
That none but with a clue of thread
Could enter in or out.

And for his love and ladyes sake,
That was so faire and brighte,
The keeping of this bower he gave
Unto a valiant knighte.

But fortune, that doth often frowne
Where she before did smile,
The kinges delighte and ladyes joy
Full soon shee did beguile :

For why, the kinges ungracious sonne,
Whom he did high advance,

Fair Rosamond.

Against his father raised warres
Within the realme of France.

But yet before our comelye king
The English land forsooke,
Of Rosamonde, his lady faire,
His farewelle thus he tooke :

“ My Rosamonde, my only Rose,
That pleasest best mine eye ;
The fairest flower in all the world
To feed my fantasie :

“ The flower of mine affected heart,
Whose sweetness doth excelle :
My royal Rose, a thousand times
I bid thee nowe farewelle !

“ For I must leave my fairest flower,
My sweetest Rose, a space,
And cross the seas to famous France,
Proud rebelles to abase.

“ But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt
My coming shortlye see ;
And in my heart, when hence I am,
I'll beare my Rose with mee.”

When Rosamonde, that ladye brighte,
Did hear the king saye soe,
The sorrowe of her grievèd heart
Her outward lookes did showe ;

And from her clear and crystall eyes
The teares gusht out apace,
Which like the silver-pearlèd dewe
Ranne downe her comelye face.

Her lippes, erst like the corall redde,
Did waxe both wan and pale,
And for the sorrowe she conceivde
Her vitall spirits faile ;

And falling down all in a swoone
Before King Henryes face,

Illustrated British Ballads.

Full oft he in his princely armes
Her bodye did embrace ;

And twentye times, with watery eyes,
He kist her tender cheeke,
Untill he had revivde againe
Her senses milde and meeke.

"Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose ?"
The king did often say.
"Because," quoth shee, "to bloodye warres
My lord must part awaye.

"But since your Grace on forrayne coastes
Amonge your foes unkinde
Must goe to hazard life and limbe,
Why should I staye behinde ?

"Nay, rather let me, like a page,
Your sworde and target beare ;
That on my breast the blowes may lighte,
Which would offend you there.



"WOODSTOCKE."

Fair Rosamond.

“ Or lett mee, in your royal tent,
Prepare your bed at nighte,
And with sweete baths refresh your Grace
At your returne from fighte.

“ So I your presence may enjoye
No toil I will refuse ;
But wanting you, my life is death ;
Nay, death I'll rather chuse ! ”

“ Content thyself, my dearest love ;
Thy rest at home shall bee
In Englandes sweet and pleasant isle ;
For travell fits not thee.

“ Faire ladies brooke not bloodye warres ;
Soft peace their sexe delightes ;
Not rugged campes, but courtlye bowers ;
Gay feasts, not cruell fightes.

“ My Rose shall safelye here abide,
With musicke passe the daye ;
Whilst I, among the piercing pikes,
My foes seeke far awaye.

“ My Rose shall shine in pearle and golde,
Whilst Ime in armour dighte ;
Gay galliards here, my love, shall dance,
Whilst I my foes goe fighte.

“ And you, Sir Thomas, whom I trust
To bee my loves defence,
Be carefull of my gallant Rose
When I am parted hence.”

And therewithall he fetcht a sigh,
As though his heart would breake ;
And Rosamonde, for very grieve,
Not one plaine word could speake.

And at their parting well they might
In heart be grievèd sore ;
After that daye faire Rosamonde
The king did see no more.

Illustrated British Ballads.

For when his Grace had passed the seas,
And into France was gone,
With envious heart Queene Ellinor
To Woodstocke came anone.

And forth she calles this trustye knight,
In an unhappy houre ;
Who with his clue of twinèd thread
Came from this famous bower.

And when that they had wounded him,
The queene this thread did gette,
And went where Ladye Rosamonde
Was like an angell sette.

But when the queene with steadfast eye
Beheld her beauteous face,
She was amazed in her minde
At her exceeding grace.

"Cast off from thee those robes," she said,
"That riche and costlye bee ;
And drinke thou up this deadlye draught,
Which I have brought to thee."

Then presentlye upon her knees
Sweet Rosamonde did falle ;
And pardon of the queene she crav'd
For her offences all.

"Take pittie on my youthfull yeares,"
Faire Rosamonde did crye,
"And lett me not with poison stronge
Enforcèd bee to dye.

"I will renounce my sinfull life,
And in some cloyster bide,
Or else be banisht, if you please,
To range the world soe wide.

"And for the fault which I have done,
Though I was forc'd theretoe,
Preserve my life, and punish mee
As you thinke meet to doe."

Fair Rosamond.

And with these words, her lillie handes
She wrunge full often there ;
And downe along her lovely face
Did trickle many a teare.

But nothing could this furious queene
Therewith appeasèd bee ;
The cup of deadlye poyson stronge,
As she knelt on her knee,

Shee gave this comelye dame to drinke :
Who tooke it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand :

And casting up her eyes to heaven,
Shee did for mercye calle ;
And drinking up the poyson stronge,
Her life she lost withalle.

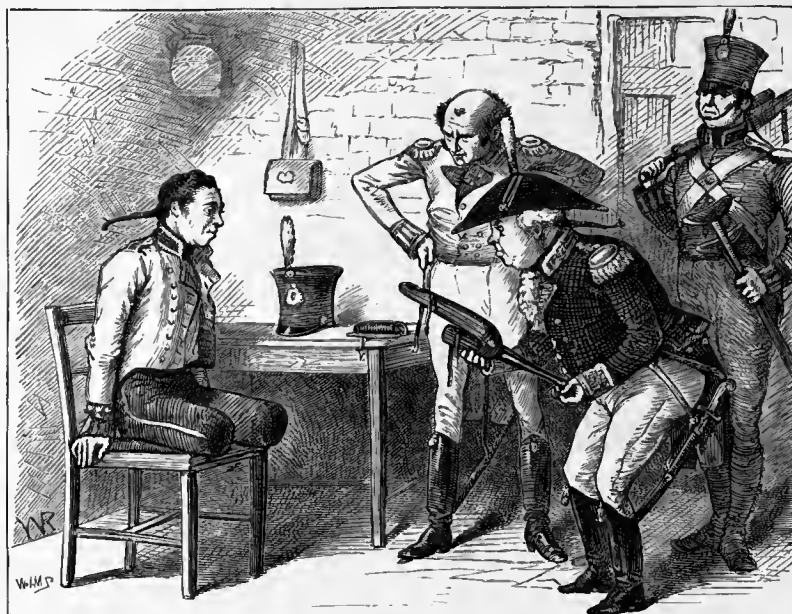
And when that death through every limbe
Had showde its greatest spite,
Her chiefest foes did plaine confesse
Shee was a glorious wighte.

Her body then they did entomb,
When life was fled away,
At Godstowe,¹ neare to Oxford towne,
As may be seene this day.

¹ The father of Rosamond had made many benefactions to the nunnery at Godstow, and the unfortunate fair one had also resided there herself in the early part of her life. Her body was buried in the middle of the choir, and it remained there till the year 1191, when the Bishop of Lincoln caused it to be removed, "lest Christian religion should grow in contempt."



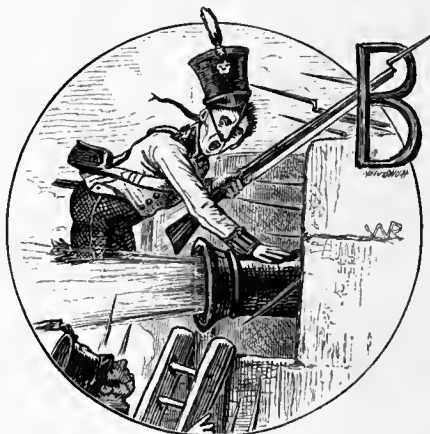
Illustrated British Ballads.



"THE ARMY SURGEONS MADE HIM LIMBS :
SAID HE, 'THEY'RE ONLY PEGS.'"

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

THIS "pathetic ballad," as Hood describes it, contains more puns than any poem of similar length in the language. Unusually prolific in those peculiar turns of humour in which its author excelled, it is strange to reflect that this poem—with others of a like type—should have been written at a time when Hood experienced the bitterest pains of physical suffering.



BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms ;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms.

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot."

The army surgeons made him limbs :
Said he, "They're only pegs ;
But there's as wooden members quite
As represent my legs."

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray ;

Faithless Nelly Gray.

So he went to pay her his devours,
When he'd devoured his pay.

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff ;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off.

" O Nelly Gray ! O Nelly Gray !
Is this your love so warm ?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform."

Said she, " I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave ;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave.

" Before you had those timber-toes
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now."



" AND WHEN SHE SAW HIS WOODEN LEGS,
BEGAN TO TAKE THEM OFF."

Illustrated British Ballads.

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call I left my legs
In Badajos's breaches."

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms."

"O false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse—
Though I've no feet, some other man
Is standing in my shoes.

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death; alas!
You will not be my Nell."

Now, when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burthen grown,
It made him take a knot.

So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for the second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line!

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off, of course
He soon was off his legs.

And there he hung till he was dead
As any nail in town;
For though despair had cut him up,
It could not cut him down.

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died;
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a *stake* in his inside.

Fause Foodrage.

FAUSE FOODRAGE.

THIS ballad, which has been very popular in many parts of Scotland, was originally published in Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." For the story, which is most interesting, there is no historical basis. Doubts which arose as to the authenticity of the ballad were set at rest on the authority of Lady Douglas of Douglas (sister to the Duke of Buccleuch), who told Sir Walter Scott that it had been taught to her in her infancy.



ING EASTER has courted her for her lands,

King Wester for her fee,
King Honour for her comelye face,
And for her fair bodie.

They had not been four months married,
As I have heard them tell,
Until the nobles of the land
Against them did rebel.

And they cast kevels¹ them amang,
And kevels them between,
And they cast kevels them amang,
Wha suld gae kill the king.

O some said yea, and some said nay ;
Their words did not agree ;
Till up and got him Fause Foodrage,
And swore it suld be he.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And all men bound to bed,
King Honour and his gaye ladye
In a hie chamber were laid.

Then up and raise him Fause Foodrage,
When a' were fast asleep,
And slew the porter in his lodge,
That watch and ward did keep.

O four-and-twenty silver keys
Hung hie upon a pin,
And aye as ae door he did unlock
He has fastened it him behind.

Then up and raise him King Honour,
Says—"What means a' this din?"

¹ Lots.

Illustrated British Ballads.

Or what's the matter, Fause Foodrage,
Or wha has loot ye in ?”

“O ye my errand weel sañ learn
Before that I depart :”

Then drew a knife, baith lang and sharp,
And pierced him to the heart.

Then up and got the queen hersell,
And fell low down on her knee ;

“O spare my life now, Fause Foodrage,
For I never injured thee.

“O spare my life now, Fause Foodrage,
Untill I lighter be !

And see gin it be lad or lass
King Honour has left wi' me.”



“THEN UP AND GOT THE QUEEN HERSELL,
AND FELL LOW DOWN ON HER KNEE.”

Fause Foodrage.

"O gin it be a lass," he says,
"Weel nursèd it sall be ;
But gin it be a lad bairn,
He sall be hangèd hie.

"I winna spare for his tender age,
Nor yet for his hie kin ;
But soon as e'er he born is,
He sall mount the gallows pin."

O four-and-twenty valiant knights
Were set the queen to guard ;
And four stood aye at her bouir door,
To keep both watch and ward.

But when the time drew near an end
That she suld lighter be,
She cast about to find a wile
To set her body free.

O she has birlèd these merry young men
With the ale but and the wine,
Until they were all deadly drunk
As any wild-wood swine.

"O narrow, narrow is this windòw,
And big, big I am grown !"
Yet, through the might of our Ladÿe,
Out at it she has gone.

She wandered up, she wandered down,
She wandered out and in ;
And, at last, into the very swine's stythe
The queen brought forth a son.

Then they cast keivils them amang,
Which suld gae seek the queen ;
And the kevil fell upon Wise Willìam,
And he sent his wife for him.

O when she saw Wise William's wife,
The queen fell on her knee ;
"Win up, win up, madàm !" she says,
"What needs this courtesie ?"

Illustrated British Ballads.

"O out o' this I winna rise
Till a boon ye grant to me,
To change your lass for this lad bairn
King Honour left me wi'.

"And ye maun learn my gay goss-hawk
Right weel to breast a steed ;
And I sall learn your turtle-dow
As weel to write and read.

"And ye maun learn my gay goss-hawk
To wield baith bow and brand ;
And I sall learn your turtle-dow
To lay gowd wi' her hand.

"At kirk and market when we meet
We'll dare make nae avowe
But—' Dame, how does my gay goss-hawk ?'
'Madame, how does my dow?'"



"AT KIRK AND MARKET WHEN WE MEET,
WE'LL DARE MAKE NAE AVOWE."

Fause Foodrage.



“O DINNA YE SEE THAT BONNY CASTÈLL,
WI’ HALLS AND TOWERS SAE FAIR?”

When days were gane, and years came on,
Wise William he thought lang,
And he has ta’en King Honour’s son
A-hunting for to gang.

It sae fell out at this hunting,
Upon a simmer’s day,
That they came by a fair castèll,
Stood on a sunny brae.

“O dinna ye see that bonny castèll,
Wi’ halls and towers sae fair?
Gin ilka man had back his ain,
Of it ye suld be heir.”

“How I suld be heir o’ that castèll,
In sooth I canna see;
For it belongs to Fause Foodrage,
And he is na kin to me.”

Illustrated British Ballads.

"O gin ye suld kill him, Fause Foodrage,
You would do but what was right;
For, I wot, he killed your father dear
Or ever ye saw the light.

"And gin ye suld kill him, Fause Foodrage,
There is no man durst you blame;
For he keeps your mother a prisoner,
And she daurna tak' ye hame."

The boy stared wild like a grey goss-hawk,
Says—"What may a' this mean?"
"My boy, ye are King Honour's son,
And your mother's our lawful queen."

"O gin I be King Honour's son,
By our Ladye I swear,
This night I will that traitor slay,
And relieve my mother dear!"

He has set his bent bow to his breast,
And leaped the castell wa';
And soon he has seized on Fause Foodrage,
Who loud for help 'gan ca'.

"O haud your tongue now, Fause Foodrage,
Frae me ye shanna flee;"
Syne pierced him through the fause, fause heart,
And set his mother free.

And he has rewarded the Wise William
Wi' the best half of his land;
And sae has he the turtle-dow
Wi' the truth o' his right hand.



The Five Carlines.



"MAGGIE BY THE BANKS O' NITH."

THE FIVE CARLINES.

THIS is an amusing election ballad of the year 1789, by Robert Burns, the greatest of Scottish poets, who was born in Alloway, Ayrshire, on the 25th of January, 1759. After several years of unprofitable farming—during which, however, he produced many of his immortal songs—Burns resolved to emigrate. A letter from a friend causing him to forego his intention, he arrived in Edinburgh, where his first volume had already made him considerable fame. A second edition of his poems was readily subscribed for, and Burns cleared nearly £500 by the work. In 1788 he married Jean Armour, and settled on the farm of Ellisland; but being appointed exciseman of his district, he forsook farming operations and went to live at Dumfries. The rest of his sad and clouded life is well known. The poet died on the 21st of July, 1796. Cultured and illiterate alike recognise in Burns the greatest of Scottish lyric poets. Humour, satire, and pathos were all equally blended in this glorious song-writer.

The "Five Carlines" (*carline*, an old woman) represent the five boroughs of Dumfriesshire and Kirkcudbright, which were at the time contested by Patrick Miller in the Whig, and Sir James Johnstone in the Tory interest. Dumfries is "Maggie by the Banks o' Nith"; Annan is "Blinkin' Bess o' Annandale;" Kirkcudbright, "Whisky Jean o' Galloway;" Sanquhar, "Black Joan frae Creighton Peel;" and Lochmaben, "Marjorie o' the monie Lochs."



HERE were five Carlines in the south,
They fell upon a scheme,
To send a lad to Lon'on town
To bring them tidings hame.

Not only bring them tidings hame,
But do their errands there,
And aiblins gowd and honour baith
Might be that laddie's share.

Illustrated British Ballads.

There was Maggie by the banks o' Nith,
A dame wi' pride eneugh ;
And Marjorie o' the monie Lochs,
A Carline auld an' teugh.

And blinkin' Bess o' Annandale,
That dwelt near Solway Side,
And whisky Jean that took her gill
In Galloway so wide.

And auld black Joan frae Creighton Peel,
O' gipsy kith an' kin ;
Five wighter Carlins were na foun'
The south kintra within.

To send a lad to Lon'on town
They met upon a day,
And monie a Knight and monie a Laird
That errand fain wad gae.

O! monie a Knight an' monie a Laird
This errand fain wad gae ;
But nae ane could their fancy please,
O! ne'er a ane but twae.

The first he was a belted Knight,
Bred o' a Border clan,
An' he wad gae to Lon'on town,
Might nae man him withstan' ;

And he wad do their errands weel,
And meikle he wad say,
And ilka ane at Lon'on court
Wad bid to him guid day.

Then neist came in a sodger youth,
And spak' wi' modest grace,
An' he wad gae to Lon'on town,
If sae their pleasure was.

He wad na hecht¹ them courtly gifts,
Nor meikle speech pretend ;
But he wad hecht an honest heart
Wad ne'er desert his friend.

¹ Offer.

The Five Carlines.



"NOW WHAM TO CHOOSE AND WHAM REFUSE,
TO STRIFE THAE CARLINES FELL."

Now wham to choose and wham refuse,
To strife thae Carlines fell ;
For some had gentle folk to please,
And some wad please themsel'.

Then out spak' mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith,
An' she spak' out wi' pride,
An' she wad send the sodger youth
Whatever might betide.

For the auld guid-man o' Lon'on court
She didna care a pin,
But she wad send the sodger youth
To greet his eldest son.

Then up sprang Bess o' Annapdale :
A deadly aith she's ta'en,
That she wad vote the Border Knight,
Tho' she should vote her lanc.*

"For far-off fowls hae feathers fair,
An' fools o' change are fain ;

* Alone.

Illustrated British Ballads.

But I hae tried the Border Knight,
I'll try him yet again."

Says auld black Joan frae Creighton Peel,
A Carline stoor and grim,
"The auld guid-man, or young guid-man,
For me may sink or swim !

"For fools may freit o' right an' wrang,
While knaves laugh them to scorn ;
But the sodger's friends hae blown the best,
Sae he shall bear the horn."

Then whisky Jean spak' o'er her drink—
"Ye weel ken, kimmers a',
The auld guid-man o' Lon'on court,
His back's been at the wa'.

"And monie a friend that kiss'd his caup
Is now a frammit' wight ;
But it's ne'er sae wi' whisky Jean—
We'll send the Border Knight."

Then slow raise Marjorie o' the Lochs,
And wrinkled was her brow ;
Her ancient weed was russet gray,
Her auld Scots bluid was true.

"There's some great folks set light by me,
I set as light by them ;
But I will send to Lon'on town
Wha I lo'e best at hame."

So how this weighty plea will end,
Nae mortal wight can tell ;
God grant the king and ilka man
May look weel to himsel' !

* Estranged.

Flodden Field.

FLODDEN FIELD.

THE battle of Flodden was fought on the 9th of September, 1513. The Earl of Surrey commanded the English forces, and King James IV. those of the Scots. The latter army numbered 15,000 men, being inferior to the English in strength. The Scots were defeated with great slaughter, and King James was slain. Thomas Deloney printed the following ballad (from tradition), and it is probably as ancient as anything which exists upon the subject.



ING JAMIE hath made vow—

Keep it well if he may—

That he will be at lovely Londòn

Upon Saint James his day.

“ Upon Saint James his day at noon,

At fair London will I be,

And all the lords in merry Scotland,

They shall dine there with me.”

Then bespake good Queen Margaret—

The tears fell from her eye—

“ Leave off these wars, most noble king,

Keep your fidelity.

“ The water runs swift and wondrous deep,

From bottom unto the brim ;

My brother Henry hath men good enough,

England is hard to win.”

“ Away,” quoth he, “ with this silly fool !

In prison fast let her lye :

For she is come of the English blood,

And for these words she shall die.”

With that bespake Lord Thomas Howàrd,

The Queen’s chamberlain that day ;



TWIZEL BRIDGE, NEAR FLODDEN FIELD.

Illustrated British Ballads.

"If that you put Queen Margaret to death,
Scotland shall rue it alway."

Then in a rage King Jamie did say,
"Away with this foolish mome!
He shall be hanged, and the other burned,
So soon as I come home."

At Flodden-field the Scots came in,
Which made our Englishmen fain;
At Bramstone Green this battel was seen,
There was King Jamie slain.

Then presently the Scots did fly,
Their cannons they left behind;
Their ensigns gay were won all away,
Our souldiers did beat them blind.

To tell you plain, twelve thousand were slain
That to the fight did stand,
And many a prisoner took that day,
The best in all Scotland.

That day made many a fatherless child,
And many a widow poor,
And many a Scottish gay ladye
Sat weeping in her bower.

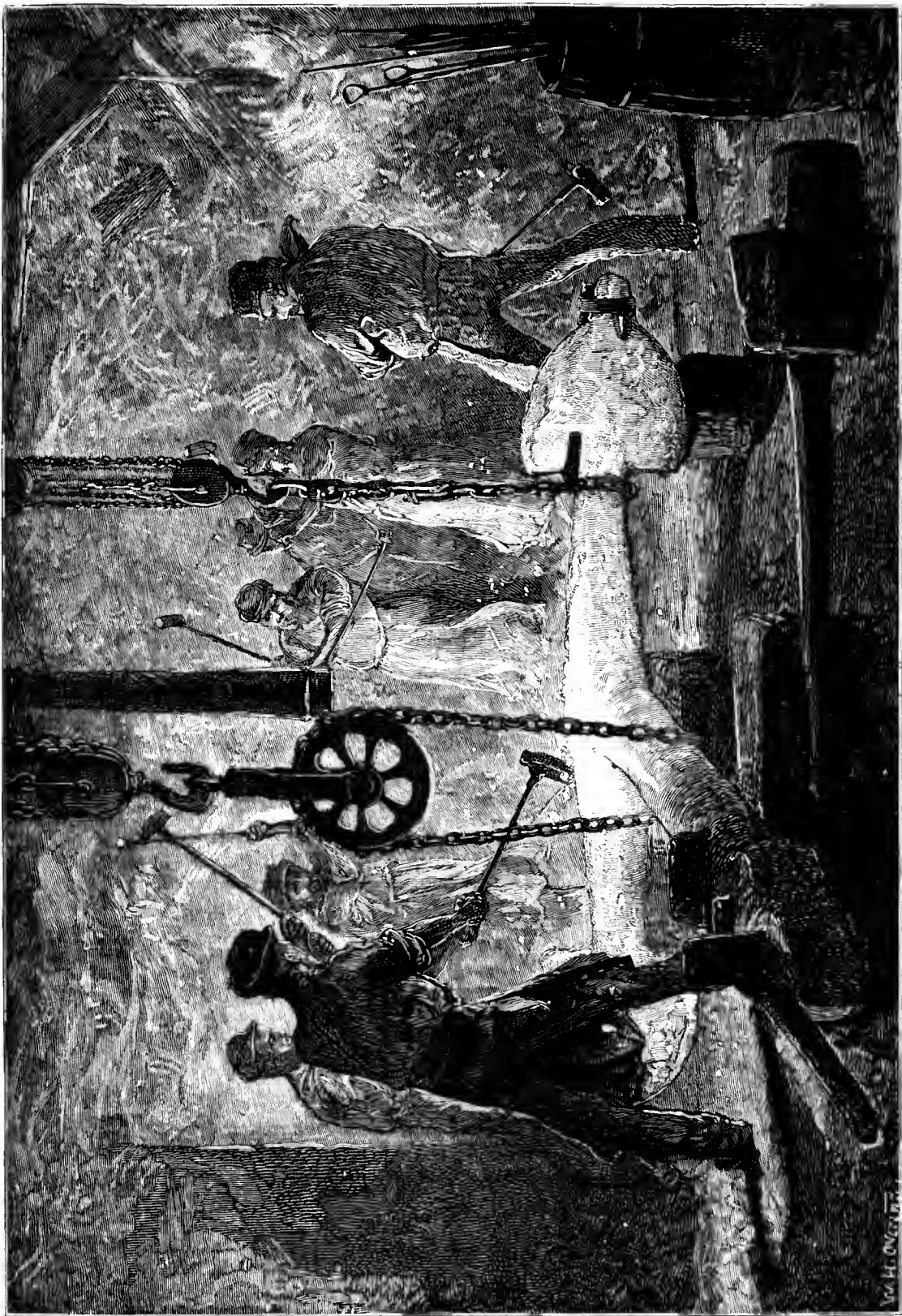
Jack with a fether was lapt in all lether,
His boastings were all in vain;
He had such a chance with a new morrice-dance,
He never went home again.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

THIS vigorous ballad—which is too little known—is by Sir Samuel Ferguson, Q.C., LL.D. He was born at Belfast in 1810, and holds a responsible position in the Public Records Office, Dublin. In addition to his poetry, Sir Samuel Ferguson has written historical tales, evincing considerable power and originality.



OME, see the "Dolphin's" anchor forged—'tis at a white heat now:
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased—though on the forge's brow
The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound,
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare;
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.



"COME, SEE THE 'DOLPHIN'S' ANCHOR FORGED—'TIS AT A WHITE HEAT NOW."

Illustrated British Ballads.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves below,
And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throë :
It rises, roars, rends all outright—O Vulcan, what a glow !
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright—the high sun shines not so ;
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery, fearful show ;
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid row
Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe ;
As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster slow
Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces fiery grow.
“ Hurrah ! ” they shout, “ leap out—leap out ; ” bang, bang, the sledges go ;
Hurrah ! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low—
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow,
The leathern mail rebounds the hail, the rattling cinders strow
The ground around : at every bound the sweltering fountains flow,
And thick and loud the swinking crowd at every stroke pant, “ Ho ! ”

Leap out, leap out, my masters ; leap out, and lay on load !
Let's forge a goodly anchor—a bower thick and broad ;
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road—
The low reef roaring on her lee—the roll of ocean poured
From stem to stern, sea after sea ; the mainmast by the board ;
The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains !
But courage still, brave mariners—the bower yet remains,
And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save when ye pitch sky-high ;
Then moves his head, as though he said, “ Fear nothing, here am I.”
Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time ;
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime ;
But while ye swing your sledges, sing—and let your burthen be,
The anchor is the anvil-king, and royal craftsmen we !
Strike in, strike in—the sparks begin to dull their rustling red :
Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped.
Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay ;
Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,
For the “ yeo-heave-o' ” and the heave-away, and the sighing seaman's cheer ;
When, weighing slow, at eve they go—far, far from love and home ;
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens down at last ;
A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.

The Forging of the Anchor.

O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward, beneath the deep green sea !
O deep sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as thou ?
The hoary monsters' palaces, methinks what joy 'twere now
To go plumb plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,
And feel the churned sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails !
Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn ;
To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn ;
And for the ghastly-grinning shark to laugh his jaws to scorn ;
To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles
He lies, a lubber anchorage, for sudden shallowed miles ;
Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls ;
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far astonished shoals
Of his black browsing ocean-calves ; or, haply in a cove,
Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undinè's love,
To find the long-haired mermaidens ; or, hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal thine ?
The " Dolphin " weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable line :
And night by night 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play—
But, shamer of our little sports ! forgive the name I gave :
A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.

O lodger in the sea-kings' halls, couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,
Slow swaying in the heaving waves, that round about thee bend,
With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their ancient friend—
Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride ; thou'dst leap within the sea !

Give honour to their memories who left the pleasant strand,
To shed their blood so freely for the love of fatherland—
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave,
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave—
Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honour him for their memory, whose bones he goes among !

Illustrated British Ballads.

FRENNET HALL.

THIS ballad was printed by Herd in his very miscellaneous collection of songs, poems, and ballads. It is concerned with the vengeance which Lady Frennet wreaked upon Lord Aboyne (son to the Marquis of Huntly) and the young Laird of Rothiemay, for the death of her husband. Another version of the ballad makes the youths perish in a fire at the hall, from which no attempt was made to rescue them. Ritson gave a fragment of an old ballad, the whole of which has since been recovered. It is entitled "The Fire of Frendraught."



HEN Frennet Castle's ivied walls
Through yellow leaves were seen ;
When birds forsook the sapless boughs,
And bees the faded green ;
Then Lady Frennet, vengeance' dame,
Did wander frae the ha',
To the wide forest's dewie gloom,
Among the leaves that fa'.
Her page, the swiftest of her train,
Had clamb a lofty tree,
Whose branches to the angry blast
Were souging mournfullie.
He turn'd his een towards the path
That near the castle lay,
Where good Lord John and Rothiemay
Were riding down the brae.

Swift darts the eagle through the sky,
When prey beneath is seen ;
As quickly he forgot his hold,
And perch'd upon the green.

"O hie thee, hie thee, lady gay,
Frae this dark wood awa' !
Some visitors of gallant mien
Are hasting to the ha'."

Then round she row'd ' her silken plaid,
Her feet she did na spare,
Until she left the forest skirts
A long bow-shot and mair.

"O where, O where, my good Lord John,
O tell me where ye ride ?

¹ Drew.

Frennet Hall.

Within my castle-wall this night
I hope ye mean to bide.

"Kind nobles, will ye but alicht,
In yonder bower to stay,
Soft ease shall teach ye to forget
The hardness of the way."

"Forbear entreaty, gentle dame ;
How can we here remain ?
Full well you know your husband deir
Was by our father slain :

"The thoughts of which, with fell revenge,
Within your bosom swell ;
Enraged you've sworn that blood for blood
Should this black passion quell."



"KIND NOBLES, WILL YE BUT ALICHT,
IN YONDER BOWER TO STAY."

Illustrated British Ballads.

"O fear not, fear not, good Lord John,
That I will you betray,
Or sue requital for a debt
Which nature cannot pay.

"Bear witness, a' ye powers on high !
Ye lights, that 'gin to shine !
This nicht shall prove the sacred cord
That knits your faith and mine."

The lady slie, with honied words,
Enticed the youths to stay ;
But morning sun ne'er shone upon
Lord John and Rothiemay.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GREY.

THOMAS PERCY, Bishop of Dromore (to whose admirable collection we are indebted for the following ballad), was born in Shropshire, in the year 1728, and lived into the nineteenth century, dying in 1811, in his eighty-fourth year. Previously to being appointed Bishop of Dromore, he was Dean of Carlisle. His great claim upon posterity is the work, "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," published in 1765. This favourite ballad is the composition of the bishop. Finding dispersed through Shakspeare's plays innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which could not be recovered, Percy states that he was tempted to select some of them, and with a few supplemental stanzas to connect them together and form them into a little tale. One small fragment was taken from Beaumont and Fletcher. As the result of his efforts we have "The Friar of Orders Grey." The reader ought to take the opportunity of comparing the respective merits of the present ballad, Goldsmith's "Edwin and Angelina," and the old ballad of "The Gentle Herdsman."



It was a friar of orders grey
Walkt forth to tell his beades ;
And he met with a lady faire,
Clad in a pilgrime's weedes.

"Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see."

"And how should I know your true love
From many another one ?"
"O by his cockle-hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoone."

z The distinguishing marks of a pilgrim.

The Friar of Orders Grey.



"AND HE MET WITH A LADY FAIRE,
CLAD IN A PILGRIME'S WEEDES."

"But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view ;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue."

"O lady, he is dead and gone !
Lady, he's dead and gone !
And at his head a green grass turfe,
And at his heels a stone.

Illustrated British Ballads.

"Within these holy cloisters, long
He languisht, and he dyed,
Lamenting of a ladye's love,
And 'playning of her pride.

"Here bore him bare-fac'd on his bier,
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall."

"And art thou dead, thou gentle youth?
And art thou dead and gone?
And didst thou dye for love of me—
Break, cruel heart of stone!"

"O weep not, lady, weep not soe,
Some ghostly comfort seek :
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Ne teares bedew thy cheek."

"O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove ;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er wan ladye's love.

"And nowe, alas ! for thy sad losse,
I'll evermore weep and sigh ;
For thee I only wisht to live,
For thee I wish to dye."

"Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrowe is in vaine ;
For violets pluckt, the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow againe.

"Our joys as wingèd dreams doe flye,
Why then should sorrow last ?
Since grief but aggravates thy losse,
Grieve not for what is past."

"O say not soe, thou holy friar ;
I pray thee say not soe ;
For since my true-love dyed for mee,
'Tis meet my teares should flow.

The Friar of Orders Grey.

“ And will he never come again ?
Will he ne’er come again ?
Ah ! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

“ His cheek was redder than the rose ;
The comeliest youth was he !
But he is dead and laid in his grave :
Alas, and woe is me ! ”

“ Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever :
One foot on sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.

“ Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy ;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy.”

“ Now say not soe, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not soe :
My love he had the truest heart—
O he was ever true !

“ And art thou dead, thou much-lov’d youth,
And didst thou dye for mee ?
Then farewell home ; for evermore
A pilgrim I will bee.

“ But first upon my true-love’s grave
My weary limbs I’ll lay,
And thrice I’ll kiss the green-grass turfe
That wraps his breathless clay.”

“ Yet stay, fair lady ; rest awhile
Beneath this cloister wall :
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall.”

“ O stay me not, thou holy friar ;
O stay me not, I pray ;
No drizzly rain that falls on me
Can wash my fault away.”

Illustrated British Ballads.

"Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears ;
For see, beneath this gown of grey,
Thy owne true-love appears.

"Here forc'd by grief, and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought ;
And here amid these lonely walls
To end my days I thought.

"But haply, for my year of grace¹
Is not yet past away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay."

"Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart ;
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part."

¹ The year of probation, or novitiate.



"FOR SEE, BENEATH THIS GOWN OF GREY,
"THY OWNE TRUE-LOVE APPEARS."

"Gentle Heardsman, Tell to Me."



"GENTLE HEARDSMAN, TELL TO ME."

"GENTLE HEARDSMAN, TELL TO ME."

THIS exquisite ballad is a dialogue between a pilgrim and a herdsman. The scene is laid near Walsingham, in Norfolk, where there was formerly an image of the Virgin Mary, famous all over Europe, to which many pilgrimages were made. The wealthy made rich offerings at the shrine, and amongst the annual donors were the Earls of Northumberland. The shrine was connected with a priory of Augustinian canons, founded about the middle of the twelfth century. Several English kings visited the spot. In 1538, when the monasteries were dissolved, the magnificent image was conveyed to Chelsea, and burnt there before the Commissioners. This ballad is from Percy's "Reliques."



GENTLE heardsman, tell to me,
Of curtesy I thee pray,
Unto the towne of Walsingham
Which is the right and ready way."

"Unto the town of Walsingham
The way is hard for to be gon ;
And very crooked are those pathes
For you to find out all alone."

"Weere the miles doubled thrise,
And the way never soe ill,
Itt were not enough for mine offence ;
It is soe grievous and soe ill."

Illustrated British Ballads.

"Thy yeares are young, thy face is faire,
Thy witts are weake, thy thoughts are grene;
Time hath not given thee leave, as yett,
For to commit so great a sinne."

"Yes, heardsman, yes, soe woldest thou say,
If thou knewest soe much as I;
My witts, and thoughts, and all the rest
Have well deserved for to dye.

"I am not what I seeme to bee,
My clothes and sexe do differ farr;
I am a woman, woe is me!
Born to greeffe and irksome care.

"For my beloved, and well-beloved,
My wayward cruelty could kill;
And though my teares will nought avail,
Most dearly I bewail him still.

"He was the flower of noble wights,
None ever more sincere colde bee;
Of comely mien and shape hee was,
And tenderlye he lovèd mee.

"When thus I saw hee loved mee well,
I grewe so proud his paine to see,
That I, who did not know myselfe,
Thought scorne of such a youth as hee,

"And grew soe coy and nice to please,
As women's lookes are often soe,
He might not kisse, nor hand forsooth,
Unless I willed him soe to doe.

"Thus being wearyed with delayes
To see I pittied not his greeffe,
He gott him to a secrett place,
And there he dyed without releeffe.

"And for his sake these weeds I weare,
And sacrifice my tender age;
And every day Ile begg my bread
To undergoe this pilgrimage.

Gilderoy.

"Thus every day I fast and pray,
And ever will doe till I dye ;
And gett me to some secrett place,
For soe did he, and soe will I.

"Now, gentle heardsman, aske no more,
But keepe my secretts, I thee pray ;
Unto the towne of Walsingham
Show mee the right and ready way."

"Now goe thy wayes, and God before !
For Hee must ever guide thee still :
Turne downe that dale, the right-hand path,
And soe, faire pilgrim, fare thee well !"

GILDEROY.

GILDEROY was a famous robber, whom some have credited with improbable feats in the days of Cardinal Richelieu. Many Scottish songsters, however, make Gilderoy contemporary with Mary Queen of Scots. The subject of the following ballad was totally unworthy of the honours paid to him in the poem, neither can the poem itself be regarded as historic. Percy says Gilderoy was one of the proscribed Clan Gregor, and a notorious lifter of cattle in the Highlands of Perthshire for some time before 1636. In February of that year seven of his accomplices were executed at Edinburgh ; and in revenge Gilderoy burned several of the houses belonging to the Stuarts, who had been instrumental in bringing his friends to justice. In a few months, nevertheless, Gilderoy himself was captured, and hanged with five more of his accomplices at Gallowlee, between Leith and Edinburgh. He appears to have robbed the poor, and committed rapine wherever he went, yet notwithstanding all this he became popular in the south of Britain. His adventures are related in Johnson's "Lives and Exploits of Highwaymen," as well as in other works. The earliest version of the present ballad was printed in London in 1650. Campbell has written a song upon the same subject, which is well known. The name Gilderoy is a corruption of the Gaelic *gille roy*, red-haired boy.



GILDEROY was a bonnie boy,
Had roses tull ' his shoone,
His stockings were of silken soy,²
Wi' garters hanging doune ;
It was, I weene, a comelie sight
To see sae trim a boy ;
He was my jo³ and heart's delight,
My handsome Gilderoy.

¹ To.

² Silk.

³ Sweetheart.

Illustrated British Ballads.

Oh ! sike twa charming een he had,
A breath as sweet as rose ;
He never ware a Highland plaid,
But costly silken clothes ;
He gain'd the luvè of ladies gay,
Nane eir tull him was coy :
Ah ! wae is mee ! I mourn the day
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born
Baith in one town together,
We scant were seven years befor
We 'gan to luvè each other ;
Our dadies and our mammies they
Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,
To think upon the bridal day
'Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that luvè of mine,
Gude faith, I freely bought
A wedding sark ¹ of holland fine,
Wi' silken flowers wrought :
And he gied me a wedding-ring,
Which I receiv'd wi' joy.
Nae lad nor lassie eir could sing
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime,
Till we were baith sixteen,
And aft we past the langsome time
Among the leaves sae green ;
Aft on the banks we'd sit us thair,
And sweetly kiss and toy,
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh ! that he still had been content
Wi' me to lead his life ;
But, ah ! his manfu' heart was bent
To stir in feates of strife ;

¹ Shirt.

Gilderoy.



"AND AFT WE PAST THE LANGSOME TIME
AMONG THE LEAVES SAE GREEN."

And he in many a venturous deed
His courage bauld wad try ;
And now this gars¹ mine heart to bleed
For my dear Gilderoy.

¹ Makes.

Illustrated British Ballads.

And when of me his leave he tuik,
The tears they wat mine ee,
I gave tull him a parting luik :
“ My benison gang wi’ thee ;
God speed thee weil, mine ain dear heart,
For gane is all my joy ;
My heart is rent sith we maun part,
My handsome Gilderoy.”

My Gilderoy baith far and near
Was fear’d in every toun,
And bauldly bare away the gear¹
Of many a lawland loun ;
Nane eir durst meet him man to man,
He was sae brave a boy ;
At length wi’ numbers he was tane,
My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth² the loun that made the laws,
To hang a man for gear,
To ’reave of life for ox or ass,
For sheep, or horse, or mare.
Had not their laws been made sae strick,
I neir had lost my joy,
Wi’ sorrow neir had wat my cheek,
For my dear Gilderoy.

Giff Gilderoy had done amisse,
He mought hae banisht been ;
Ah ! what fair cruelty is this,
To hang sike handsome men ;
To hang the flower o’ Scottish land,
Sae sweet and fair a boy ;
Nae lady had sae white a hand
As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy sae fraid they were,
They bound him mickle strong,
Tull Edinburray they led him thair,
And on a gallows hung :

¹ Property.

² Woe betide.

Gil Morrice.

They hung him high aboon the rest,
He was sae trim a boy ;
Thair dyed the youth whom I luved best,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
I bare his corpse away ;
Wi' tears, that trickled for his death,
I washt his comelye clay ;
And siker' in a grave sae deep
I laid the dear-luved boy,
And now for evir maun I weep
My winsome Gilderoy.

GIL MORRICE.

NONE of the ancient ballads preserved by the Scottish peasantry has excited more interest than the beautiful and pathetic narrative of "Gil Morrice ;" and this, as Motherwell observes, "no less on account of its own intrinsic merits as a piece of exquisite poetry, than of its having furnished the plot of the justly celebrated tragedy of 'Douglas.'" Other poets also have drawn inspiration from it, and Gray described it as "divine." It is believed by many to be founded on facts which occurred at some remote period of Scottish history. "The 'grene wode' of the ballad was the ancient forest of Duudaff, in Stirlingshire; and Lord Barnard's Castle is said to have occupied a precipitous cliff, overhanging the Water of Carron A small burn, which joins the Carron about five miles above these lands, is named the Earlsburn, and the hill near the source of that stream is called the Earlshill—both deriving their appellations, according to the unvarying traditions of the country, from the unfortunate 'erle's son' who is the hero of the ballad. He also, according to the same respectable authority, was 'beautiful exceedingly,' and especially remarkable for the extreme length and loveliness of his yellow hair, which shrouded him as it were with a golden mist." The ballad has at various times been "improved," with the usual result of tampering with that which in the original is exquisite. Many versions—one known as "Chield Morice"—exist of this poem; the present is that of Percy, but without the interpolations and "improvements" which are regarded as undoubtedly spurious by Mr. Child and others, and were also so regarded by Motherwell.



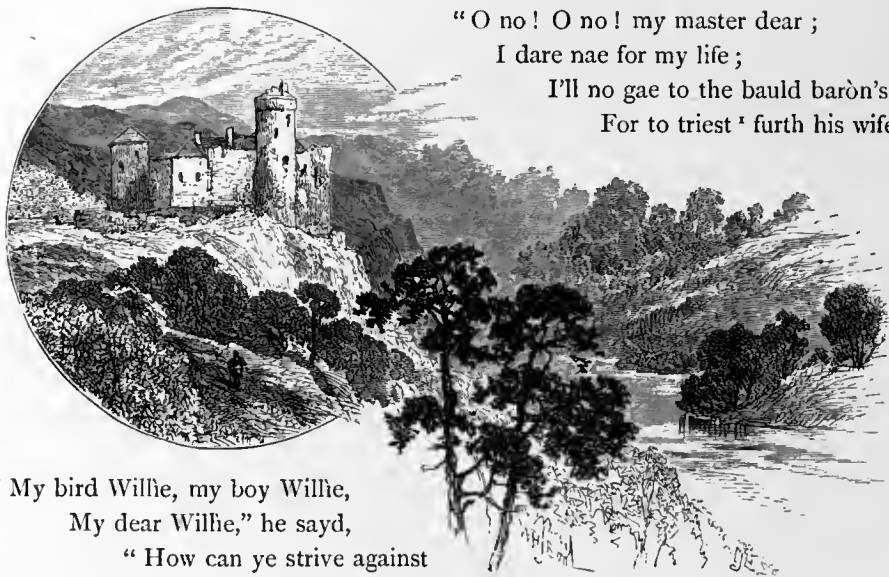
GIL MORRICE was an erlè's son,
His name it waxed wide ;
It was nae for his great richès,
Nor yet his mickle pride ;
But it was for a lady gay
That liv'd on Carron side.

¹ Secure.

Illustrated British Ballads.

"Where sall I get a bonny boy,
That will win hose and shoon;
That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',
And bid his lady cum?"

"And ye maun rin my errand, Willie,
And ye may rin wi' pride;
When other boys gae on their foot,
On horseback ye sall ride."



"O no! O no! my master dear;
I dare nae for my life;
I'll no gae to the bauld baron's,
For to triest ¹ furth his wife."

"My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
My dear Willie," he sayd,
"How can ye strive against
the stream?"

For I sall be obeyd."

"CARRON SIDE."

"But, O my master dear!" he cryd,
"In grene wode ye're your lain;²
Gi owre sic thoughts, I walde ye rede,³
For fear ye should be tain."

"Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',
Bid hir cum here wi' speid;
If ye refuse my high command,
I'll gar ⁴ your body bleid.

"Gae bid her take this gay mantel;
'Tis a' gowd but the hem;

¹ Make an assignation.

² You are alone.

³ Advise.

⁴ Make.



"'HAIL! HAIL! MY GENTLE SIRE AND DAMR! MY MESSAGE WINNA WAITE;
DAME, YE MAUN TO THE GUDE GRENE WODE BEFORE THAT IT BE LATE.'"

Illustrated British Ballads.

Bid hir cum to the gude grene wode,
And bring nane but hir lain :

“ And there it is, a silken sarke ;
Hir ain hand sewd the sleive ;
And bid hir cum to Gill Morrice,
Speir ¹ no bauld baron's leave.”

“ Yes, I will gae your black errand,
Though it be to your cost ;
Sen ye by me will nae be warn'd,
In it ye sall find frost.

“ The baron he is a man of might,
He neir could bide to taunt ;
As ye will see before it's nicht,
How sma' ye hae to vaunt.

“ And sen I maun your errand rin,
Sae sair against my will,
I'se mak' a vow and keip it trow,
It sall be done for ill.”

And when he came to broken brigade,
He bent his bow and swam
And when he came to grass growing,
Set down his feet and ran.

And when he came to Barnard's ha',
Would neither chap ² nor ca' ;
But set his bent bow to his breist,
And lichtly lap the wa'.

He wauld nae tell the man his errand,
Though he stude at the gait ;
Bot straight into the ha' he cam',
Where they were sat at meit.

“ Hail ! hail ! my gentle sire and dame !
My message winna waite ;
Dame, ye maun to the gude grene wode
Before that it be late.

¹ Ask.

² Tap or rap.

Gil Morrice.

"Ye're bidden tak' this gay mantèl,
'Tis a' gowd but the hem ;
You maun gae to the gude grene wode,
Ev'n by your sel' alane.

"And there it is, a silken sarke ;
Your ain hand sewd the sleive ;
Ye maun gae 'speik to Gill Morice,
Speir nae bauld baron's leave."

The lady stampèd wi' hir foot,
And winkèd wi' hir ee ;
But a' that she could say or do,
Forbidden he wad nae bee.

"It's surely to my bow'r womàn,
It neir could be to me."

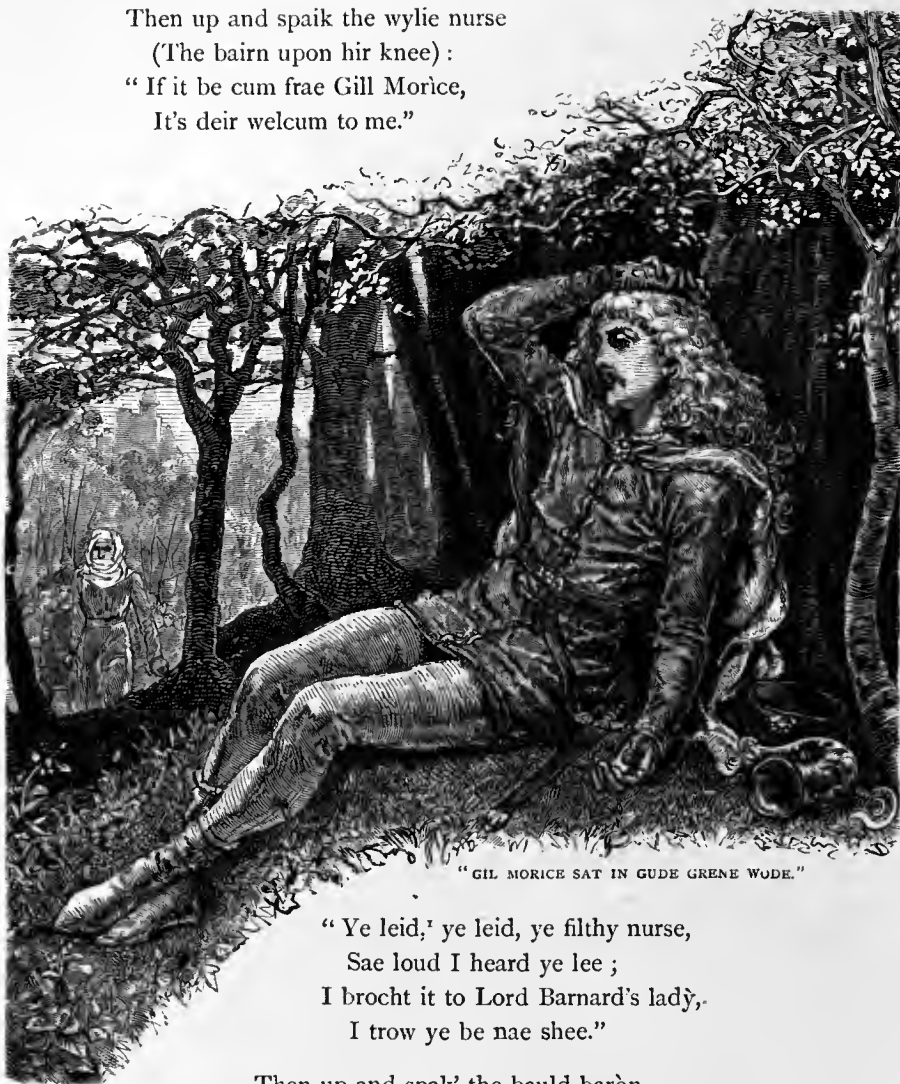
"I brocht it to Lord Barnard's lady,
I trow that ye be she."



"THEN UP AND SPAK' THE BAULD BARON,
AN ANGRY MAN WAS HEE."

Illustrated British Ballads.

Then up and spaik the wylie nurse
(The bairn upon hir knee):
“If it be cum frae Gill Morice,
It's deir welcum to me.”



“GIL MORICE SAT IN GUDE GRENE WODE.”

“Ye leid,¹ ye leid, ye filthy nurse,
Sae loud I heard ye lee;
I brocht it to Lord Barnard's lady,
I trow ye be nae shee.”

Then up and spak' the bauld baròn,
An angry man was hee;
He's tain the table wi' his foot,
Sae has he wi' his knee,
Till siller cup and ezer² dish
In flinders he gar'd³ flee.

“Gae bring a robe of your cleiding,⁴
That hings upon the pin;

¹ Lied.

² Mazer.

³ Made.

⁴ Clothing.

Gil Morrice.

And I'll gae to the gude grene wode,
And speik wi' your lemmàn."

"O bide at hame, now, Lord Barnàrd,
I warde ye bide at hame ;
Neir wyte ' a man for violence,
That neir wate ye wi' nane."

Gil Morice sate in gude grene wode,
He whistled and he sang :
"O what mean a' the folk coming ?
My mother tarries lang."

The baron came to the grene wode,
Wi' mickle dule and care ;
And there he first spied Gill Morice
Kameing his yellow hair.



"OFT HAVE I BY THY CRADLE SITTEN,
AND FONDLY SEEN THEE SLEIP."

• Punish.

Illustrated British Ballads.

"Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gill Morice,
My lady lo'ed thee weel ;
The fairest part of my bodie
Is blacker than thy heel.

"Yet neir the less now, Gill Morice,
For a' thy great beautie,
Ye's rew the day ye eir was born ;
That head sall gae wi' me."

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And slait¹ it on the strae ;²
And thro' Gill Morice' fair body
He's gar cauld iron gae.

And he has ta'en Gill Morice' head,
And set it on a speir ;
The meanest man in a' his train
Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has tain Gill Morice up,
Laid him across his steid,
And brocht him to his painted bowr,
And laid him on a bed.

The lady sat on castil wa',
Beheld baith dale and down ;
And there she saw Gill Morice' head
Cum trailing to the toun.

"Far better I lo'e that bluidy head,
Bot and that yellow hair,
Than Lord Barnard and a' his lands,
As they lig³ here and thair."

And she has tain her Gill Morice,
And kiss'd baith mouth and chin :
"I was once as fow of Gill Morice,
As the hip⁴ is o' the stean.⁵

"I got ye in my father's house,
Wi' mickle sin and shame ;
I brocht thee up in gude grene wode,
Under the heavy rain.

"Oft have I by thy cradle sitten,
And fondly seen thee sleip ;
Bot now I gae about thy grave,
The saut tears for to weip."

And syne she kiss'd his bluidy cheik,
And syne his bluidy chin :
"O better I lo'e my Gill Morice
Than a' my kith and kin !"

"Away, away, ye il womàn,
And an ill deith mait ye dee :
Gin I had ken'd he'd bin your son,
He'd neir bin slain for mee."

¹ Whetted.

² Straw.

³ Lie.

⁴ Berry.

⁵ Stone.



Glenfinlas.

GLENFINLAS.

SCOTT first published this well-known ballad in M. G. Lewis's "Tales of Wonder." The tradition upon which it is founded is as follows:—Two Highland hunters were passing the night in a solitary bothy, or hut, when one of them wished for companions of the fair sex to complete the party. At that very moment two beautiful young women, attired in green, entered the hut. One of the hunters was persuaded by one of the fair visitors to leave the hut; the other hunter, somewhat suspicious, continued to invoke the Virgin Mary by means of a Jew's harp. When the temptress left him in the morning he went in search of his companion, but found only his bones. He had been torn in pieces by the fiend into whose clutches he had fallen. The place was afterwards known as the Glen of the Green Women. Glenfinlas is a tract of forest ground in the Highlands of Perthshire, near Callander. It belongs to the Earl of Moray. The scenery in the vicinity is amongst the finest in Scotland. The full title of the ballad is "Glenfinlas; or, Lord Ronald's Coronach"—*coronach* being the lamentation for a deceased warrior.



HONE a rie' ! O hone a rie' !¹

The pride of Albin's line is o'er ;
And fall'n Glenartney's stateliest tree—
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more !

O sprung from great Macgillianore,
The chief that never feared a foe,
How matchless was thy broad claymore,
How deadly thine unerring bow !

Well can the Saxon² widows tell
How, on the Teith's resounding shore,
The boldest Lowland warriors fell,
As down from Leny's pass you bore.

But o'er his hills, in festal day,
How blazed Lord Ronald's beltane-tree,
While youths and maids the light strathspey
So nimbly danced with Highland glee !

Cheered by the strength of Ronald's shell,
E'en age forgot his tresses hoar ;
But now the loud lament we swell,
O ne'er to see Lord Ronald more !

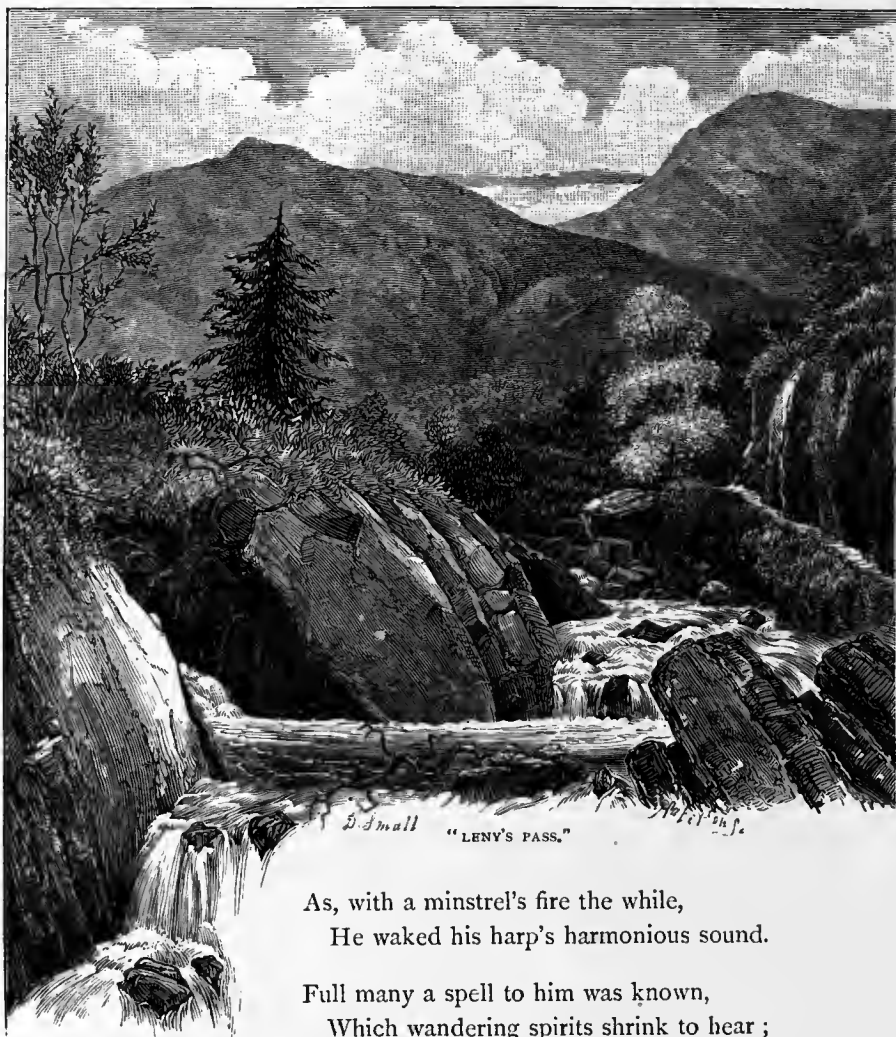
From distant isles a chieftain came,
The joys of Ronald's halls to find,
And chase with him the dark-brown game
That bounds o'er Albin's hills of wind.

'Twas Moy, whom in Columba's isle
The seer's prophetic spirit found,

¹ Alas for the prince or chief !

² A term applied by Highlanders to Lowlanders.

Illustrated British Ballads.



J. Hall "LENY'S PASS."
H. J. Hall

As, with a minstrel's fire the while,
He waked his harp's harmonious sound.

Full many a spell to him was known,
Which wandering spirits shrink to hear ;
And many a lay of potent tone,
Was never meant for mortal ear.

For there, 'tis said, in mystic mood,
High converse with the dead they hold,
And oft espy the fated shroud
That shall the future corpse enfold.

O so it fell, that on a day,
To rouse the red deer from their den,
The chiefs have ta'en their distant way,
And scoured the deep Glenfinlas glen.

Glenfinlas.

No vassals wait their sports to aid,
To watch their safety, deck their board ;
Their simple dress, the Highland plaid ;
Their trusty guard, the Highland sword.

Three summer days, through brake and dell,
Their whistling shafts successful flew ;
And still, when dewy evening fell,
Their quarry to their hut they drew.

In grey Glenfinlas' deepest nook
The solitary cabin stood,
Fast by Moneira's sullen brook,
Which murmurs through that lonely wood.

Soft fell the night, the sky was calm,
When three successive days had flown ;
And summer mist in dewy balm
Steeped heathy bank, and mossy stone.

The moon, half hid in silver flakes,
Afar her dubious radiance shed,
Quivering on Katrine's distant lakes,
And resting on Benledi's head.



"THREE SUMMER DAYS, THROUGH BRAKE AND DELL,
THEIR WHISTLING SHAFTS SUCCESSFUL FLEW."

Illustrated British Ballads.

Now in their hut, in social guise,
Their sylvan fare the chiefs enjoy ;
And pleasure laughs in Ronald's eyes,
As many a pledge he quaffs to Moy.

"What lack we here to crown our bliss,
While thus the pulse of joy beats high ?
What but fair woman's yielding kiss,
Her panting breath and melting eye ?

"To chase the deer of yonder shades,
This morning left their father's pile,
The fairest of our mountain maids,
The daughters of the proud Glengyle.

"Long have I 'sought sweet Mary's heart,
And dropped the tear and heaved the sigh :
But vain the lover's wily art,
Beneath a sister's watchful eye.

"But thou may'st teach that guardian fair,
While far with Mary I am flown,
Of other hearts to cease her care,
And find it hard to guard her own.

"Touch but thy harp, thou soon shalt see
The lovely Flora of Glengyle,
Unmindful of her charge and me,
Hang on thy notes, 'twixt tear and smile.

"Or, if she choose a melting tale,
All underneath the greenwood bough,
Will good St. Oran's rule prevail,
Stern huntsman of the rigid brow ?"

"Since Enrick's fight, since Morna's death,
No more on me shall rapture rise,
Responsive to the panting breath,
Or yielding kiss, or melting eyes.

"E'en then, when o'er the heath of woe,
Where sank my hopes of love and fame,
I bade my harp's wild wailings flow,
On me the seer's sad spirit came.

Glenfinlas.

“The last dread curse of angry heaven,
With ghastly sights and sounds of woe,
To dash each glimpse of joy was given—
The gift, the future ill to know.

“The bark thou saw’st, yon summer morn,
So gaily part from Oban’s bay,
My eye beheld her dashed and torn,
Far on the rocky Colonsay.

“Thy Fergus, too, thy sister’s son—
Thou saw’st with pride the gallant’s power,
As marching ’gainst the Lord of Downe,
He left the skirts of huge Benmore.

“Thou only saw’st their tartans wave,
As down Benvoirlich’s side they wound,
Heardst but the pibroch, answering brave
To many a target clanking round.

“I heard the groans, I marked the tears,
I saw the wound his bosom bore,
When on the serried Saxon spears
He poured his clan’s resistless roar.

“And thou, who bidst me think of bliss,
And bidst my heart awake to glee,
And court, like thee, the wanton kiss—
That heart, O Ronald, bleeds for thee !

“I see the death-damps chill thy brow ;
I hear thy Warning Spirit cry ;
The corpse-lights dance ; they’re gone, and now . . .
No more is given to gifted eye !”

“Alone enjoy thy dreary dreams,
Sad prophet of the evil hour !
Say, should we scorn joy’s transient beams,
Because to-morrow’s storm may lour ?

“Or false, or sooth, thy words of woe
Clangillian’s chieftain ne’er shall fear ;
His blood shall bound at rapture’s glow,
Though doomed to stain the Saxon spear.

Illustrated British Ballads.



"AND BY THE WATCH-FIRE'S GLIMMERING LIGHT, CLOSE BY THE MINSTREL'S SIDE WAS SEEN
AN HUNTRESS MAID, IN BEAUTY BRIGHT, ALL DROPPING WET HER ROBES OF GREEN."

"E'en now, to meet me in yon dell,
My Mary's buskins brush the dew."
He spoke, nor bade the chief farewell,
But called his dogs, and gay withdrew.

Within an hour returned each hound ;
In rushed the rousers of the deer ;
They howled in melancholy sound,
Then closely couched beside the seer.

No Ronald yet, though midnight came,
And sad were Moy's prophetic dreams,
As, bending o'er the dying flame,
He fed the watch-fire's quivering gleams.

Sudden the hounds erect their ears,
And sudden cease their moaning howl ;
Close pressed to Moy, they mark their fears
By shivering limbs and stifled growl.

Glenfinlas.

Untouched, the harp began to ring,
As softly, slowly oped the door ;
And shook responsive every string,
As light a footstep pressed the floor.

And by the watch-fire's glimmering light,
Close by the minstrel's side was seen
An huntress maid, in beauty bright,
All dropping wet her robes of green.

All dropping wet her garments seem ;
Chilled was her cheek, her bosom bare,
As, bending o'er the dying gleam,
She wrung the moisture from her hair.

With maiden blush, she softly said,
" O gentle huntsman, hast thou seen,
In deep Glenfinlas' moonlight glade,
A lovely maid in vest of green ;



" LOCH KATRINE."

Illustrated British Ballads.

“With her a chief in Highland pride ;
His shoulders bear the hunter’s bow,
The mountain dirk adorns his side,
Far on the wind his tartans flow ?”

“And who art thou ? and who are they ?”
All ghastly gazing, Moy replied ;
“And why, beneath the moon’s pale ray,
Dare ye thus roam Glenfinlas’ side ?”

“Where wild Loch Katrine pours her tide,
Blue, dark, and deep, round many an isle,
Our father’s towers o’erhang her side,
The castle of the bold Glengyle.

“To chase the dun Glenfinlas’ deer,
Our woodland course this morn we bore,
And haply met, while wandering here,
The son of great Macgillianore.

“O aid me, then, to seek the pair,
Whom, loitering in the woods, I lost ;
Alone I dare not venture there,
Where walks, they say, the shrieking ghost.”

“Yes, many a shrieking ghost walks there ;
Then, first, my own sad vow to keep,
Here will I pour my midnight prayer,
Which still must rise when mortals sleep.”

“O first, for pity’s gentle sake,
Guide a lone wanderer on her way !
For I must cross the haunted brake,
And reach my father’s towers ere day.”

“First, three times tell each Ave-bead,
And thrice a Paternoster say ;
Then kiss with me the holy rede ;
Then safely shall we wend our way.”

“O shame to knighthood strange and foul !
Go, doff the bonnet from thy brow,
And shroud thee in the monkish cowl,
Which best befits thy sullen vow.

Glenfinlas.

“Not so, by high Dunlathmor’s fire,
Thy heart was froze to love and joy,
When gaily rung thy raptured lyre
To wanton Morna’s melting eye.”

Wild stared the minstrel’s eyes of flame,
And high his sable locks arose,
And quick his colour went and came,
As fear and rage alternate rose.

“And thou ! when by the blazing oak
I lay, to her and love resigned,
Say, rode ye on the eddying smoke,
Or sailed ye on the midnight wind ?

“Not thine a race of mortal blood,
Nor old Glengyle’s pretended line ;
Thy dame, the Lady of the Flood—
Thy sire, the Monarch of the Mine.”

He muttered thrice St. Oran’s rhyme,
And thrice St. Fillan’s powerful prayer ;
Then turned him to the eastern clime,
And sternly shook his coal-black hair.

And, bending o’er his harp, he flung
His wildest witch-notes on the wind ;
And loud, and high, and strange they rung,
As many a magic change they find.

Tall waxed the Spirit’s altering form,
Till to the roof her stature grew ;
Then mingling with the rising storm,
With one wild yell away she flew.

Rain beats, hail rattles, whirlwinds tear ;
The slender hut in fragments flew ;
But not a lock of Moy’s loose hair
Was waved by wind, or wet by dew.

Wild mingling with the howling gale,
Loud bursts of ghastly laughter rise ;
High o’er the minstrel’s head they sail,
And die amid the northern skies.

Illustrated British Ballads.

The voice of thunder shook the wood,
As ceased the more than mortal yell ;
And, spattering foul, a shower of blood
Upon the hissing fire-brands fell.

Next dropped from high a mangled arm ;
The fingers strained a half-drawn blade ;
And last, the life-blood streaming warm,
Torn from the trunk, a gasping head.

Oft o'er that head, in battling field,
Streamed the proud crest of high Benmore ;
That arm the broad claymore could wield,
Which dyed the Teith with Saxon gore.

Woe to Moneira's sullen rills !
Woe to Glenfinlas' dreary glen !
There never son of Albin's hills
Shall draw the hunter's shaft again !

E'en the tired pilgrim's burning feet
At noon shall shun that sheltering den ;
Lest, journeying in their rage, he meet
The wayward Ladies of the Glen.

And we—behind the chieftain's shield
No more shall we in safety dwell ;
None leads the people to the field—
And we the loud lament must swell.

O hone a rie' ! O hone a rie' !
The pride of Albin's line is o'er !
And fall'n Glenartney's stateliest tree ;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more !



Glenlogie.

GLENLOGIE.

THIS spirited ballad was first published in Smith's "Scottish Minstrel," in which, says Motherwell, "great liberties are taken with the songs." Buchan, and Sharpe (in his "Ballad Book") also give versions of the lyric.



THREE score o' nobles rade up the king's ha',
But bonnie Glenlogie's the flower o' them a';
Wi' his milk-white steed and his bonnie black e'e—
"Glenlogie, dear mither, Glenlogie for me!"

"O hand your tongue, dochter, ye'll get better than he."

"O say nae sae, mither, for that canna be;
Though Drumlie is richer and greater than he,
Yet if a maun tak him, I'll certainly dee.

"Where will I get a bonnie boy, to win hose and shoon,
Will gae to Glenlogie, and cum again shun?"

"O here am I, a bonnie boy, to win hose and shoon,
Will gae to Glenlogie, and cum again shun."

When he gaed to Glenlogie, 'twas "wash and go dine;"

'Twas "wash ye, my pretty boy, wash and go dine;"

"O 'twas ne'er my father's fashion, and it ne'er shall be mine,
To gar a lady's hasty errand wait till I dine.

"But there is, Glenlogie, a letter for thee."

The first line that he read, a low smile ga'e he;
The next line that he read, the tear blindit his e'e;
But the last line that he read, he gart^r the table flee.

"Gar saddle the black horse, gar saddle the brown;
Gar saddle the swiftest steed e'er rade frae a town;"
But long ere the horse was drawn and brought to the green,
O bonnie Glenlogie was twa mile his lane.

When he cam to Glenfeldy's door little mirth was there;

Bonnie Jean's mother was tearing her hair;

"Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, ye're welcome," said she,

"Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, your Jeanie to see."

Pale and wan was she when Glenlogie gaed ben,

But red and rosy grew she whene'er he sat down;

She turn'd awa' her head, but the smile was in her e'e—

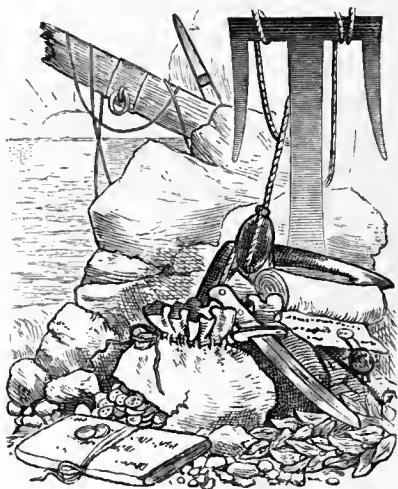
"O binna feared, mither, I'll maybe no dee."

^r Made.

Illustrated British Ballads.

"THE GOULDEN VANITÈE."

THE following very curious and quaint ballad is extracted from Mrs. Gordon's life of her father, Professor Wilson ("Christopher North"). It may be doubted whether it is the very ancient ballad that it is sometimes said to be, and were the genial Professor now living he could probably enlighten us upon the subject. The following account of the ballad was furnished to Mrs. Gordon (amongst other literary reminiscences) by a personal friend of Professor Wilson:—"I met Wilson in Hanover Street. He accosted me. I remarked that never till that night at Robertson's had I ever really met 'the Professor.' He said it was a pleasant evening, and that 'Peter' was very good. 'But, sir,' said he, 'a very curious circumstance happened to myself: I awoke next morning singing, ay, and a very accurate version too, the words and music of that quaint ballad of yours, "The Goulden Vanitèe;" curious thing, sir, wasn't it?' and with a sly look of humour he turned and walked away." Mrs. Gordon adds—"This quaint ballad, the author of which is unknown, is worth giving in a note, but without the magic of the singer's voice it reads but tamely. I am indebted for the words and the music to my friend, Mr. P. S. Fraser."



HERE was a gallant ship,
And a gallant ship was she,
Eek iddle dee, and the Lowlands low;
And she was called "The Goulden Vanitèe,"
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

She had not sailed a league,
A league but only three,
Eek, etc.;
When she came up with a French gallèe,
As she sailed, etc.

Out spoke the little cabin-boy,
Out spoke he,
Eek, etc.;

"What will you give me if I sink that French gallèe,
As ye sail," etc.

Out spoke the captain,
Out spoke he,
Eek, etc.;

"We'll gi'e ye an estate in the North Countrèe,
As we sail," etc.

"Then row me up ticht
In a black bull's skin,"
Eek, etc.;

"And throw me o'er deck-buird, sink I or swim
As ye sail," etc.

"The Goulden Vanitèe."



"OH ! SOME WERE PLAYING CARDS,
AND SOME WERE PLAYING DICE."

So they've rowed him up ticht
In a black bull's skin,
Eek, etc. ;
And have thrown him o'er deck-buird, sink he or soom,
As they sail, etc.
About and about,
And about went he,
Eek, etc. ;
Until he came up with the French gallèe,
As they sailed, etc.
Oh ! some were playing cards,
And some were playing dice,
Eek, etc. ;

Illustrated British Ballads.

When he took out an INSTRUMENT, bored thirty holes at twice!
As they sailed, etc.

Then some they ran with cloaks,
And some they ran with caps,
Eek, etc. ;
To try if they could stap the saut-water draps,
As they sailed, etc.

About and about,
And about went he,
Eek, etc. ;
Until he cam back to "The Goulden Vanitèe,"
As they sailed, etc.

"Now throw me o'er a rope,
And pu' me up on buird,"
Eek, etc. ;
"And prove unto me as guid as your word,
As ye sail," etc.

"We'll no' throw ye o'er a rope,
Nor pu' you up on buird,"
Eek, etc. ;
"Nor prove unto you as guid as our word,
As we sail," etc.

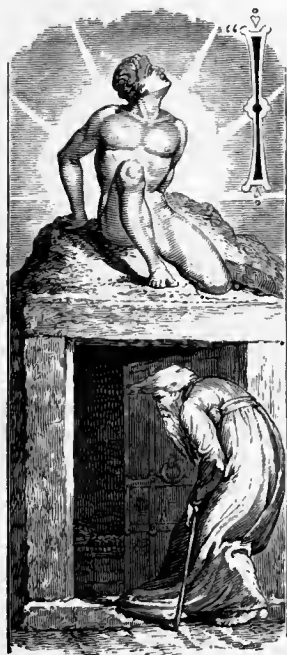
Out spoke the little cabin-boy,
Out spoke he,
Eek, etc. ;
"Then, hang me, I'll sink ye as I sunk the French gallèe,
As you sail," etc.

But they've thrown him o'er a rope,
And have pu'd him up on buird,
Eek, etc. ;
And have proved unto him far better than their word,
As they sailed, etc.

The Grey Monk.

THE GREY MONK.

THAT remarkable man of genius, William Blake, author of the following ballad, was born in London on the 28th of November, 1757. Artist and poet, he acquired celebrity both for his singularly powerful designs and works of art, and his lyrical poems and songs. In his poetry, as in his art, the weird and the supernatural predominate. His songs of "Innocence" and "Experience" are the best known of his poetical efforts, but he wrote many strange and powerful ballads, amongst which may be enumerated "Fair Eleanor," "Gwin, King of Norway," and "The Grey Monk." Blake died on the 12th of August, 1827. His alleged madness has been the cause of considerable discussion. Mr. Gilchrist, Mr. Rossetti, and Mr. Swinburne have written valuable and interesting works upon this extraordinary man.



DEATH AND IMMORTALITY.
(After William Blake.)

DIE, I die," the mother said,
"My children die for lack of bread !
What more has the merciless tyrant said ?"
The monk sat him down on her stony bed.

The blood ran red from the Grey Monk's side,
His hands and feet were wounded wide,
His body bent, his arms and knees
Like to the roots of ancient trees.

His eye was dry, no tear could flow,
A hollow groan bespoke his woe ;
He trembled and shuddered upon the bed ;
At length with a feeble cry he said :—

"When God commanded this hand to write
In the shadowy hours of the deep midnight,
He told me that all I wrote should prove
The bane of all that on earth I love.

"My brother starved between two walls,
His children's cry my soul appalls ;
I mocked at the rack and the grinding chain—
My bent body mocks at their torturing pain.

"Thy father drew his sword in the North,
With his thousands strong he is marched forth ;
Thy brother hath armed himself in steel,
To revenge the wrongs thy children feel.

"But vain the sword, and vain the bow—
They never can work war's overthrow ;
The hermit's prayer and the widow's tear
Alone can free the world from fear.

Illustrated British Ballads.

"For a tear is an intellectual thing,
And a sigh is the sword of an angel king;
And the bitter groan of a martyr's woe
Is an arrow from the Almighty's bow."

The hand of vengeance found the bed
To which the purple tyrant fled;
The iron hand crushed the tyrant's head,
And became a tyrant in his stead.

HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL.

A **TRADITIONARY** event, whose locality is fixed in the parish of Kirkpatrick-Fleming, Dumfriesshire, is said to have given rise to this beautiful and pathetic ballad. According to the story related by Sir Walter Scott, its heroine was Helen Irving or Bell, daughter of the Laird of Kirkconnell, celebrated for her beauty, and beloved by two suitors. The favoured one was Adam Fleming, of Kirkpatrick; the name of the other is not recorded, though his cause was espoused by the lady's friends. Helen was compelled to meet Fleming in secret, and by night, in the churchyard of Kirkconnell, a romantic spot. On one occasion the jealous lover appeared on the opposite bank of the river Kirtle, and suddenly levelled his carabine at the breast of his rival. Helen threw herself before her lover, received the bullet intended for him, and died in his arms. A mortal combat ensued between Fleming and the murderer, when the latter was cut to pieces. There are few ballads presenting such natural and simple pathos as we find here.



I WISH I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnell lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

O think ye na my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spake nae mair?
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirkconnell lee!

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,

Helen of Kirkconnell.



"AND CURST THE HAND THAT FIRED THE SHOT,
WHEN IN MY ARMS BURD HELEN DROPT."

None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirkconnell lee—

I lighted down, my sword did draw,
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare !
I'll weave a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I dee !

O that I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries ;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, " Haste, and come to me ! "

O Helen fair ! O Helen chaste !
Were I with thee I would be blest,

Illustrated British Ballads.

Where thou lies low and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirkconnell lee.

I wish my grave were growing green ;
A winding-sheet drawn o'er my e'en,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirkconnell lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries,
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me !

THE HERMIT.

THOMAS PARNELL, the writer of this well-known ballad, was born in Dublin in the year 1679. He became Vicar of Finglas, and Archdeacon of Clogher. He died at Chester in 1718. This poem alone would entitle its author to an honourable place in English literature, and by it, indeed, he is now chiefly remembered.



AR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew ;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well ;
Remote from man, with God he passed the
days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

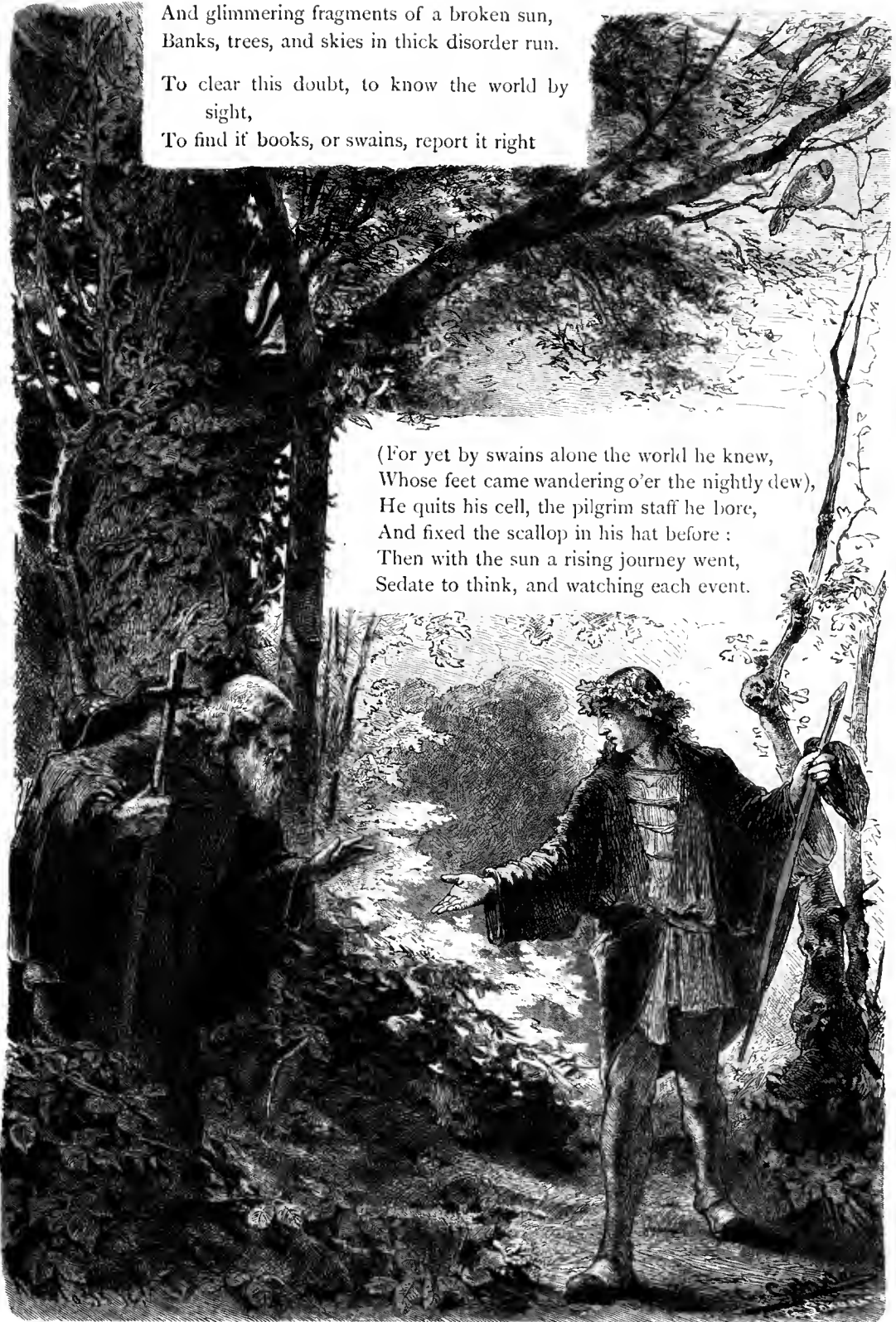
A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion rose ;
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway :
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.

So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow ;
But if a stone the gentle scene divide,
Swift rippling circles curl on every side,

And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by
sight,
To find it books, or swains, report it right

(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew),
He quits his cell, the pilgrim staff he bore,
And fixed the scallop in his hat before :
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.



" THEN NEAR APPROACHING, ' FATHER, HAIL ! ' HE CRIED ;
' AND HAIL, MY SON ! ' THE REVEREND SIRE REPLIED."

Illustrated British Ballads.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;
But when the southern sun had warmed the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair.
Then near approaching, " Father, hail !" he cried ;
" And hail, my son !" the reverend sire replied.
Words followed words, from question answer flowed,
And talk of various kinds deceived the road ;
Till each with other pleased, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun, the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey ;
Nature in silence bade the world repose :
When near the road a stately palace rose :
There by the moon through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides of grass ;
It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home ;
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive : the liveried servants wait ;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silks, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play ;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call ;
An early banquet decked the splendid hall ;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.
Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go.
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe ;

The Hermit.

His cup was vanished, for in secret guise
The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disordered stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear :
So seemed the sire when, far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner showed.
He stopped in silence, walked with trembling heart,
And much he wished, but durst not ask to part :
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it's hard
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;
A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warned by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimproved around ;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;
The nimble lightning mixed with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and battered by the rain.
At length some pity warmed the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first received a guest),
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair.
One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls ;
Bread of the coarsest sort, with cager wine
(Each hardly granted), served them both to dine ;
And when the tempest first appeared to cease
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark, the pondering hermit viewed

Illustrated British Ballads.

In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;
And why should such (within himself he cried)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place
In every settling feature of his face,



"SLOW CREAKING TURNS THE DOOR WITH JEALOUS CARE,
AND HALF HE WELCOMES IN THE SHIVERING PAIR."

When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup the generous landlord owned before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul !

The Hermit.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The sun emerging opes an azure sky ;
A fresher green the swelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day ;
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.



"WHEN THE GRAVE HOUSEHOLD ROUNDED HIS HALL REPAIR,
WARNED BY A BELL, AND CLOSED THE HOURS WITH PRAYER."

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the marvel of uncertain thought ;
His partner's acts without their cause appear—
'Twas there a vice, and seemed a madness here ;

Illustrated British Ballads.

Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky ;
Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low nor idly great :
It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue, kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet :
Their greeting fair bestowed, with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies :
"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To Him who gives us all I yield a part ;
From Him you come, for Him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talked of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warned by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world renewed by calm repose
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose :
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the closed cradle where an infant slept,
And writhed his neck : the landlord's little pride,
O strange return ! grew black, and gasped, and died.
Horror of horrors ! What, his only son !
How looked our hermit when the fact was done ?
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay
Perplex with roads, a servant showed the way ;
A river crossed the path ; the passage o'er
Was nice to find ; the servant trod before ;
Long arms of oaks an oaken bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.

The Hermit.

The youth, who seemed to watch a time to sin,
Approached the careless guide, and thrust him in.
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
"Detested wretch!"—but scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seemed no longer man :
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;
His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet ;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air ;
And wings, whose colours glittered on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do ;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravished as he spoke) :
"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne ;
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind ;
For this, commissioned, I forsook the sky—
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

"Then know the truth of government Divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

"The Maker justly claims that world He made,
In this the right of Providence is laid ;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work His ends :
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The power exerts His attributes on high ;
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

Illustrated British Ballads.

“What strange events can strike with more surprise
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes ?
Yet taught by these, confess th’ Almighty just,
And where you can’t unriddle, learn to trust !

“The great, vain man, who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

“The mean, suspicious wretch whose bolted door
Ne’er moved in duty to the wandering poor,
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.

“Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

“Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-weaned his heart from God :
(Child of his age) for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had this dotage run ?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seemed to go
(And ’twas my ministry to deal the blow).
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

“But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back !
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail !

“Thus Heaven instructs thy mind : this trial o’er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.”

The Hermit; or, Edwin and Angelina.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew ;
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus looked Elisha when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky ;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view ;
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
"Lord, as in heaven, on earth Thy will be done !"
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And passed a life of piety and peace.

THE HERMIT; OR, EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, to whom we owe this delightful ballad, was born at Pallas, in the county of Longford, in the year 1728. In 1745 he became a sizar at Trinity College, Dublin. After very singular experiences he took his B.A. in 1749. In 1752 he proceeded to Edinburgh to study medicine. Two years afterwards he went to Leyden, which he left, as he himself says, "with a guinea in his pocket, but one shirt to his back, and a flute in his hand," to make the grand tour of Europe. He travelled through Flanders, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, his flute finding him a supper and a bed. In Italy he disputed in the Universities, thereby gaining a little money. His degree of M.B. was received while he was abroad. In 1757 we find him in London, suffering many hardships. Failing to pass an examination as a surgeon's mate in the navy, he turned to literature, and speedily became acquainted with Smollett and Dr. Percy. In May, 1761, began the friendship between Goldsmith and Johnson, at the former's lodging in Wine Office Court. The story of Johnson being sent for to Islington on one occasion by Goldsmith, when in deep distress, is well known. The great lexicographer, having been shown the manuscript of "The Vicar of Wakefield," took it away and sold it to a bookseller for sixty pounds, which sum relieved the wants of Goldsmith for a time. "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village" have passed into classical poems; and to this day Goldsmith's comedies, "The Good-Natured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer," are popular, while they are universally admired for their humour. For the former the author received nearly £500, which he spent as readily as he made it. There is no need to go through the list of his essays and other prose works, which followed each other in quick succession. The strange career of Goldsmith—so flecked with sunshine and with cloud—terminated on the 4th of April, 1774, when he was only forty-six years of age. The following ballad was said by some to have been suggested by Dr. Percy's, "The Friar of Orders Gray," but Percy himself admitted that Goldsmith's ballad was written before his own; and that if there was any indebtedness at all, both he and Goldsmith owed something to the still older ballad of the "Gentle Herdsman."

TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

Illustrated British Ballads.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow ;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem length'ning as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still ;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows ;
My resting couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn ;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them :

"But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring ;
A srip with herbs and fruit supplied,
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
All earth-born cares are wrong ;
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell ;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay ;
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And strangers led astray.

The Hermit ; or, Edwin and Angelina.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care ;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The Hermit trimmed his little fire,
And cheered his pensive guest :

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily pressed and smiled ;
And, skilled in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguiled.

Around in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling fagot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spied,
With answering care opprest :
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrows of thy breast ?

"From better habitations spurned,
Reluctant dost thou rove ?
Or grieve for friendship unreturned,
Or unregarded love ?

"Alas ! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay ;
And those who prize the paltry things
More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep ;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep ?

Illustrated British Ballads.

"And love is still an empty sound,
The modern fair one's jest ;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's-nest.

"For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said ;
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betrayed.

Surprised he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view ;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms ;
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.



"THE HERMIT TRIMMED HIS LITTLE FIRE,
AND CHEERED HIS PENSIVE GUEST."

The Hermit; or, Edwin and Angelina.



“AND WHEN, BESIDE ME IN THE DALE,
HE CAROLLED LAYS OF LOVE.”

“And, ah! forgive a stranger rude
A wretch forlorn,” she cried,
“Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
Where Heaven and you reside.

“But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

“My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was marked as mine,
He had but only me.

Illustrated British Ballads.

“To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumbered suitors came ;
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feigned, a flame.

“Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove ;
Amongst the rest young Edwin bowed,
But never talked of love.

“In humblest, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he ;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

“And when, beside me in the dale,
He carolled lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove.

“The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heav’n refined,
Could naught of purity display
To emulate his mind.

“The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine ;
Their charms were his, but, woe to me !
Their constancy was mine.

“For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain ;
And while his passion touched my heart,
I triumphed in his pain.

“Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride ;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

“But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay ;
I’ll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571.

"And there, forlorn, despairing hid,
I'll lay me down and die ;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, Heaven !" the Hermit cried,
And clasped her to his breast ;
The wondering fair one turned to chide—
'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

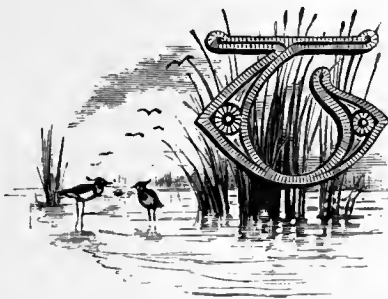
"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign ;
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine ?

"No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true ;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE, 1571.

JEAN INGELow, author of several volumes of poems, and novels, was born in the year 1830. She did not publish very early in life, but her first collection of poetry immediately gained the public ear. Her lyrics have the sweet freshness of nature, and the language in which they are expressed is at once simple and terse. None of her poems is more deserving of admiration than the following fine ballad.



HE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three ;
"Pull, if ye never pulled before ;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells !
Ply all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe, 'The Brides of Enderby !'"

Illustrated British Ballads.



"WHERE LINDIS WANDERETH."

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
 The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
 But in myne ears doth still abide
 The message that the bells let fall :
 And there was naught of strange, beside
 The flights of mews and peewits pied,
 By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
 My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes !
 The level sun, like ruddy ore,
 Lay sinking in the barren skies ;
 And dark against day's golden death
 She moved where Lindis wandereth.—
 My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !" calling,
 Ere the early dews were falling,
 Farre away I heard her song.
 "Cusha ! Cusha !" all along,
 Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
 Floweth, floweth,

The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571.

From the meads where melick groweth,
Faintly came her milking-song.

"Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !" calling,
"For the dews will soon be falling ;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow ;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow ;
Come uppe, Whitefoot ; come uppe, Lightfoot ;
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow ;
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head ;
Come uppe, Whitefoot ; come uppe, Lightfoot ;
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed."



"COME UPPE, JETTY, RISE AND FOLLOW,
JETTY, TO THE MILKING-SHED."

Illustrated British Ballads.

If it be long, aye, long ago,
When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong ;
And all the aire it seemeth mee
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greene ;
And lo ! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swannerds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife Elizabeth ;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kyndly message free,
" The Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And ail along where Lindis flows,
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, " And why should this thing be,
What danger lowers by land or sea ?
They ring the tune of Enderby !

" For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping downe ;
For shippes ashore beyond the Scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne ;
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby' ? "

I looked without, and lo ! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main,
He raised a shout as he drew on,

The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571.

Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth ! Elizabeth !"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife Elizabeth.)

"The old sea-wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing up the market-place."
He shook as one that looks in death :
"God save you, mother !" straight he saith ;
"Where is my wife Elizabeth ?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long ;
And ere yon bells beganne to play,
Afar I heard her milking-song."
He looked across the grassy sea,
To right, to left, "Ho, Enderby !"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby !"

With that he cried and beat his breast ;
For lo ! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud ;
Shaped like a curling, snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine ;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came down with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat
Before a shallow, seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at our feet :
The feet had hardly time to flee

Illustrated British Ballads.

Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

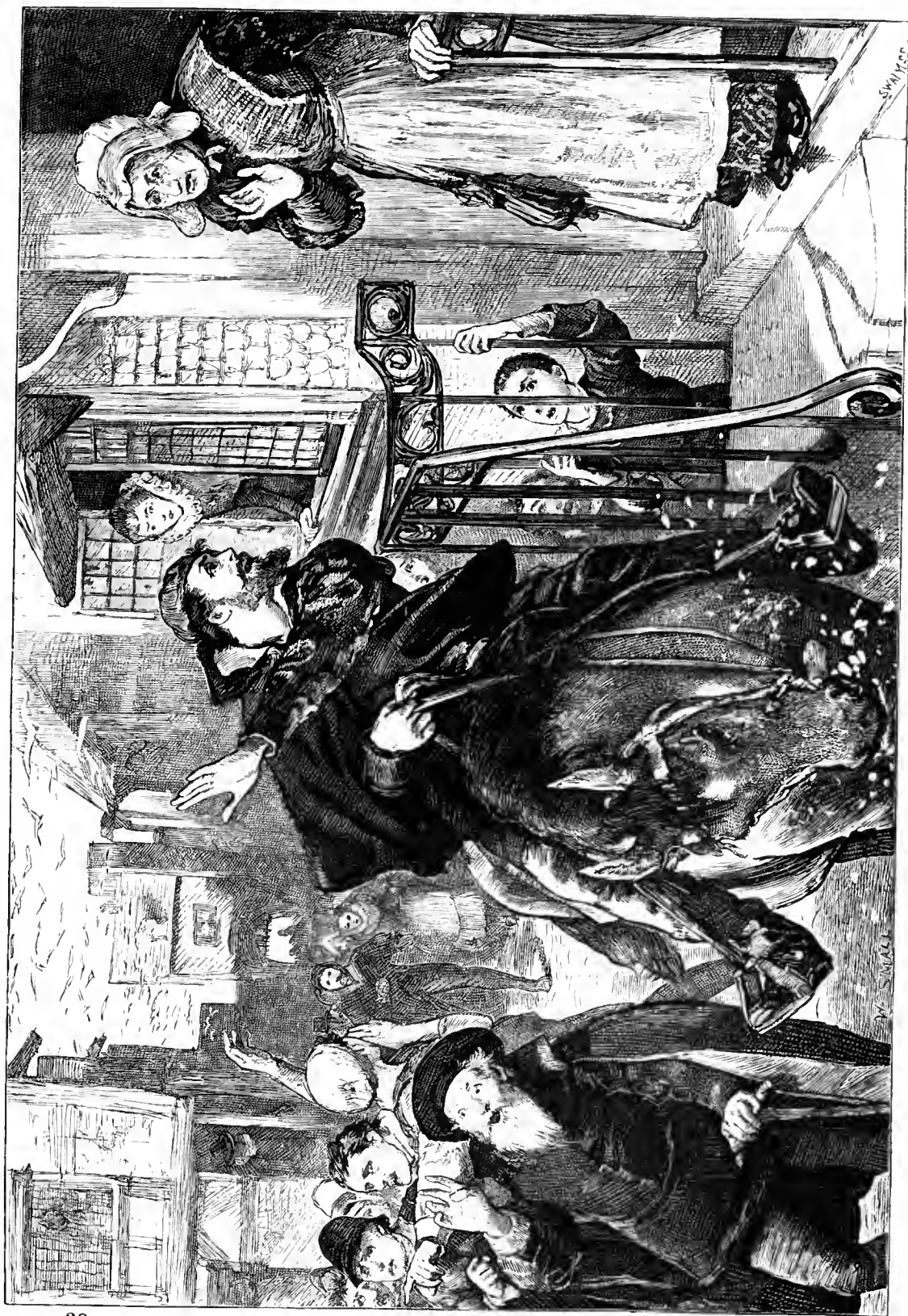
Upon the roofe we sat that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by ;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church-tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see ;
And awsome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang " Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed ;
And I—my son was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed :
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
" O come in life, or come in death !
O lost ! my love Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more ?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare !
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was cleare.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass ;
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea ;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas !
To manye more than myne and mee :
But each will mourn his own (shee sayth),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
" Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling ;
I shall never hear her song,
" Cusha ! Cusha !" all along,
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth ;



"I LOOKED WITHOUT, AND LO! MY SONNE CAME RIDING DOWNE WITH MIGHT AND MAIN,
HE RAISED A SHOUT AS HE DREW ON, TILL ALL THE WELKIN RANG AGAIN."

Illustrated British Ballads.

From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water, winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,

Shiver, quiver ;

Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing in its falling,
To the sandy, lonesome shore ;
I shall never hear her calling,

"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,

Mellow, mellow ;

Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow ;
Come uppe, Whitefoot ; come uppe, Lightfoot ;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,

Hollow, hollow :

Come uppe, Lightfoot, rise and follow :

Lightfoot, Whitefoot,

From your clovers lift the head ;

Come uppe, Jetty, follow, follow,

Jetty, to the milking-shed."



"WHERE THE REEDS AND RUSHES QUIVER."

The Horn of Egremont Castle.

THE HORN OF EGREMONT CASTLE.

THE following ballad was written by Wordsworth, and appears amongst his miscellaneous poems. The genius of Wordsworth, who is regarded by many critics as the greatest English poet since Milton, is now universally recognised, and therefore needs no enlargement upon here. William Wordsworth was born in 1770, and died in 1850, being the immediate predecessor of Lord Tennyson in the office of Poet Laureate. The story forming the groundwork of the present ballad is a Cumberland tradition. The poet states that he also heard it related of the Hall of Hutton John, an ancient residence of the Huddlestons, in a sequestered valley upon the river Dacor.



RE the brothers through the gateway
Issued forth with old and young,
To the horn Sir Eustace pointed,
Which for ages there had hung.
Horn it was which none could sound,
No one upon living ground,
Save he who came as rightful heir
To Egremont's domains and castle fair.

Heirs from times of earliest record
Had the House of Lucie borne,
Who of right had held the lordship
Claimed by proof upon the horn :
Each at the appointed hour
Tried the horn—it owned his power ;
He was acknowledged : and the blast
Which good Sir Eustace sounded was the last.

With his lance Sir Eustace pointed,
And to Hubert thus said he :
“What I speak this horn shall witness
For thy better memory.
Hear, then, and neglect me not !
At this time, and on this spot,
The words are uttered from my heart,
As my last earnest prayer ere we depart.

“On good service we are going,
Life to risk by sea and land,
In which course if Christ our Saviour
Do my sinful soul demand,

Illustrated British Ballads.



"TO THE HORN SIR EUSTACE POINTED,
WHICH FOR AGES THERE HAD HUNG."

Hither come thou back straightway,
Hubert, if alive that day ;
Return, and sound the horn, that we
May have a living house still left in thee ! "

" Fear not," quickly answered Hubert ;
" As I am thy father's son,
What thou askest, noble brother,
With God's favour, shall be done."
So were both right well content :
Forth they from the castle went,
And at the head of their array
To Palestine the brothers took their way.

The Horn of Egremont Castle.

Side by side they fought (the Lucies
Were a line for valour famed),
And where'er their strokes alighted,
There the Saracens were tamed.
Whence, then, could it come—the thought—
By what evil spirit brought?
Oh! can a brave man wish to take
His brother's life, for lands' and castle's sake?

“Sir!” the ruffians said to Hubert,
“Deep he lies in Jordan's flood.”
Stricken by this ill assurance,
Pale and trembling Hubert stood.
“Take your earnings.—Oh! that I
Could have *seen* my brother die!”
It was a pang that vexed him then,
And oft returned, again, and yet again.

Months passed on, and no Sir Eustace!
Nor of him were tidings heard;
Wherefore, bold as day, the murderer
Back again to England steered.
To his castle Hubert sped;
Nothing has he now to dread.
But silent and by stealth he came,
And at an hour which nobody could name.

None could tell if it were night-time,
Night or day, at even or morn;
No one's eye had seen him enter,
No one's ear had heard the horn.
But bold Hubert lives in glee:
Months and years went smilingly;
With plenty was his table spread,
And bright the lady is who shares his bed.

Likewise he had sons and daughters;
And, as good men do, he sate
At his board by these surrounded,
Flourishing in fair estate.

Illustrated British Ballads.

And while thus in open day
Once he sate, as old books say,
A blast was uttered from the horn,
Where by the castle-gate it hung forlorn.

'Tis the breath of good Sir Eustace !
He has come to claim his right :
Ancient castle, woods, and mountains
Hear the challenge with delight.
Hubert ! though the blast be blown,
He is helpless and alone :
Thou hast a dungeon, speak the word !
And there he may be lodged, and thou be lord !

Speak !—astounded Hubert cannot ;
And, if power to speak he had,
All are daunted, all the household
Smitten to the heart and sad.
'Tis Sir Eustace ; if it be
Living man it must be he !
Thus Hubert thought in his dismay,
And by a postern-gate he slunk away.

Long and long was he unheard of :
To his brother then he came,
Made confession, asked forgiveness,
Asked it by a brother's name,
And by all the saints in heaven ;
And of Eustace was forgiven :
Then in a convent went to hide
His melancholy head, and there he died.

But Sir Eustace, whom good angels
Had preserved from murderers' hands,
And from pagan chains had rescued,
Lived with honour on his lands.
Sons he had, saw sons of theirs :
And through ages, heirs of heirs,
A long posterity renowned
Sounded the horn which they alone could sound.

How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.

*HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT
TO AIX.*

ROBERT BROWNING was born at Camberwell in the year 1812. His first work, "Pauline," was written before the author had attained his twentieth year. This was followed in 1836 by "Paracelsus." Since that time Mr. Browning has been constantly before the public with a continuous series of works, whose bold originality and striking genius have been amply recognised. "The Ring and the Book"—generally regarded as Mr. Browning's *chef-d'œuvre*—was published in 1869. Mr. Browning's lyrical faculty, singularly vigorous and dramatic, is entirely distinct from that of any other poet. His "Cavalier Tunes," "Hervé Riel," "Ratisbon," "The Lost Leader," together with the present ballad and other lyrics, such as "Beautiful Evelyn Hope is Dead," form in themselves—without, for the moment, regarding his greater efforts—a series of poems which will justly confer immortality upon the writer. If he had never written anything else, indeed, this one ballad, "How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," would have given him an enduring place in literature. It carries with it the true heroic ring, and is, as an American critic observes, "the best of its class in the language."



SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
" Good speed !" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew ;
" Speed !" echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place ;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting ; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear ;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, " Yet there is time !"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood, black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray :

Illustrated British Ballads.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track :
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

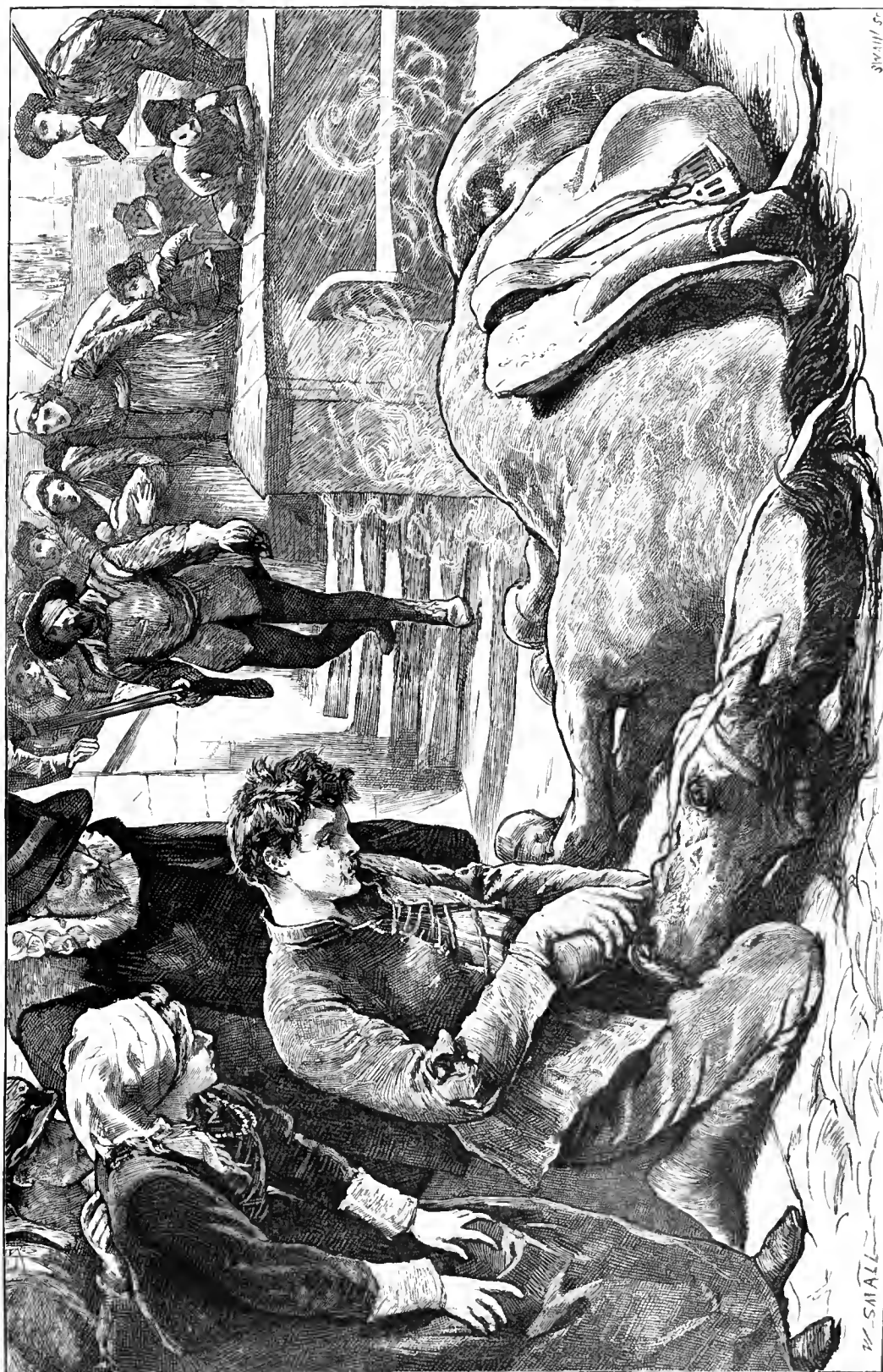
By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, "Stay spur !
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Pass Loos and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff ;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," cried Joris, "for Aix is in sight !

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone ;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer,
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix, Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.



"AND ALL I REMEMBER IS, FRIENDS FLOCKING ROUND
AS I SAT WITH HIS HEAD 'TWIN'T MY KNEES ON THE GROUND."

Illustrated British Ballads.

HUGHIE GRAHAM.

THIS ballad was forwarded by Burns (who had it from oral tradition) to the "Scots Musical Museum." It is concerned with the fate of Hughie Graham, a Border chief, who had been wronged by the Bishop of Carlisle. In order to be revenged for his wife's misconduct, Graham made a raid upon the Bishop's estate in Cumberland. Tradition fixes these occurrences about the year 1560. Graham was caught *in flagrante delicto*, and was hanged in consequence. The ballad reveals the condition of Border life three centuries ago. Besides other modern versions, there is a rendering of the ballad in the old work "Wit and Mirth."



UR lords are to the mountains gane,
A-hunting o' the fallow deer,
And they hae grippet Hughie Graham,
For stealing o' the Bishop's mare.

And they hae tied him hand and foot,
An' led him up through Carlisle town ;
The lads and lasses met him there,
Cried, "Hughie Graham, thou art a loun."

"O loose my right hand free," he says ;
"And put my braidsword in the same ;
He's no in Carlisle town this day
Daur tell the tale to Hughie Graham."

Up then bespake the brave Whitefoord,
As he sat by the Bishop's knee,
"Five hundred white stots¹ I'll gie you,
If ye'll let Hughie Graham gae free."

"O haud your tongue," the Bishop says,
"And wi' your pleading let me be ;
For tho' ten Grahams were in his coat,
Hughie Graham this day shall dee."

Up then bespake the fair Whitefoord,
As she sat by the Bishop's knee :
"Five hundred white pence I'll gie you
If ye'll gie Hughie Graham to me."

"O haud your tongue, now, lady fair,
And wi' your pleading let me be ;
Altho' ten Grahams were in his coat,
It's for my honour he maun dee."

¹ Oxen.

Hughie Graham.

They've ta'en him to the gallows knowe,¹
He lookèd to the gallows tree,
Yet never colour left his cheek,
Nor ever did he blin' his e'e.

At length he lookèd round about,
To see whatever he could spy,
And there he saw his auld fathèr,
And he was weeping bitterly.

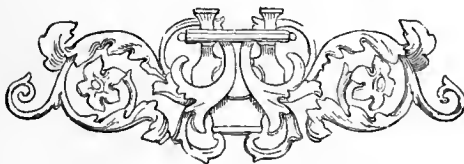
"O haud your tongue, my father dear,
And wi' your weeping let it be ;
The weeping's sairer on my heart
Than a' that they can do to me.

"And ye may gie my brother John
My sword that's bent in the middle clear,
And let him come at twelve o'clock
And see me pay the Bishop's mare.

"And ye may gie my brother James
My sword that's bent in the middle brown,
And bid him come at four o'clock
And see his brother Hugh cut down.

"And ye may tell my kith and kin
I never did disgrace their blood,
And when they meet the Bishop's cloak,
To mak' it shorter by the hood."

¹ Hill.



Illustrated British Ballads.



"AND PU'D AN APPLE, RED AND WHITE,
TO WILE THE YOUNG THING IN."

HUGH OF LINCOLN.

THIS very striking ballad is frequently published under the title of "The Jew's Daughter." As Dr. Percy pointed out, the ballad bears a great resemblance to the Prioress's tale in Chaucer ; and the poet has also utilised the story of Hugh of Lincoln, a child said to have been there murdered by the Jews in the reign of Henry III. The supposition that the ballad is founded on the alleged practice of the Jews of murdering Christian children, out of hatred to the religion of their parents, may be dismissed as an unjust aspersion upon the Hebrew race.

A' the boys of merry Lincòln
Were playing at the ba',
And wi' them was the sweet Sir Hugh,
The flower among them a'.

He kepped the ba' then wi' his foot,
And catched it wi' his knee,
And even in at the Jew's windòw
Wi' speed he gar'd it flee.

Out then cam' the Jew's daughtèr—

"Will ye come in and dine?"

"I winna come in, and I canna come in,
Till I get that ba' of mine.

"Cast out the ba' to me, fair maid,
Cast out the ba' to me!"

Hugh of Lincoln.

"Ye ne'er shall hae't, my bonnie Sir Hugh,
"Till ye come up to me."

And she has gone to her father's gardèn,
As fast as she could rin,
And pu'd an apple, red and white,
To wile the young thing in.

Then she has ta'en out a little penknife
Hung low down by her gair;
She has twined the young thing o' his life,
A word he never spak' mair.

And out and cam' the thick, thick blude,
And out and cam' the thin,



"LADY HELEN RAN TO THE DEEP DRAW-WELL,
AND KNELT UPON HER KNEE."

Illustrated British Ballads.

And out and cam' the bonnie heart's blude,
There was nae life left in.

She laid him on a dressing-board,
And dress'd him like a swine ;
Says, "Gae ye now, Sir Hugh, and play
Wi' your sweet play-feres nine."

She row'd him in a cake of lead ;
Says, "Lie ye there and sleep !"
She cast him into the deep draw-wèll,
'Twas fifty fathom deep.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And ilka lady gaed hame,
Then ilka lady had her young son,
But Lady Helen had nane.

She row'd her mantle her about,
And sair, sair 'gan she weep ;
And she ran into the Jew's castèl
When they were all asleep.

"My bonnie Sir Hugh! my pretty Sir Hugh!
I pray thee to me speak."
"O lady, gae to the deep draw-wèll
Gin ye your son would seek."

Lady Helen ran to the deep draw-wèll,
And knelt upon her knee ;
"My bonnie Sir Hugh, an' ye be here,
I pray thee speak to me !"

"The lead it is wondrous heavy, mothèr,
The well is wondrous deep ;
A keen pen-knife sticks in my heart,
A word-I downa speak.

"But lift me out o' this deep draw-wèll,
Put a Bible at my feet ;
And bury me in yon churchyard,
And I'll lie still and sleep.

Hynd Horn.

"Gae hame, gae hame, my mother dear,
Fetch me my winding-sheet ;
For never in merry Lincoln town
Again shall we twa meet."

HYND HORN.

BUCHAN, Cromek, Kinloch, Ritson, and Motherwell give different versions of this ballad. The following is that published by the last-named. The tradition is familiar to the French people. In the present ballad the hero, who has won the love of the king's daughter, is exiled for seven years. He returns in disguise after seven years and a day, and becomes her lord after all. As the second and fourth lines of every verse are the same, they are only given in the case of the first and last stanzas.



NEAR Edinburgh was a young child born,
With a hey lillie and a how lo lan ;
And his name it was called young Hynd Horn,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

Seven lang years he served the King,
And it's a' for the sake of his dochter Jean.

The King an angry man was he,
He sent young Hynd Horn to the sea.

"O I never saw my love before,
Till I saw her thro' an augre bore.

"And she gave to me a gay gold ring,
With three shining diamonds set therein

"And I gave to her a silver wand,
With three singing laverocks set thereon.

"What if those diamonds lose their hue,
Just when my love begins for to rew?"

"For when your ring turns pale and wan,
Then I'm in love with another man."

He's left the land and he's gone to sea,
And he's stayed there seven years and a day.

Illustrated British Ballads.

Seven lang years he has been on the sea,
And Hynd Horn has looked how his ring may be.

But when he looked this ring upon,
The shining diamonds were both pale and wan.

O the ring was both black and blue,
And she's either dead or she's married.

He's left the sea and he's come to the land,
And the first he met was an auld beggar-man.

"What news, what news, my silly auld man?
For it's seven years since I have seen land.

"What news, what news, thou auld beggar-man?
What news, what news, by sea or land?"

"No news at all," said the auld beggar-man,
"But there is a wedding in the King's hall.

"There is a King's dochter in the west,
And she has been married thir nine nights past.

"Into the bride-bed she winna gang,
Till she hears tell of her ain Hynd Horn."

"Wilt thou give to me thy begging-coat?
And I'll give to thee my scarlet cloke.

"Wilt thou give to me thy begging-staff?
And I'll give to thee my good gray steed."

The auld beggar-man cast off his coat,
And he's ta'en up the scarlet cloak.

The auld beggar-man threw down his staff,
And he has mounted the good gray steed.

The auld beggar-man was bound for the mill,
But young Hynd Horn for the King's hall.

The auld beggar-man was bound for to ride,
But young Hynd Horn was bound for the bride.

Hynd Horn.

When he came to the King's gate,
He asked a drink for young Hynd Horn's sake.

These news unto the bonnie bride came,
That at the yett¹ there stands an auld man.

"There stands an auld man at the King's gate,
He asketh a drink for young Hynd Horn's sake."



"SHE GAVE HIM A CUP OUT OF HER OWN HAND;
HE DRUNK OUT THE DRINK, AND DROPT IN THE RING."

"I'll go through nine fires so hot,
But I'll give him a drink for young Hynd Horn's sake."

She went to the gate where the auld man did stand,
And she gave him a drink out of her own hand.

She gave him a cup out of her own hand;
He drunk out the drink, and dropt in the ring.

¹ Gate.

Illustrated British Ballads.

"Got thou it by sea, or got thou it by land?
Or got thou it off a dead man's hand?"

"I got it not by sea, but I got it by land,
For I got it out of thine own hand."

"I'll cast off my gowns of brown,
And I'll follow thee from town to town.

"I'll cast off my gowns of red,
And along with thee I'll beg my bread."

"Thou need not cast off thy gowns of brown,
For I can make thee lady of many a town.

"Thou need not cast off thy gowns of red,
For I can maintain thee with both wine and bread."

The bridegroom thought he had the bonnie bride wed,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
But young Hynd Horn took the bride instead,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

IN SWANAGE BAY.

MRS. CRAIK (better known, perhaps, as Miss Muloch) was born in the year 1826, at Stoke-upon-Trent. Her novels rapidly acquired a popularity which they well merited, and have subsequently maintained. From her poems, which are not so generally familiar with readers—but which possess fine and sterling qualities of their own—the following very effective ballad is selected.



WAS five-and-forty year ago,
Just such another morn,
The fishermen were on the beach,
The reapers in the corn ;
My tale is true, young gentlemen,
As sure as you were born.

"My tale's all true, young gentlemen,"
The fond old boatman cried
Unto the sullen, angry lads,
Who vain obedience tried ;

In Swanage Bay.

“Mind what your father says to you,
And don’t go out this tide.

“Just such a shiny sea as this,
Smooth as a pond, you’d say,
And white gulls flying, and the crafts
Down Channel making way ;
And Isle of Wight, all glittering bright,
Seen clear from Swanage Bay.

“The Battery Point, the Race beyond,
Just as to-day you see ;
This was, I think, the very stone
Where sat Dick, Dolly, and me ;
She was our little sister, sirs,
A small child, just turned three.

“And Dick was mighty fond of her :
Though a big lad and bold,
He’d carry her like any nurse,
Almost from birth, I’m told ;
For mother sickened soon, and died
When Doll was eight months old.

“We sat and watched a little boat,
Her name the ‘Tricksy Jane,’
A queer old tub laid up ashore,
But we could see her plain.
To see her and not haul her up
Cost us a deal of pain.

“Said Dick to me, ‘Let’s have a pull ;
Father will never know :
He’s busy in his wheat up there,
And cannot see us go ;
These landsmen are such cowards if
A puff of wind does blow.

“‘I’ve been to France and back three times—
Who knows best, dad or me,
Whether a ship’s seaworthy or not ?
Dolly, wilt go to sea ?’

Illustrated British Ballads.

And Dolly laughed and hugged him tight,
As pleased as she could be.

“ I don't mean, sirs, to blame poor Dick :
What he did, sure I'd do ;
And many a sail in 'Tricksy Jane'
We'd had when she was new.
Father was always sharp ; and what
He said, he meant it too.

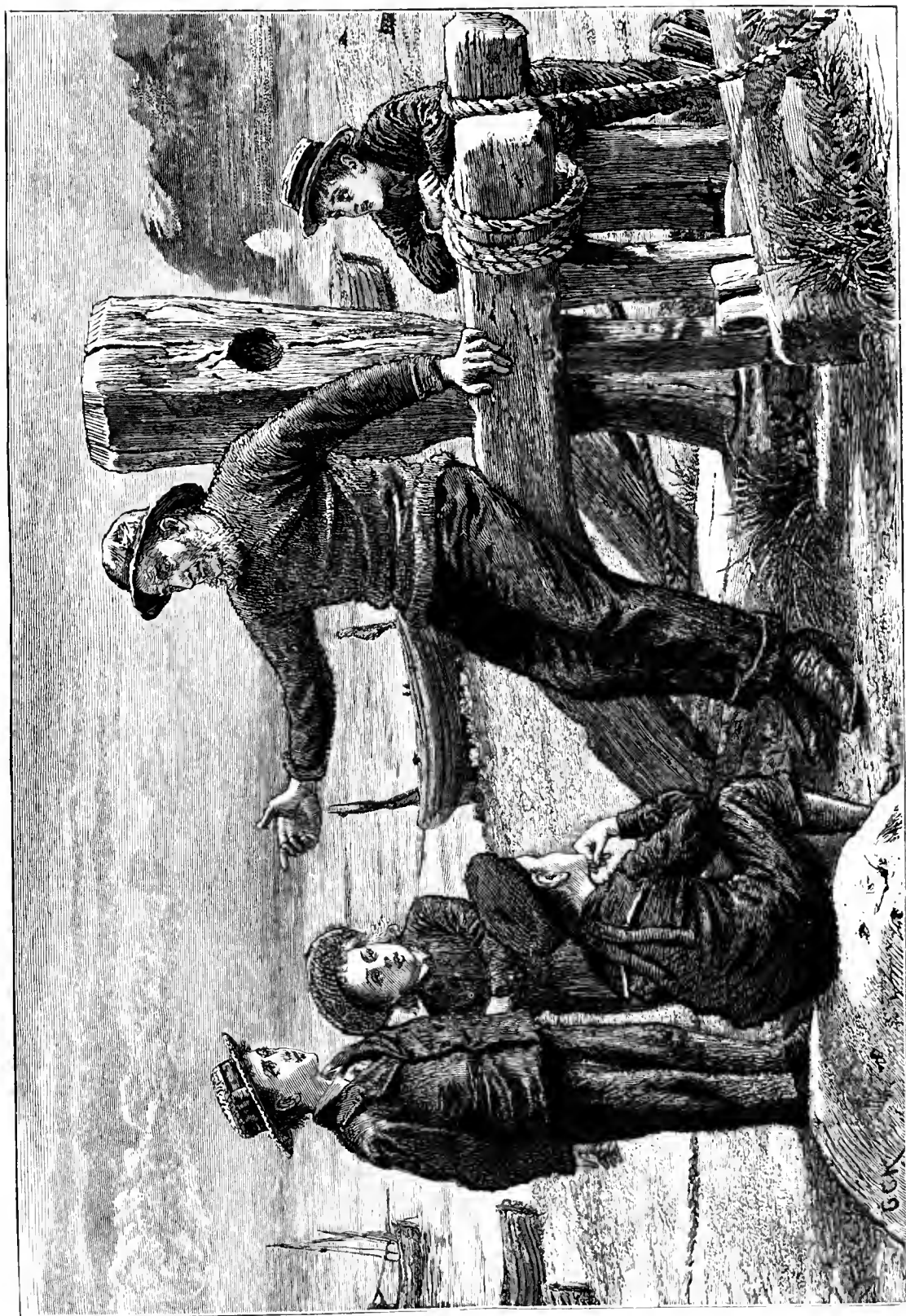
“ But now the sky had not a cloud,
The bay looked smooth as glass ;
Our Dick could manage any boat,
As neat as ever was.
And Dolly crowed, ' Me go to sea !'
The jolly little lass !

“ Well, sirs, we went : a pair of oars ;
My jacket for a sail :
Just round 'Old Harry and his Wife'—
Those rocks there, within hail ;
And we came back.—D'ye want to hear
The end o' the old man's tale ?

“ Ay, ay, we came back past that point,
But then a breeze up-sprung ;
Dick shouted, ' Hoy ! down sail ! ' and pulled
With all his might among
The white sea-horses that upreared
So terrible and strong.

“ I pulled too : I was blind with fear ;
But I could hear Dick's breath
Coming and going, as he told
Dolly to creep beneath
His jacket, and not hold him so :
We rowed for life or death.

“ We almost reached the sheltered bay,
We could see father stand
Upon the little jetty here,
His sickle in his hand ;
The houses white, the yellow fields,
The safe and pleasant land.



"THE OLD MAN'S TALE."

GCK

Illustrated British Ballads.

' And Dick, though pale as any ghost,
Had only said to me,
' We're all right now, old lad ! ' when up
A wave rolled—drenched us three—
One lurch, and then I felt the chill
And roar of blinding sea.

" I don't remember much but that :
You see I'm safe and sound ;
I have been wrecked four times since then—
Seen queer sights, I'll be bound.
I think folks sleep beneath the deep
As calm as underground."

" But Dick and Dolly ? " " Well, poor Dick !
I saw him rise and cling
Unto the gunwale of the boat—
Floating keel up—and sing
Out loud, ' Where's Doll ? '—I hear him yet
As clear as anything.

" ' Where's Dolly ? ' I no answer made ;
For she dropped like a stone
Down through the deep sea, and it closed :
The little thing was gone !
' Where's Doll ? ' three times ; then Dick loosed hold,
And left me there alone.

* * * *

" It's five-and-forty year since then,"
Muttered the boatman grey,
And drew his rough hand o'er his eyes,
And stared across the bay ;
" Just five-and-forty year," and not
Another word did say.

" But Dolly ? " ask the children all,
As they about him stand.
" Poor Doll ! she floated back next tide
With sea-weed in her hand.
She's buried o'er that hill you see,
In a churchyard on land.

The Jackdaw of Rheims.

"But where Dick lies, God knows! He'll find
Our Dick at Judgment-day."
The boatman fell to mending nets,
The boys ran off to play;
And the sun shone and the waves danced
In quiet Swanage Bay.

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

THE following popular ballad, by "Thomas Ingoldsby" (the Rev. R. H. Barham)—inimitable for its humour and *abandon*—requires no introduction.

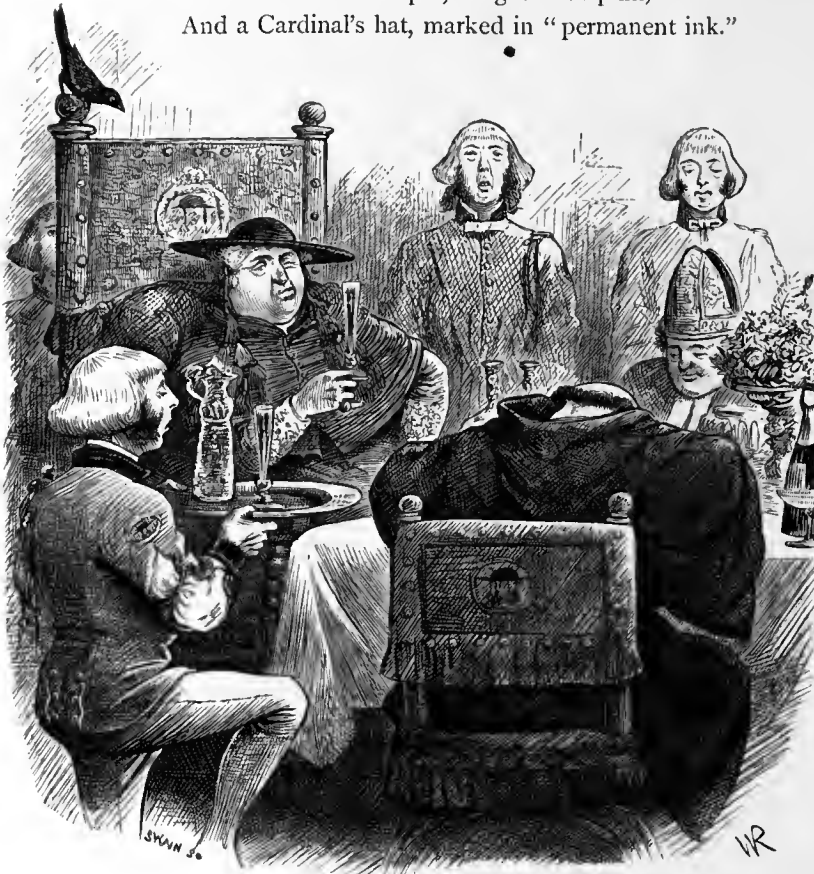


THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
Bishop, and abbot, and prior were there;
Many a monk and many a friar,
Many a knight and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree—
In sooth a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
Never, I ween, was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!
In and out through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;
Here and there like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cakes, and dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier—he hopped upon all!
With saucy air he perched on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peered in the face of his lordship's grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
"We two are the greatest folks here to-day!"
And the priests, with awe, as such freaks they saw,
Said, "The devil must be in that little Jackdaw!"

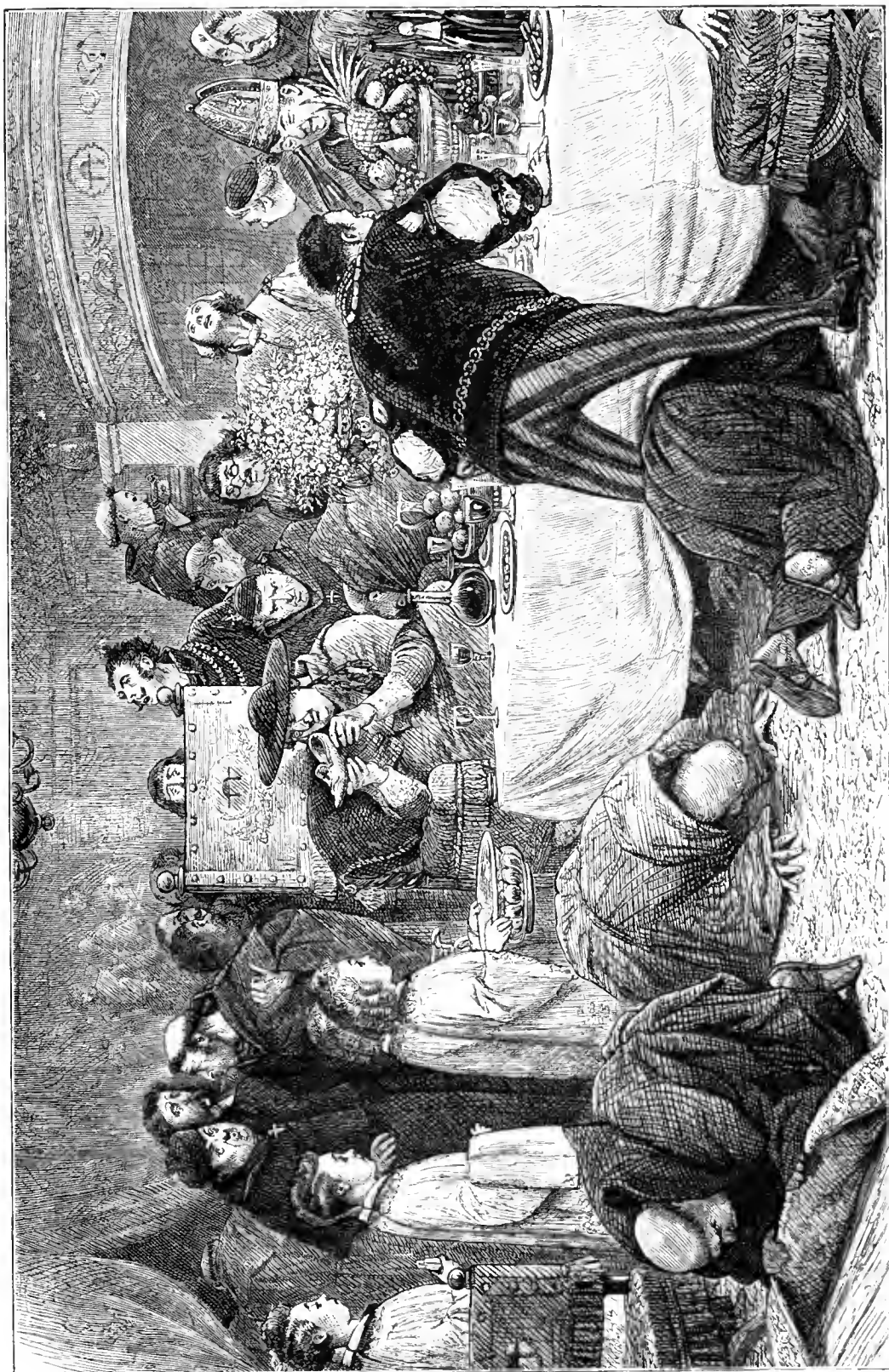
The feast was over, the board was cleared,
The flawns and the custards had all disappeared,

Illustrated British Ballads.

And six little singing-boys—dear little souls!—
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
Came, in order due, two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through!
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Embossed and filled with water, as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water and eau de Cologne,
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
One little boy more a napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's hat, marked in "permanent ink."



"WITH SAUCY AIR HE PERCHED ON THE CHAIR
WHERE, IN STATE, THE GREAT LORD CARDINAL SAT."



"THEY TURN UP THE RUGS—THEY EXAMINE THE MUGS—
PUT NO! NO SUCH THING—THEY CAN'T FIND THE RING!"

Illustrated British Ballads.

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dressed all in white ;
From his finger he draws his costly turquoise ;
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight by the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his eminence wait ;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring !

There's a cry and a shout, and a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turned inside out ;
The friars are kneeling, and hunting, and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew off each plum-coloured shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view ;
He peeps, and he feels in the toes and the heels ;
They turn up the dishes, they turn up the plates,
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,
They turn up the rugs—they examine the mugs—
But no ! no such thing—they can't find the RING !
And the abbot declared that, when nobody twigged it,
Some rascal or other had popped in and prigged it !

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He called for his candle, his bell, and his book ;
In holy anger and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief ;
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed ;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head ;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright ;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking ;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying,
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying,
He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying !
Never was heard such a terrible curse !
But what gave rise to no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse !

The day was gone, the night came on,
The monks and the friars they searched till dawn ;

The Jackdaw of Rheims.

When the sacristan saw, on crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw !
No longer gay, as on yesterday ;
His feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong way ;
His pinions drooped—he could hardly stand—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand ;
His eye so dim, so wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, "THAT'S HIM !
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing !
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's ring !"
The poor little Jackdaw, when the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw ;
And turned his bald head, as much as to say,



"SLOWER AND SLOWER HE LIMPED ON BEFORE,
TILL THEY CAME TO THE BACK OF THE BELFRY DOOR."

Illustrated British Ballads.

"Pray be so good as to walk this way!"
Slower and slower he limped on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
Where the first thing they saw, 'midst the sticks and straw,
Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal called for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;
The mute expression served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution;
When those words were heard, that poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd,
He grew sleek and fat; in addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!

His tail wagged more even than before;
But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,
No longer it perched on the Cardinal's chair.
He hopped now about with a gait devout;
At matins, at vespers, he never was out;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seemed telling the confessor's beads.
If any one lied, or if any one swore,
Or slumbered in prayer-time and happened to snore,
That good Jackdaw would give a great "caw!"
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"
While many remarked, as his manners they saw,
That they never had known such a pious Jackdaw!

He long lived the pride of that country-side,
And at last in the odour of sanctity died;
When, as words were too faint
his merits to paint,
The conclave determined to
make him a saint;
And on newly-made saints and
popes, as you know,
It's the custom, at Rome, new
names to bestow,
So they canonised him by
the name of
Jim Crow!



Jemmy Dawson.

J E M M Y D A W S O N .

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, the writer of this ballad, was born at Leasowes, in Shropshire, in the year 1714. He was educated at Oxford, and spent his life upon his paternal estate. His "School-mistress" and the "Pastoral Ballad" have few or no superiors in the same class of poetic effort. The poet died at Leasowes in 1763. The hero of the following ballad, James Dawson, was one of the Manchester rebels and was hanged, drawn, and quartered on Kennington Common, Surrey, July 30, 1746. The ballad is founded upon a singular incident which is said to have occurred at his execution. Dawson was a volunteer officer in the service of the Young Chevalier.



COME listen to my mournful tale,

Ye tender hearts and lovers dear ;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor will you scorn to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline ;
For thou canst weep at every woe,
And pity every plaint, but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,
A brighter never trod the plain ;
And well he loved one charming maid,
And dearly was he loved again.

One tender maid she loved him dear,
Of gentle blood the damsel came,
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the faithful youth astray,
The day the rebel clans appeared :
O had he never seen that day !

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found ;
And now he must that death endure,
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true love's cheek,
When Jemmy's sentence reached her ear !
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale, nor yet so chill, appear.

Illustrated British Ballads.

With faltering voice, she weeping said,
 " Oh, Dawson, monarch of my heart,
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
 For thou and I will never part.

" Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
 And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
O George, without a prayer for thee
 My orisons should never close.

" The gracious prince that gives him life
 Would crown a never-dying flame,
And every tender babe I bore
 Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

" But though, dear youth, thou shouldst be dragged
 To yonder ignominious tree,
Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
 To share thy bitter fate with thee."

O then her mourning-coach was called,
 The sledge moved slowly on before ;
Though borne in a triumphal car,
 She had not loved her favourite more.

She followed him, prepared to view
 The terrible behests of law ;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
 With calm and steadfast eyes she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face
 Which she had fondly loved so long ;
And stifled was that tuneful breath
 Which in her praise had sweetly sung :

And severed was that beauteous neck
 Round which her arms had fondly closed ;
And mangled was that beauteous breast
 On which her love-sick head reposed :

And ravished was that constant heart
 She did to every heart prefer ;
For though it could his king forget,
 'Twas true and loyal still to her.

John Barleycorn.

Amid those unrelenting flames
She bore this constant heart to see ;
But when 'twas mouldered into dust,
"Now, now," she cried, "I'll follow thee !

"My death, my death alone can show
The pure and lasting love I bore ;
Accept, O Heaven, of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more."

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retired ;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And, sighing forth his name, expired !

Though justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due ;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, and so true.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

THE humour of "John Barleycorn," a well-known ballad by Robert Burns, speaks for itself. There are several ballads on the subject, that popular in the West country being the most ancient.



HERE was three Kings into the East,
Three Kings both great and high,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and ploughed him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae swore a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerfu' Spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall ;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

Illustrated British Ballads.

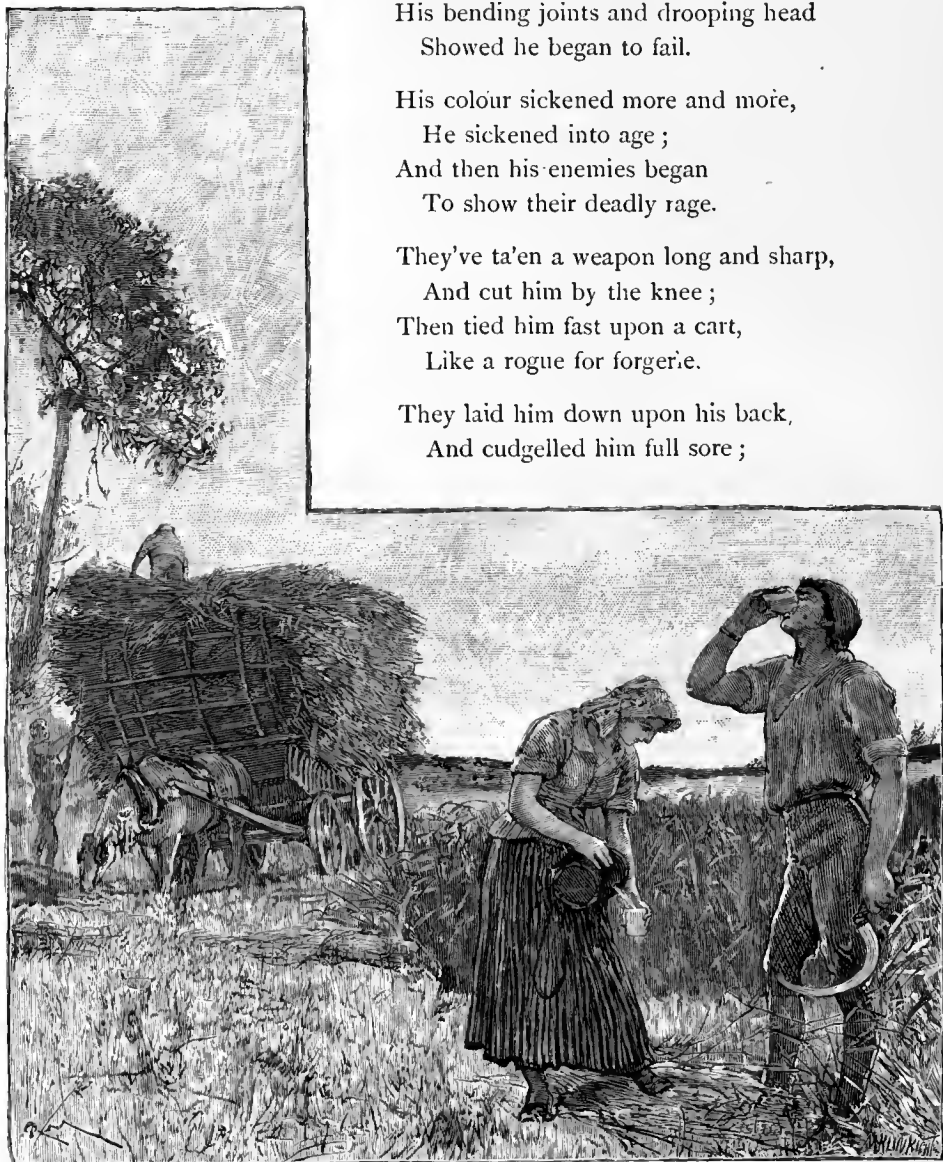
The sultry suns of Summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel armed wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober Autumn entered mild,
When he grew wan and pale ;
His bending joints and drooping head
Showed he began to fail.

His colour sickened more and more,
He sickened into age ;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee ;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgelled him full sore ;



"THEY'VE TA'EN A WEAPON LONG AND SHARP,
AND CUT HIM BY THE KNEE."

John Barleycorn.

They hung him up before the storm,
And turned him o'er and o'er.

They fillèd up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heavèd in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
And still, as signs of life appeared,
They tossed him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones ;
But a miller used him worst of all,
For he crushed him between two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round ;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise ;

'Twill make a man forget his woe ;
'Twill heighten all his joy ;
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Though the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand ;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland !



Illustrated British Ballads.

JOHNNIE ARMSTRONG.

THE following version of this somewhat famous ballad is that published in "A Collection of Old Ballads," 1723. An earlier, but an imperfect one, appeared in "Wit Restor'd." Allan Ramsay gives a different version in his "Evergreen." Johnnie Armstrong, of Gilnockie, the hero of the ballad, was a brother of the Laird of Mangertoun. He dwelt at the Hollows, near Langholm, and at the head of a desperate band of freebooters committed many depredations. Presenting himself boldly, with thirty-six of his gaily-bedight horsemen, before King James V., that monarch ordered him and his followers to instant execution. Armstrong endeavoured to avert his fate, but in vain ; and he and his retinue were hanged upon trees at a place called Carlenrig Chapel, about ten miles from Hawick. The people believed that the trees withered away in consequence of this unjust execution. This Border bravo is frequently mentioned in the literature of the period.



S there ever a man in all Scotlånd,
From the highest estate to the lowest degree,
That can show himself now before our King?
Scotlånd is so full of treachery.

Yes, there is a man in Westmorlånd,
And Johnnie Armstrong they do him call ;
He has no lands nor rents coming in,
Yet he keeps eight-score men within his hall.

He has horses and harness for them all,
And goodly steeds that be milk-white,
With their goodly belts about their necks,
With hats and feathers all alike.

The King he writes a loving lettèr,
And with his own hand so tenderly,
And hath sent it unto Johnnie Armstrong,
To come and speak with him speedily.

When Johnnie he looked this letter upon,
He looked as blithè as a bird in a tree ;
"I was never before a King in my life,
My father, my grandfather, nor none of us three.

"But seeing we must go before the King,
Lord ! we will go most gallantly ;
Ye shall every one have a velvet coat,
Laid down with golden laces three.

"And every one shall have a scarlet cloak,
Laid down with silver laces five ;
With your golden belts about your necks,
With hats and feathers all alike."

Johnnie Armstrong.

But when Johnnie went from Gilnock Hall,
The wind it blew hard, and full fast it did rain.
“Now fare thee well, thou Gilnock Hall,
I fear I shall never see thee again.”

Now Johnnie he is to Edinbòrough gone,
With his eight-score men, so gallantly,
And every one of them on a milk-white steed,
With their bucklers and swords hanging to their knee.

But when John came the King before,
With his eight-score men so gallant to see,
The King he moved his bonnet to him,
He thought he had been a King as well as he.

“O pardon, pardon, my sovereign liege,
Pardon for my eight-score men and me ;
For my name, it is Johnnie Armstrong.
And subject of yours, my liege,” said he,

“Away with thee, thou false traytòr,
No pardon will I grant to thee,
But to-morrow morning by eight of the clock,
I will hang up thy eight-score men and thee.”

Then Johnnie looked over his left shouldèr,
And to his merry men thus said he,
“I have asked grace of a graceless face,
No pardon there is for you and me.”

Then John pulled out his good broadswòrd,
That was made of the mettle so free ;
Had not the King moved his foot as he did,
John had taken his head from his fair body.

“Come, follow me, my merry men all,
We will scorn one foot for to fly ;
It shall never be said we were hanged like dogs ;
We will fight it out most manfully.”

Then they fought on like champions bold,
For their hearts were sturdy, stout, and free ;
’Till they had killed all the King’s good guard—
There were none left alive but one, two, or three.

Illustrated British Ballads.

But then rose up all Edinburgh,
They rose up by thousands three ;
A cowardly Scot came John behind,
And run him through the fair body.



" THEN JOHN PULLED OUT HIS GOOD BROADSWORD,
THAT WAS MADE OF THE METTLE SO FREE."

Said John, " Fight on, my merry men all ;
I am a little wounded, but I am not slain ;
I will lay me down to bleed awhile,
Then I'll rise and fight with you again."

Johnnie Armstrong.

Then they fought on like madmen all,
Till many a man lay dead on the plain,
For they were resolved before they would yield
That every man would there be slain.

So there they fought courageously,
Till most of them lay dead there and slain,
But little Musgrave, that was his foot-page,
With his bonny Grissel got away unta'en.



"O THEN BEMAKE HIS LITTLE SON,
AS HE SAT ON HIS NURSE'S KNEE."

But when he came to Gilnock Hall,
The lady spied him presently :
"What news, what news, thou little foot-page,
What news from thy master and his company?"

"My news is bad, lady," he said,
"Which I do bring, as you may see—
My master Johnnie Armstrong is slain,
And all his gallant company."

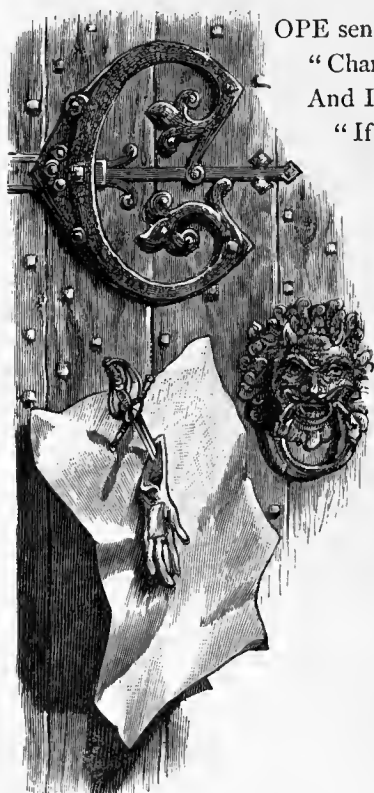
Illustrated British Ballads.

"Yet thou art welcome home, my bonny Grissel,
Full oft thou hast been fed with corn and hay,
But now thou shalt be fed with bread and wine,
And thy sides shall be spurred no more, I say."

O then bespake his little son,
As he sat on his nurse's knee,
"If ever I live to be a man,
My father's death revenged shall be."

JOHNNIE COPE.

THIS admirable ballad, with its amusing vein of satire, is attributed to Adam Skirving, a farmer, and the father of Archibald Skirving, the portrait painter. It is given in Johnson's "Museum," and Ritson's "Scottish Songs." Skirving also wrote the well-known ballad, "The Battle of Tranentmuir, or of Preston Pans."



OPE sent a challenge frae Dunbar,
"Charlie, meet me, an' ye daur,
And I'll learn you the airt of war,
"If you'll meet wi' me in the morning."
Hey, Johnnie Cope! are ye waking yet?
Or are your drums a-beating yet?
If ye were waking, I would wait
To gang to the coals in the morning.

When Charlie looked the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from:
"Come, follow me, my merrie men,
And we'll meet Johnnie Cope i' the morning."
Hey, Johnnie Cope! etc.

"Now, Johnnie, be as good as your word,
Come let us try baith fire and sword,
And dinna flee like a frightened bird,
That's chased frae its nest i' the morning."
Hey, Johnnie Cope! etc.

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be amiss

Johnnie Cope.



“EYE NOW, JOHNNIE, GET UP AND RIN,
THE HIGHLAND BAGPIPES MAK’ A DIN.”

To hae a horse in readiness,
To flee awa’ i’ the morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope! etc.

“Eye now, Johnnie, get up and rin,
The Highland bagpipes mak’ a din,
It’s best to sleep in a hale skin,
For ’twill be a bluddie morning.”
Hey, Johnnie Cope! etc.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
They spear’d at him, “Where’s a’ your men?”
“The de’il confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a’ i’ the morning.”
Hey, Johnnie Cope! etc.

Illustrated British Ballads.

"Now, Johnnie, troth ye were na blate
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait,
So early in the morning."
Hey, Johnnie Cope ! etc.

"In faith," quo Johnnie, "I got sic flegs
Wi' their claymores and filabegs,
If I face them again, de'il break my legs,
So I wish you a' good morning."
Hey, Johnnie Cope ! etc.

JOHNNIE OF BREADISLEE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT describes this as an ancient Nithsdale ballad, whose hero was an outlaw and deer-stealer. Motherwell, Kinloch, and Buchan have printed various versions of the same story, and others also are current.



JOHNNIE rose up in a May morning,
Called for water to wash his hands—
"Gar loose to me the guid graie dogs,
That are bound wi' iron bands."

When Johnnie's mother gat word o' that,
Her hands for dule she wrang—
"Oh, Johnnie ! for my benison,
To the greenwood dinna gang !

"Eneugh ye hae o' the gude wheat bread,
And eneugh o' the blude-red wine ;
And, therefore, for nae venison, Johnnie,
I pray ye stir frae hame."

But Johnnie's buskt up his gude bend bow,
His arrows ane by ane ;
And he has gane to Durrisdeer,
To hunt the dun deer down.



"BUT, BETWEEN THE WATER AND THE BRAG,
HIS HOUNDS THEY LAID HER PRIDE."

Illustrated British Ballads.

As he came down by the Merriemass,
And in by the benty line,
There has he spied a deer ly'ng
Aneath a bush of ling.

Johnnie he shot, and the dun deer lap,
And he wounded her on the side ;
But, atween the water and the brae,
His hounds they laid her pride.

And Johnnie has bryttled the deer sae weel,
That he's had out her liver and lungs ;
And wi' these he has feasted his bluidy hounds,
As if they had been earls' sons.

They eat sae much o' the venison,
And drank sae much o' the blude,
That Johnnie and a' his bluidy hounds
Fell asleep as they had been dead.

And by there came a silly old carle,
An ill death mote he die !
For he's awa' to Hislinton,
Where the seven foresters did lie.

"What news, what news, ye gray-headed carle,
What news bring ye to me ?"
"I bring nae news," said the gray-headed carle,
"Save what these eyes did see.

"As I came down by Merriemass,
And down among the scroggs,
The bonniest child that ever I saw
Lay sleeping amang his dogs.

"The shirt that was upon his back
Was o' the holland fine ;
The doubtlet which was over that
Was o' the lincome twine.

"The buttons that were on his sleeve
Were o' the gowd sae gude ;
The gude graie hounds he lay amang,
Their mouths were dyed wi' blude."

Johnnie of Breadislee.

Then out and spak the first forestèr,
The heid man over them a'—
“If this be Johnnie o' Breadislee,
Nae nearer will we draw.”

But up and spak this sixth forestèr
(His sister's son was he),
“If this be Johnnie o' Breadislee,
We soon shall gar him die!”

The first flight of arrows the foresters shot,
They wounded him on the knee;
And out and spak the seventh forestèr,
“The next will gar him die!”

Johnnie's set his back against an aik,
His fute against a stane;
And he has slain the seven forestèrs,
He has slain them a' but ane.

He has broke three ribs in that ane's side,
But and his collar bane;
He's laid him twa-fald ower his steed,
Bade him carry the tidings hame.

“O is there nae a bonnie bird,
Can sing as I can say?
Could flee away to my mother's bower,
And tell to fetch Johnnie away?”

The starling flew to his mother's window-stane,
It whistled and it sang;
And aye the ower word o' the tune
Was—“Johnnie tarries lang!”

They made a rod o' the hazel bush,
Another o' the slae-thorn tree,
And mony, mony were the men
At fetching o'er Johnnie.

Then out and spak his auld mothèr,
And fast her tears did fa'—
“Ye wadnae be warned, my son Johnnie,
Frae the hunting to bide awa'.

Illustrated British Ballads.

"Aft hae I brought to Breadislee
The less gear and the mair;
But I ne'er brought to Breadislee
What grieved my heart sae sair.

"But wae betyde that silly auld carle,
An ill death shall he die!
For the highest tree in Merriemass
Shall be his morning's fee."

Now Johnnie's gude bend bow is broke,
And his gude graie dogs are slain;
And his body lies dead in Durrissdeer,
And his hunting it is done.

KEITH OF RAVELSTON.

SYDNEY DOBELL was born at Cranbrook, in Kent, in the year 1824. For the greater part of his life he resided at Cheltenham, Coxhorne, and in the neighbourhood of Gloucester. "The Roman," his first work, was published in 1850. This was succeeded by "Balder," "Sonnets on the War" (written in conjunction with his friend, Alexander Smith), and "England in Time of War." Mr. Dobell died on the 22nd of August, 1874. The lyrical faculty of this poet was very striking. "Keith of Ravelston" is a fine and almost perfect ballad. It will be found introduced in the poem, "A Nuptial Eve." The idea of the ballad suggested itself to Mr. Dobell as he was strolling one day in the grounds of Craigcrook, near Edinburgh. Amongst the "Fragments" published in the collected works of the poet will also be found another extremely fine ballad, "Lord Robert." Mrs. Dobell informed the present editor that this latter ballad was discovered, just as it had been hastily written down, amongst its author's papers, after his death. She had no means of deciding whether Mr. Dobell would have considered it finished, and therefore included it under the "Fragments." Mr. Dobell's pathetic lyric, "Tommy's Dead," has been so frequently quoted, that on that account preference has been given to "Keith of Ravelston," an equally fine poem.



HE murmur of the mourning ghost
That keeps the shadowy kine,
"Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!"

Ravelston, Ravelston,
The merry path that leads
Down the golden morning hill,
And through the silver meads;

Keith of Ravelston.

Ravelston, Ravelston,
The stile beneath the tree
The maid that kept her mother's kine,
The song that sang she !



"SHE SANG HER SONG, SHE KEPT HER KINE,
SHE SAT BENEATH THE THORN,
WHEN ANDREW KEITH OF RAVELSTON
RODE THROUGH, THE MONDAY MORN."

She sang her song, she kept her kine,
She sat beneath the thorn,
When Andrew Keith of Ravelston
Rode through, the Monday morn.

His henchmen sing, his hawk-bells ring,
His belted jewels shine !

Illustrated British Ballads.

Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line !

Year after year, where Andrew came,
Comes evening down the glade ;
And still there sits a moonshine ghost
Where sat the sunshine maid.

Her misty hair is faint and fair,
She keeps the shadowy kine ;
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line !

I lay my hand upon the stile,
The stile is lone and cold,
The burnie that goes babbling by
Says nought that can be told.

Yet, stranger ! here from year to year
She keeps her shadowy kine ;
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line !

Step out three steps, where Andrew stood —
Why blanch thy cheeks for fear ?
The ancient stile is not alone,
'Tis not the burn I hear !

She makes her immemorial moan,
She keeps her shadowy kine ;
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line !



Kempion.

KEMPION.

SEVERAL versions of this ballad are current, but the one now given is from the "Border Minstrelsy." The slaying of beasts and monsters by some redoubtable champion was a favourite theme with ballad-writers. The following poem details a transformation similar to many recited in the annals of chivalry.



UM heir, cum heir, ye freely feed,¹
And lay your head low on my knee ;
The heaviest weird I will you rede,²
That ever was read to gay ladÿe.

"O meikle dolour sall ye dree,³
And aye the salt seas o'er ye'se swim ;
And far mair dolour sall ye dree
On Estmere crags, when ye them climb.

"I weird ye to a fiery beast,
And relievèd sall ye never be
Till Kempion, the Kinge's son,
Cum to the crag and thrice kiss thee."

O meikle dolour did she dree,
And aye the salt seas o'er she swam ;
And far mair dolour did she dree
On Estmere crags, when she them clamb.

And aye she cried for Kempion,
Gin he would come but to her hand ;
Now word has gane to Kempion,
That sicken a beast was in his land.

"Now, by my sooth," said Kempion,
"This fiery beast I'll gang and see."
"And, by my sooth," said Segramour,
"My ae brother, I'll gang wi' thee."

Then bigged hae thae a bonny boat,
And they hae sent her to the sea ;
But a mile before she reached the shore,
Around them she gar'd the red fire flee.

¹ A noble person.

² Relate the heaviest fate or destiny.

³ Suffer.

Illustrated British Ballads.

"O Segramour, keep the boat afloat,
And let her na the land o'er near;
For this wicked beast will sure gae mad,
And set fire to a' the land and mair."

Syne has he bent an arblast bow,
And aim'd an arrow at her head;
And swore, if she didna quit the land,
Wi' that same shaft to shoot her dead.

"O out of my stythe I winna rise
(And it is not for the awe o' thee)
Till Kempion, the King's son,
Cum to the crag and thrice kiss me."

He has louted him o'er the dizzy crag,
And gi'en the monster kisses ane;
Awa she gaed, and again she cam,
The fieriest beast that ever was seen.

"O out of my stythe I winna rise
(And not for a' thy bow nor thee)
Till Kempion, the King's son,
Cum to the crag and twice kiss me."

He has louted him o'er the Estmere crags,
And he has gi'en her kisses twa;
Awa she gaed, and again she cam,
The fieriest beast that ever you saw.

"O out of my den I winna rise,
Nor flee it for the fear o' thee,
Till Kempion, that courteous knight,
Cum to the crag and thrice kiss me."

He's louted him o'er the lofty crag,
And he has gi'en her kisses three;
Awa she gaed, and again she cam,
The loveliest ladye e'er could be!

"And by my sooth," says Kempion,
"My ain true love (for this is she),
They surely had a heart o' stane
Could put thee to such misery."

King Arthur's Death.

"O was it war-wolf in the wood?
Or was it mermaid in the sea?
Or was it man or vile woman,
My ain true love, that mis-shaped thee?"

"It was na war-wolf in the wood,
Nor was it mermaid in the sea;
But it was my wicked stepmother,
And wae and weary may she be!"

"O, a heavier weird shall light on her
Than ever fell on vile woman;
Her hair shall grow rough, and her teeth grow lang,
And on her four feet shall she gang.

"None shall take pity her upon;
In Wormeswood she aye shall won;[†]
And relieved shall she never be
Till St. Mungò come over the sea."
And sighing said that weary wight,
"I doubt that day I'll never see!"

KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

No monarch, actual or traditionary, has been the subject of such eulogies as King Arthur, and the numberless legends concerning him and his Knights of the Round Table have received a fitting culmination in the noble Idyls of Lord Tennyson. This great king is indebted for his fame, if not indeed for his existence, to the ancient chroniclers, who had a surprising facility for making history, when it was not already made to their hand. Arthur's reputed origin and deeds are well known. He was the son of Uther Pendragon, King of Britain, and his birth was kept a profound secret until after the death of Uther, when disputes arose concerning a successor to the crown. Merlin then produced him, and Arthur successfully performed the test feat of drawing forth the far-famed sword Excalibur, from a large stone in which it was imbedded. He was then crowned king. His subsequent career was one brilliant succession of victories. His death, alike mysterious with his birth, is related in the following ballad, which has been selected as probably the best and most graphic of all the ballads associated with his name. The Welsh hards refused to believe that King Arthur was dead, and insisted that he had been "conveied awaie by the fairies into some pleasant place, where he should remaine for a time, and then retorne againe and reign in as great authority as ever." Selden, in his notes to Drayton's "Polyolbion," gives a curious account of the discovery of Arthur's tomb, and Giraldus and others have added to the marvels of his life and death, wonders connected with his exhumation. It will be seen from the language of the first stanza that the ballad is a fragment: some of the verses have been composed from the old romance, "Morte Arthur."

[†] Dwell.

Illustrated British Ballads.



N Trinity Mondaye in the morne,

This sore battayle was doom'd to bee ;
Where manye a knyghte cry'd, "Well-a-waye !"
Alacke, it was the more pittie.

Ere the first crowinge of the cocke,
When as the Kinge in his bed laye,
He thought Sir Gawaine to him came,¹
And there to him these wordes did saye :

"Nowe, as you are mine unkle deare,
And as you prize your life, this daye,
O meet not with your foe in fighte ;
Put off the battayle, if yee maye.

"For Sir Launcelot is now in Fraunce,
And with him many an hardye knyghte,
Who will within this month be backe,
And will assiste yee in the fighte."

The Kinge then call'd his nobles all,
Before the breakinge of the daye ;
And told them howe Sir Gawaine came,
And there to him these wordes did saye.

His nobles all this counsayle gave,
That earlye in the morning hee
Shold send awaye an herauld at armes,
To aske a parley faire and free.

Then twelve good knightes King Arthure chose,
The best of all that with him were,
To parley with the foe in field,
And make with him agreement faire.

The King he chargèd all his hoste,
In readinesse there for to bee ;
But noe man sholde no weapon sturre,
Unlesse a sword drawne they sholde see.

And Mordred, on the other parte,
Twelve of his knightes did likewise bringe,
The beste of all his companye,
To hold the parley with the Kinge.

¹ Sir Gawaine had been killed at Arthur's landing, on his return from the Continent.

King Arthur's Death.

Sir Mordred alsoe charged his hoste,
In readinesse there for to bee ;
But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre,
But if a sword drawne they sholde see.

For he durste not his unkle truste,
Nor he his nephewe, soth to tell ;
Alacke ! it was a woefulle case,
As ere in Christentye befell.

But when they were together mette,
And both to faire accordance broughte,
And a month's league betweene them sette,
Before the battayle sholde be foughte :

An addere crept forth of a bushe,
Stunge one o' th' King's knightes on the knee ;
Alacke ! it was a woefulle chance
As ever was in Christentie.

When the knight found him wounded sore,
And sawe the wild-worme¹ hanginge there,
His sworde he from his scabbarde drewe :
A piteous case, as ye shall heare.

For when the two hostes sawe the sworde,
They joynèd battayle instantlye ;
Till of soe manye noble knightes,
On one side there were left but three.

For all were slain that durst abide,
And but some fewe that fled awaye ;
Ay mee ! it was a bloodye felde,
As ere was foughte on summer's daye.

Upon King Arthur's own partye,
Onlye himselfe escaped there,
And Lukyn, Duke of Glo'ster, free,
And the King's butler Bevedere.

And when the King beheld his knightes
All dead and scattered on the molde,
The teares fast trickled downe his face,
That manlye face in fight so bolde.

¹ Serpent.

Illustrated British Ballads.

"Nowe reste ye all, brave knights," he said,

"So true and faithful to your trust ;
And must yee then, ye valiant hearts,
Be lefte to moulder into dust ?

"Most loyal have yee been to mee,
Most true and faithful unto deathe ;
And, oh ! to raise yee up againe,
How freely could I yield my breathe !

"But see the traitor's yet alive,
Lo where hee stalkes among the deade !
Now bitterlye he shall abyee,¹
And vengeance fall upon his head."

"O staye, my liege," then sayd the duke ;
"O staye for love and charitie ;
Remember what the vision spake,
Nor meete your foe, if it may bee."

"O staye mee not, thou worthy wighte,
This debt my loyal knights I owe ;
Betide my life, betide my death,
I will avenge them of their foe."



"O STAYE MEE NOT, THOU WORTHYE WIGHTE,
THIS DEBT MY LOYAL KNIGHTS I OWE."

¹ Repent it or expiate it.

King Arthur's Death.



"O TAKE MY SWORD EXCALIBAR,
AND THERE INTO THE RIVER THROWR."

Then straite he grasped his trustye speare,
And on his horse then mounted hee ;
As his butler holpe him to his horse,
His bowels gushèd to his knee.

"Alas !" then sayd the noble King,
"That I should live this sight to see !
To see this good knight here be slaine,
All for his love in helping mee !"

He put his speare into his reste,
And to Sir Mordred loud 'gan crye :
"Nowe sette thyself upon thy garde,
For, traitor, now thy death is nye."

Illustrated British Ballads.

Sir Mordred lifted up his sworde,
And fierce to meet the King ran hee ;
The King his speare he through him thrust,
A fathom thorow his bodie.

When Mordred felt the stroke of death,
And found that he was wounded soe,
He thruste himself upon the speare,
And strucke the King a deadlye blowe.

Then grimmlye dyed Sir Mordered
Presentlye upon that tree ;
And bloodye streams ranne from the Kinge
Ere to the duke returnèd hee.

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake,
“ Sir Knighte, thou hast beene faithfull tryde,
Nowe take my sword Excalibar,
That hangs so freelye by my syde :

“ O take my sword Excalibar,
And there into the river throwe ;
For here, henceforth, beneath this tree,
All use of weapons I foregoe.

“ And fare thee well, thou trustye sword,
A better ne’er had valiant knighte ;
With thee full ofte, and manye a daye,
Have I withstood my foe in fighte.

“ With this good fauchion in my hande,
Oft have I reaped the bloody felde ;
But nowe the fatalle houre is come,
That never more I may thee weelde.”

The duke to the river side he went,
And there his owne sworde in threwe he ;
But he kept back Excalibar,
He kept it back in privitie.

For all of Coleyne¹ was the blade,
And all the hilde of precious stone ;
“ And ever, alacke !” then sayd the knighte,
“ Must such a sword awaye be throwne ?”

¹ Cologne steel.

King Arthur's Death.

Then backe he came unto the Kinge,
Who sayd, "Sir Lukyn, what did yee see?"
"Nothing, my liege, save that the winde
Blew o'er the waters faire and free."

"O goe againe," then sayd the Kinge,
"O good Sir Lukyn, goe againe;
Into the rivere throwe my sword,
Nor keepe me lingering here in paine."

The duke then to the rivere went,
And the King's scabbard in threwe hee;
But hee kept backe Excalitar,
And hid it underneathe a tree.

Then backe he came to tell the Kinge—
"Twice hast thou dealt deceytfullye;
Alacke! whom may we ever truste,
When suche a knyghte soe false can bee?"

"Saye, wouldst thou have thy master dead,
All for a sword that wins thine eye;
Nowe goe againe, and throwe it in,
Or here the one of us shall dye."

The duke, all shent¹ with this rebuke,
Noe annswere made unto the Kinge;
But to the rivere tooke the sworde,
And threwe it far as he could flinge.

A hande and an arme did meete the sworde,
And flourished three times in the air;
Then sunke benethe the renninge streame,
And of the duke was seene noe mair.

All sore astonied stood the duke;
He stood as still as still mote bee;
Then hastend backe to telle the Kinge;
But he was gone from under the tree.

But to what place he cold not tell,
For never after hee did him spye;
But he sawe a barge goe from the land,
And hee heard ladies² howle and crye.

¹ Ashamed.

² The word ladies was used by old English writers for nymphs.

Illustrated British Ballads.



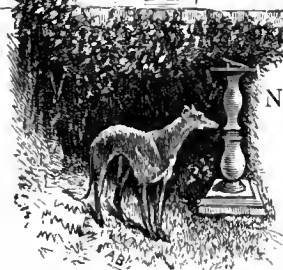
"BUT HE SAWE A BARGE GOE FROM THE LAND,
AND HEE HEARD LADYES HOWLE AND CRYE."

And whether the Kinge were there or not,
Hee never knewe, nor ever colde ;
For from that sad and direfull daye,
Hee never more was seene on molde.



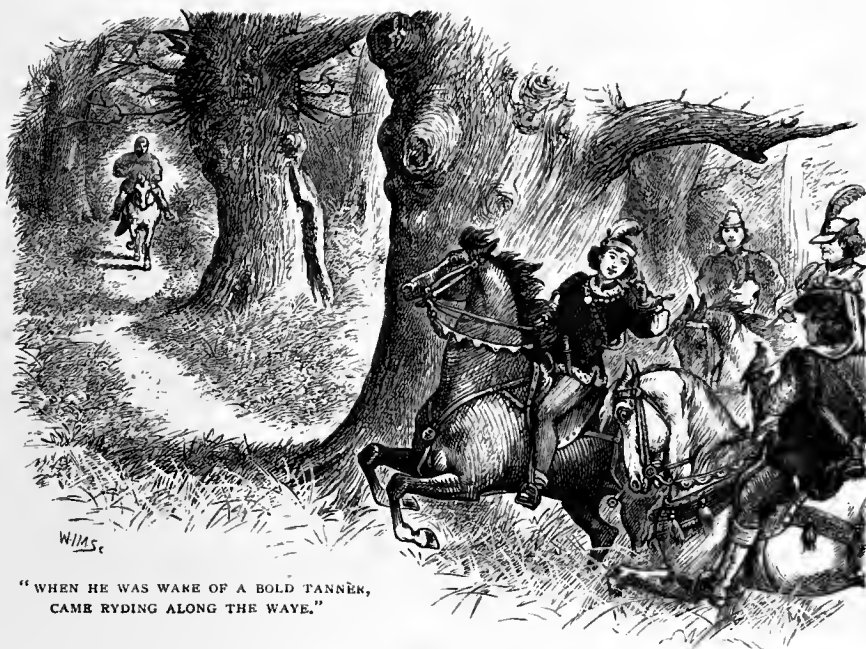
KING EDWARD IV. AND THE TANNER OF TAMWORTH.

THIS ballad, which has always been most popular, is very old, its existence being traced as far back as the year 1564. The tradition is a familiar one, and such incidents as that described are reported to have been of frequent occurrence between English sovereigns and their subjects. Several of the Robin Hood ballads have a commencement similar to the present one.



IN summer time, when leaves grow greene,
And blossoms bedeck the tree,
King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,
Some pastime for to see.

King Edward IV. and the Tanner of Tamworth.



"WHEN HE WAS WARE OF A BOLD TANNER,
CAME RYDING ALONG THE WAY."

With hawke and hounde he made him bowne,¹
With horn and eke with bowe;
To Drayton Basset he tooke his waye,
With all his lords a rowe.

And he had ridden ore dale and downe
By eight of clocke in the day,
When he was ware of a bold tannèr,
Came ryding along the waye.

A fayre russet coat the tanner had on,
Fast buttoned under his chin,
And under him a good cow-hide,
And a mare of four shilling.²

"Nowe stand you still, my good lordes all,
Under the greenwood spraye,
And I will wend to yonder fellòwe,
To weet³ what he will saye.

¹ Ready.

² In the reign of Edward IV. twelve or thirteen shillings would buy a horse suitable to a person of quality.

³ Learn.

Illustrated British Ballads.

"God speede, God speede thee," sayd our King ;
"Thou art welcome, sir," said hee ;
"The readiest waye to Drayton Bassèt
I praye thee to shewe to me."

"To Drayton Basset woldst thou goe,
Fro the place where thou dost stand ?
The next payre of gallows thou comest unto,
Turne in upon thy right hand."

"That is an unreadye waye," said our King ;
"Thou doest but jest, I see ;
Nowe shoue mee out the nearest waye,
And I praye they wend with me."

"Awaye with a vengeance !" quoth the tannèr :
"I hold thee out of thy witt ;
All daye have I ridden on Brocke my mare,
And I am fasting yett."

"Go with me downe to Dráyton Bassèt,
No daynties we will spare ;
All daye shalt thou eate and drinke of the best,
And I will paye thy fare."

"Gramercye' for nothing," the tanner replyde,
"Thou payest no fare of mine ;
I trowe I've more nobles in my purse
Than thou hast pence in thine."

"God give thee joy of them," sayd the King,
"And send them well to priefe."²
The tanner wolde faine he had beene awaye,
For he weende he had been a thiefe.

"What art thou ?" hee said, "thou fine fellòwe ;
Of thee I am in great feare,
For the cloathes thou wearest upon thy backe
Might beseem a lorde to weare."

"I never stole them," quoth our King,
"I tell you, sir, by the roode."

¹ Thank you.

² Proof.

King Edward IV. and the Tanner of Tamworth.

"Then thou playest as many an unthrift doth,
And standest in midds of thy goode."¹

"What tidinges heare you," sayd the Kinge,
"As you ryde farre and neare?"

"I heare no tydings, sir, by the masse,
But that cowe-hides are deare."

"Cowe-hides ! cowe-hides ! what things are those ?
I marvell what they bee ?"

"What, art thou a foole ?" the tanner reply'd ;
"I carry one under mee."

"What craftsman art thou," sayd the King,
"I praye thee tell me trowe ?"

"I am a barker,² sir, by my trade ;
Nowe tell me what art thou ?"

"I am a poore courtier, sir," quoth he,
"That am forth of service worne ;
And faine I wolde thy prentise be,
Thy cunninge for to learne."

"Marrye heaven forfend," the tanner replyde,
"That thou my prentise were ;
Thou woldst spend more good than I shold winne
By fortye shilling a yere."

"Yet one thinge wolde I," sayd our King,
"If thou wilt not seeme strange :
Thoughe my horse be better than thy mare,
Yet with thee I fain wold change."

"Why, if with me thou faine wilt change,
As change full well maye wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou proud fellowe,
I will have some boot of thee."

"That were against reason," sayd the King,
"I sweare, so mote I thee :³
My horse is better than thy mare,
And that thou well mayst see."

¹ That is, all that thou hast thou standest in.

² A dealer in bark.

³ So may I thrive.

Illustrated British Ballads.



"'NOW HELP ME UP, THOU FINE FELLOWE,
'TIS TIME THAT I WERE GONE.'"

"Yea, sir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,
And softly she will fare ;
Thy horse is unrulye and wild, I wiss,
Aye skipping here.and there."

"What boote wilt thou have," our King reply'd,
"Now, tell me in this stound?"¹

"Noe pence nor half pence, by my faye,
But a noble in gold so round."

"Here's twentye groates of white monèye,
Sith thou wilt have it of mee."

¹ Instantly.

King Edward IV. and the Tanner of Tamworth.

"I would have sworn now," quoth the tanner,
"Thou hadst not had one pennie.

"But since we two have made a change,
A change we must abide;
Although thou hast gotten Brocke my mare,
Thou gettest not my cove-hide."

"I will not have it," sayd the Kynge,
"I sweare, so mought I thee;
Thy foule cove-hide I wolde not beare,
If thou woldst give it to mee."

The tanner he tooke his good cove-hide,
That of the cow was hilt,
And threwe it upon the King's sadelle,
That was so fayrelye gilte.

"Now help me up, thou fine fellowe,
'Tis time that I were gone;
When I am come to Gyllian my wife,
She'll say I'm a gentilmon."

When the tanner he was in the King's sadelle,
And his foote in the stirrup was,
He marvelled greatlye in his minde
Whether it were golde or brass.



"AT LENGTH THE TANNER CAME TUMBLING DOWNE,
HIS NECKE HE HAD WELL-NYE BRAST."

Illustrated British Ballads.

But when his steede saw the cow's taile wagge,
And eke the black cow's horne,
He stamped, and stared, and away he ranne,
As the devill had him borne.

The tanner he pull'd, the tanner he sweat,
And held by the pummil fast ;
At length the tanner came tumbling downe,
His necke he had well-nye brast.¹

"Take thy horse again with a vengeance," he sayd,
"With mee he shall not byde."
"My horse would have borne thee well enoughe,
But he knewe not of thy cove-hide.

"Yet if again thou faine woldst change,
As change full well may wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly tannèr,
I will have some boote of thee."

"What boote wilt thou have," the tanner replyd,
"Now tell me in this stound ?"
"Noe pence nor half pence, sir, by my faye,
But I will have twentye pound."

"Here's twentye groates out of my purse,
And twentye I have of thine ;
And I have one more, which we will spend
Together at the wine."

The King set a bugle horne to his mouthe,
And blewe both loude and shrille :
And soone came knights and soon came lords,
Fast ryding over the hille.

"Nowe, out alas !" the tanner he cryde,
"That ever I sawe this daye !
Thou art a strong thiefe, yon come thy fellows
Will beare my cove-hide away."

"They are no thieves," the King replyde,
"I swear, so mote I thee ;
But they are the lords of the north countrèy,
Here come to hunt with mee."

¹ Broken.

King Edward IV. and the Tanner of Tamworth.

And soone before our King they came,
And knelt downe on the ground ;
Then might the tanner have beene awaye,
He had lever than twentye pounde.

"A collar, a collar here," sayd the King,
"A collar," he loud 'gan crye ;
Then would he lever than twentye pounde,
He had not beene so nye.

"A collar, a collar," the tanner he sayd,
"I trowe it will breed sorròwe ;
After a collar cometh a halter—
I trowe I shall be hang'd tomorròwe."

"Be not afraid, tanner," said our King ;
"I tell thee, so mought I thee,
Lo here I make thee the best esquire
That is in the north countrie."

"For Plumpton Parke I will give thee,
With tenements faire beside ;
'Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,
To maintaine thy good cowe-hide."

"Gramercye, my liege," the tanner replyde,
"For the favour thou hast me showne ;
If ever thou comest to merry Tamwòrth,
Neates leather shall clout thy shoen."

¹ The imposition of a collar was one mode of creating esquires at that time.

² Cow-hide shall mend thy shoes.



“LO HERE I MAKE THEE THE BEST ESQUIRE
THAT IS IN THE NORTH COUNTRYE.”

Illustrated British Ballads.

KING ESTMERE.

THIS old romantic ballad, given by Percy from two copies, bears evidence of considerable antiquity; and the editor of the "Reliques" considers that it ought, perhaps, to have taken precedence of any in his collection. It would seem to have been written while part of Spain was in the hands of the Saracens or Moors, whose empire there was not fully extinguished before the year 1491. The Mahometans are spoken of in line 49, &c., just in the same terms as in all other old romances. "The character of the old minstrels—successors to the bards—is placed in a very respectable light in this ballad," says Percy; "and the farther we carry our inquiries back, the greater respect we find paid to the professors of poetry and music among all the Celtic and Gothic nations." As further evidence of the reverence paid to minstrels, Dr. Percy observes: "Harold Harfagre, a celebrated King of Norway, was wont to seat them at his table above all the officers of his court; and we find another Norwegian king placing five of them by his side in a day of battle, that they might be eye-witnesses of the great exploits they were to celebrate. As to Estmere's riding into the hall while the kings were at table, this was usual in the ages of chivalry; and even to this day we see a relic of this custom still kept up, in the champion's riding into Westminster Hall during the coronation dinner." Dr. Percy refers to two copies of this ballad, but Mr. Wheatley says: "There is every reason to believe that one of these was the Bishop's own composition, as it was never seen by others, and has not since been found." "King Estmere" is generally classed with the finest of our old heroic ballads.



HEarken to me, gentlemèn,
Come and you shall heare;
He tell you of two of the boldest brethèr
That ever borne y-were.

The one of them was Adler younge,
The tother was Kyng Estmère;
They were as bolde men in their deeds
As ever were farr and neare.

As they were drinking ale and wine
Within Kyng Estmeres halle:
"When will ye marry a wyfe, brothèr,
A wyfe to glad us all?"

Then bespake him Kyng Estmère,
And answered him hastilèe:
"I knowe not that ladye in any land
That's able¹ to marrye with mee."

"Kyng Adland hath a daughter, brothèr,
Men call her bright and sheene;²
If I were Kyng here in your stead,
That ladye shold be my queene."

Saies, "Reade me, reade me, deare brothèr,
Throughout merry Englànd,

¹ Fit or suitable.

² Shining.



"DOWNE THEN CAME THAT MAYDEN FAIRE,
WITH LADYES LACED IN FALLO."

Illustrated British Ballads.

Where we might find a messenger
Betwixt us towe to sende."

Saies, "You shal ryde yourselfe, brothèr,
Ile beare you companye;
Many throughe false messengers are deceived,
And I feare lest soe shold wee."

Thus they renisht¹ them to ryde
Of two good renisht² steeds;
And when they came to Kyng Adlands halle,
Of redd gold shone their weedes.³

And when they came to Kyng Adlands halle,
Before the goodlye gate,
There they found good Kyng Adlånd
Rearing⁴ himself thereatt.

"Nowe Christ thee save, good Kyng Adlånd,
Nowe Christ you save and see."
Sayd, "You be welcome, Kyng Estmère,
Right heartilye to mee."

"You have a daughter," said Adler younge,
"Men call her bright and sheene;
My brother wold marry her to his wyffe,
Of England to be queene."

"Yesterday was att my deare daughtèr
Sir Bremor the Kyng of Spayne;
And then she nickèd⁵ him of naye,
And I doubt sheele do you the same."

"The Kyng of Spayne is a foul paynì⁶,
And 'leeveth⁷ on Mahound;⁸
And pitye it were that fayre ladye
Should marrye a heathen hound.

"But grant to me," sayes Kyng Estmère,
"For my love I you praye,
That I may see your daughter deere
Before I goe hence awaye."

¹ Made ready.

² Harnessed.

³ Garments.

⁴ Leaning.

⁵ Refused.

⁶ Pagan.

⁷ Believeth.

⁸ Mahomet.

King Estmere.

"Although it is seven yeers and more
Since my daughter was in halle,
She shall come once downe for your sake,
To glad my guestès all."

Downe then came that mayden faire,
With ladyes laced in pall ;¹
And half a hundred of bold knightes,
To bring her from bowre to hall ;
And as many gentle squiers
To tend upon them all.

The talents of golde were on her head sette,
Hanged low downe to her knee ;
And everye ring on her small finger
Shone of the chrystall free.

Saies, "God you save, my deere madàm,"
Saies, "God you save and see."
Said, "You be welcome, Kyng Estmère,
Right welcome unto mee.

"And if you love me, as you saye,
Soe well and hartilèe,
All that ever you are comen about
Soone sped now itt shal bee."

Then bespake her father deare :
"My daughter, I saye naye ;
Remember well the Kyng of Spayne,
What he sayd yesterdaye.

"He wold pull down my halles and castles,
And reave² me of my lyfe ;
I cannot blame him if he doe,
If I reave him of his wyfe."

"Your castles and your towres, fathèr,
Are stronglye built aboute,
And therefore of the Kyng of Spayne
Wee neede not stande in doubte.

¹ Robes of State.

² Bereave.

Illustrated British Ballads.

“Plight me your troth, nowe, Kyng Estmère,
By heaven and your righte hand,
That you will marrye me to your wyfe,
And make me queene of your land.”

Then Kyng Estmère he plight his troth
By heaven and his righte hand,
That he wold marrye her to his wyfe,
And make her queene of his land.

And he tooke leave of that lady fayre
To goe to his owne countrèe,
To fetch him dukes and lordes and knightes,
That married they might bee.

They had not ridden scant a myle,
A myle forthe of the towne,
But in did come the Kyng of Spayne,
With kempès¹ many one.

But in did come the Kyng of Spayne,
With many a bold baròne,
Tone day² to marrye Kyng Adland’s daughtèr
Tother daye to carrye her home.

She sent one after Kyng Estmère
In all the spede might bee,
That he must either turne againe and fighte,
Or goe home and loose his ladye.

One whyle then the page he went,
Another whyle he ranne ;
Till he had oretaken Kyng Estmère,
I wis, he never blanne.³

“Tydings, tydings, Kyng Estmère !”

“What tydings nowe, my boye ?”

“O tydinges I can tell to you,
That will you sore annoye.

“You had not ridden scant a mile,
A mile out of the towne,
But in did come the Kyng of Spayne
With kempès many a one ;

¹ Knights.

² The one day.

³ Stopped

King Estmere.

"But in did come the Kyng of Spayne
With many a bold barone,
Tone daye to marrye Kyng Adland's daughtèr,
Tother daye to carrye her home.



"TYDINGS, TYDINGS, KYNG ESTMÈRE!
'WHAT TYDINGS NOWE, MY BOYE?'"

"My ladye fayre she greetes you well,
And ever more well by mee:
You must either turne againe and fighte,
Or goe home and loose your ladye."

Saies, "Reade me, reade me, deare brothèr,
My reade shall ryde¹ at thee,

¹ My counsel shall arise from thee.

Illustrated British Ballads.

Whether it is better to turne and fighte,
Or goe home and loose my ladÿe."

"Nowe hearken to me," sayes Adler yonge,
"And your reade must rise at me ;
I quicklye will devise a waye
To sett thy ladye free.

"My mother was a westerne womàn,
And learned in gramarye ;¹
And when I learnèd at the schole,
Something she taught itt mee.

"There growes an herbe within this field,
And iff it were but knowne,
His color, which is whyte and redd,
It will make blacke and browne ;

"His color, which is browne and blacke,
Itt will make redd and whyte ;
That sworde is not in all Englànde
Upon his coate will bite.

"And you shal be a harper, brothèr,
Out of the north countrÿe ;
And Ile be your boye soe faine of fighte,
And beare your harpe by your knee.

"And you shal be the best harpèr
That ever tooke harpe in hand ;
And I wil be the best singèr
That ever sung in this lande.

"Itt shal be written in our forheads,
All and in gramarye,
That we towe are the boldest men
That are in Christentye."

And thus they renisht them to ryde,
On towe good renish steedes ;
And when they came to Kyng Adlands hall,
Of redd gold shone their weedes.

¹ The art of conjuring ; necromancy.

King Estmere.

And whan they came to Kyng Adlands hall,
Untill the fayre hall yate,¹
There they found a proud portèr
Rearing himself thereatt.

Sayes, "Christ thee save, thou proud portèr,"
Sayes, "Christ thee save and see."
"Nowe ye be welcome," sayd the portèr,
"Of what land soever ye bee."

"Wee beene harpers," sayd Adler younge,
"Come out of the north countrÿe ;
Wee beene come hither untill this place,
This prouid weddinge for to see."

Sayd, "And your color were white and redd,
As it is blacke and browne,
I wold saye Kyng Estmere and his brothèr
Were comen untill this towne."

Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,
Layd itt on the porters arme :
"And even we will thee, proud portér,
Thow wilt saye us no harme."

Sore he looked on Kyng Estmère,
And sore he handled the ryng,
Then opened to them the fayre hall yates,
He lett for no kind of thyng.

Kyng Estmere he stabled his steede
Soe fayre att the hall bord,
The froth that came from his brydle bitte
Light in Kyng Bremors beard.

Saies, "Stable thy steed, thou proud harpèr,
Saies, "Stable him in the stalle ;
It doth not beseeme a proud harpèr
To stable him in a Kyngs halle."

"My ladde he is so lither,"² he said,
"He will doe nought that's meete ;
And is there any man in this hall
Were able him to beate :"

¹ Gate.

² Lazy or wicked.

Illustrated British Ballads.



"SORE HE LOOKED ON KYNG ESTMÈRE,
AND SORE HE HANDLEO THE RYNG."

"Thou speakst proud words," says the Kyng of Spayne,
"Thou harper here to mee :
There is a man within this halle
Will beate thy ladd and thee."

"O let that man come downe," he said,
"A sight of him I wold see ;
And when he hath beaten well my ladd,
Then he shall beate of mee."

Downe then came the kemperye man,¹
And looked him in the eare ;
For all the gold that was under heaven
He durst not neigh him neere.²

¹ Fighting man.

² Approach him.

King Estmere.

"And howe nowe, kempe," sayd the Kyng of Spayne,

"And how what aileth thee?"

He saies, "Itt is writ in his forehead,

All and in gramarye,

That for the gold that is under heaven

I dare not neigh him nye."

Then Kyng Estmère pull'd forth his harpe,

And played a pretty thinge ;

The ladye upstarts from the borde,

And wold have gone from the Kyng.

"Stay thy harpe, thou proud harpèr,

For God's love I pray thee,

For and thou play as thou beginns,

Thou'lt tice¹ my bryde from mee."



"THEN KYNG ESTMÈRE PULL'D FORTH HIS HARPE,
AND PLAYED A PRETTY THINGE."

¹ Entice.

Illustrated British Ballads.

He stroake upon his harpe againe,
And plaid a pretty thinge ;
The ladye lough¹ a loud laughtèr,
As shee sate by the Kyng.

Saies, "Sell me thy harpe, thou proud harpèr,
And thy stringès all,
For as many gold nobles thou shalt have
As heere bee ringes in the halle."

"What wold ye doe with my harpe," he sayd,
"If I did sell itt yee ?"
"To play my wiffe and me a fitt,²
When abed together wee bee."

"Now sell me," quoth hee, "thy bryde soe gay,
As shee sitts by thy knee,
And as many gold nobles I will give
As leaves been on a tree."

"And what wold ye doe with my bryde soe gay,
Iff I did sell her thee ?
More seemlye it is for her fayre bodÿe
To lye by mee then thee."

He played agayne both loud and shrille,
And Adler he did syng,
"O ladye, this is thy owne true love ;
Noe harper, but a Kyng.

"O ladye, this is thy owne true love,
As playnlye thou mayest see ;
And Ile rid thee of that foul paynim,
Who partès thy love and thee."

The ladye looked, the ladye blushte,
And blushte and looked agayne,
While Adler he hath drawne his brande,
And hath the Sowdan slayne.

Up then rose the kemperye men,
And loud they gan to crye,
"Ah ! traytors, ye have slayne our Kyng,
And therefore yee shall dye."

¹ Laughed.

² A strain of music.

King Henry's Hunt.

Kyng Estmere threwe the harpe asyde,
And swith¹ he drew his brand ;
And Estmere he, and Adler yonge,
Right stiff in stour² can stand.

And aye their swordes soe sore can byte,
Through help of gramarye,
That soon they have slayne the kemperye men,
Or forst them forth to flee.

Kyng Estmere took that fayre ladye,
And married her to his wiffe,
And brought her home to merry England,
With her to leade his life.

KING HENRY'S HUNT.

MR. WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, to whom we owe the following ballad, was born at Ballyshannon. We have few poets more natural than Mr. Allingham. "Lovely Mary Donnelly," "The Fairies," and "Venus of the Needle" are lyrics not likely to be forgotten. "Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland," a narrative poem in twelve chapters, is a picture of contemporary life in the sister country. Mr. Allingham has written many admirable ballads, from which we select "King Henry's Hunt." The tradition upon which it is founded can be traced up to the time of Queen Elizabeth. Waltham was, in the time of Henry VIII., a woody district, which included the present Epping Forest. The incident is sometimes claimed for Richmond Park, but, as Mr. Allingham believes, against all the evidence.



KING Henry stood in Waltham Wood,
One morn in merry May-time ;
Years fifteen hundred thirty-six,
From Christ, had roll'd away time.

King Henry stood in Waltham Wood,
All young green, sunny-shady ;
He would not mount his pawing horse,
Though men and dogs were ready.

"What ails his Highness? Up and down
In moody sort he paceth ;
He is not wont to be so slack,
Whatever game he chaseth."

¹ Quickly.

² Fight.

Illustrated British Ballads.

He paced and stopp'd, he paced and turn'd ;
At times he inly muttered ;
He pull'd his girdle, twitch'd his beard,
But not a word he utter'd.

The hounds in couples nosed about,
Or on the sward lay idle ;
The huntsmen stole a fearful glance,
While fingering girth or bridle.

Among themselves, but not too loud,
The young lords laughed and chatter'd,
Or broke a branch of hawthorn-bloom,
As though it nothing matter'd.

King Henry sat on a fell'd oak,
With gloomier eyes and stranger ;
His brows were knit, his lip he bit ;
To look that way was danger.

Mused he on Pope and Emperor ?
Denied them and defied them ?
Or traitors in his very realm
Complotting?—woe betide them !

Suddenly on the southern breeze,
Distinct though distant, sounded
A cannon-shot—and to his feet
The King of England bounded.

“ My horse,” he shouts, “ uncouple now ! ”
And all were quickly mounted.
A hind was found ; man, horse, and hound
Like furious demons hunted.

Fast fled the deer by grove and glade,
The chase did faster follow ;
And every wild-wood alley rang
With hunter's horn and hollo.

Away together stream'd the hounds ; -
Forward press'd every rider.
You're free to slay a hind in May,
If there's no fawn beside her.



"KING HENRY SAT ON A FELL'D OAK, WITH GLOOMY EYES AND STRANGERS;
HIS BROWS WERE KNIT, HIS LIP HE BIT; TO LOOK THAT WAY WAS DANGER."

W. SMITH

Illustrated British Ballads.

King Harry rode a mighty horse,
His Grace being broad and heavy,
And like a stormy wind he crash'd
Through copse and thicket leavy.

He rode so hard, and roar'd so loud,
All men his course avoided ;
The fiery steed, long held on fret,
With many a snort enjoy'd it.

The hind was kill'd, and down they sat
To tankard and to pasty.
" Ha, by St. George, a noble Prince,
Though hot by times, and hasty !"

Lord Norfolk knew, and other few,
Wherefore that chase began on
The signal of a gun, far off,
One growl of distant cannon ;

And why so jovial grew his Grace,
That erst was sad and sullen.
With that boom from the Tower had fall'n
The head of fair Anne Bullen.

Her neck, which Henry used to kiss,
The bloody axe did sever ;
Their little child, Elizabeth,
She'll see no more for ever.

Gaily the King rides west away,
Each moment makes his glee more ;
To-morrow brings his wedding-day
With beautiful Jane Seymour.

The sunshine falls, the wild bird calls,
Across the slopes of Epping ;
From grove to glade, through light and shade,
The troops of deer are stepping.

King Ryence's Challenge.

KING RYENCE'S CHALLENGE.

THIS ballad, says Percy, was sung before Queen Elizabeth at the grand entertainment at Kenilworth Castle, in 1575. The story is taken from "Morte Arthur," and is as follows :—"Came a messenger hastily from King Ryence of North Wales, saying that King Ryence had discomfited and overcome eleven kings, and everiche of them did him homage, and that was this : they gave him their beards clean flayne off ; wherefore the messenger came for King Arthur's beard, for King Ryence had purfelled a mantell with kings beards, and there lacked for one a place of the mantell, wherefore he sent for his beard, or else he would enter into his lands and brein and slay, and never leave till he have thy head and thy beard. 'Well,' said King Arthur, 'thou hast said thy message, which is the most villainous and lowdest message that ever man heard sent to a King. Also thou mayest see my beard is full young yet for to make a purfell of, but tell thou the King that or it be long he shall to do me homage on both his knees, or else he shall leese his head.'"



So it fell out on a Pentecost day,

King Arthur-at Camelot kept his court royall,
With his faire queene, dame Guenever the gay ;
And many bold barons sitting in hall ;
With ladies attir'd in purple and pall ;
And heraults in hewkes,¹ hooting on high,
Cryed, *Largesse, largesse, chevaliers très-hardie.*²

A doughty dwarfe to the uppermost deas³

Right pertlye gan pricke, kneeling on knee ;

With steven⁴ fulle stoute amids all the preas,⁵

Sayd, "Nowe, Sir King Arthur, God save thee and see !

Sir Ryence of North-Gales⁶ greeteth well thee,

And bids thee thy beard anon to¹ him send,

Or else from thy jaws he will it off rend.

"For his robe of state is a rich scarlet mantle,

With eleven kings beards bordered about,

And there is room lefte yet in a kante,⁷

For thine to stand, to make the twelfth out :

This must be done, be thou never so stout ;

This must be done, I tell thee no fable,

Maugre⁸ the teeth of all thy round table."

When this mortal message from his mouthe past,

Great was the noyse both in hall and in bower :

The king fum'd ; the queene screecht ; ladies were aghast ;

Princes puff'd ; barons blustred ; lords began lower ;

Knights stormed ; squires startled, like steeds in a stower ;

¹ Parti-coloured coats.

² An expression of the heralds as often as they received of the bounty of the knights.

³ Dais.

⁴ Voice.

⁵ Press.

⁶ North Wales.

⁷ Corn.r.

⁸ In spite of.

Illustrated British Ballads.

Pages and yeomen yell'd out in the hall,
Then in came Sir Kay, the king's seneschal.

"Silence, my sovereigns," quoth this courteous knight,
And in that stound the stower¹ began still:
Then the dwarfe's dinner full deerely was dight:
Of wine and wassel he had his wille:
And, when he had eaten and drunken his fill,
An hundred pieces of fine coyned gold
Were given this dwarf for his message bold.

"But say to Sir Ryence, thou dwarf," quoth the king,
"That for his bold message I do him defye;
And shortlye with basins and pans will him ring
Out of North-Gales, where he and I
With swords, and not razors, quickly shall trye
Whether he or King Arthur will prove the best barbor;"
And therewith he shook his good sword Excalabor.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

JOHN KEATS was born in London in the year 1796, and was early apprenticed to a surgeon. In 1818 he published "*Endymion*," which met with contemptuous treatment at the hands of the critics, but nevertheless was a remarkable production for one so young. Keats's luxuriant but undisciplined imagination afterwards found better scope and more successful exercise in "*Isabella*," "*The Eve of St. Agnes*," and other poems. His rich colouring is also seen in the following ballad. Speculation has frequently been indulged as to the position Keats might ultimately have taken if his life had been prolonged. His mind was unquestionably of the finest and most susceptible poetic order; and it is not impossible that he would have excelled all poets of the century in the one quality of imagination. He died at Rome on the 24th of February, 1821. Lord Byron, taking up the popular belief, wrote the well-known line, "Who killed John Keats? 'I,' said the *Quarterly*." The assertion that Keats died of grief in consequence of the severe attack upon him in the *Quarterly Review* has, however, been disproved. He doubtless felt acutely the stings of adverse criticism; but it was consumption that robbed England of this brilliant genius, in his twenty-sixth year.



WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

"O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woe-begone?

¹ That moment the tumult.

La Belle Dame sans Merci.

The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

"I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever-dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too."



"I MET A LADY IN THE MEADS,
FULL BEAUTIFUL—A FAERY'S CHILD."

"I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child ;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

"I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone ;

Illustrated British Ballads.

She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

“I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery’s song.

“She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said—
‘I love thee true.’

“She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sighed full sore,
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

“And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dream’d—ah! woe betide
The latest dream I ever dreamed
On the cold hill’s side.

“I saw pale kings, and princes too,
Pale warriors—death-pale were they all;
They cried, ‘La Belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!’

“I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill’s side.

“And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.”

Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament.

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

THIS pathetic ballad was originally supposed to refer to the Earl of Bothwell and his desertion of his wife, Lady Jean Gordon, in order to enable him to marry the Queen of Scots. This hypothesis, however, has been abandoned, and the poem is now generally believed to bear reference to the Hon. Anne Bothwell, daughter of Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney. She is said to have been deserted by her husband or lover, the son of the Earl of Mar, towards the close of the sixteenth century. There are four early versions of the ballad, one of which is by Brome. It appears in his *Northern Lass*, a play which was acted before 1630. It should be stated, however, that the ballad was not associated with a Bothwell until more than a century after it was written. The present version is from the "Percy Reliques," collated with another in Allan Ramsay's "Miscellany."



BALOW,¹ my babe, lye still and sleipe;
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe :
If thoust be silent, Ise be glad,
Thy maining² maks my heart ful sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mothers joy,
Thy father breides me great annoy.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe ;
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

Whan he began to court my luve,
And with his sugred wordes to muve,
His faynings fals, and flattering cheire,

To me that time did not appeire ;
But now I see, most cruel hee
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.

Balow, &c.

Lye still, my darling, sleipe awhile,
And when thou wakest, sweetly smile :
But smile not, as thy father did,
To cozen maids : nay, God forbid !
Bot yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire
Thy fatheris hart and face to beire.

Balow, &c.

I cannae chuse, but ever will
Be luvyng to thy father still :
Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,
My luve with him doth still abyde ;
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
Mine hart can neire depart him frae.

Balow, &c.

¹ Hush.

² Moaning.

Illustrated British Ballads.

Bot doe not, doe not, prettie mine,
To faynings fals thine hart incline :
Be loyal to thy luver trew,
And nevir change hir for a new :



“‘BALOW, MY BABE, LYE STILL AND SLEIPE.’”

If gude or faire, of hir have care,
For womens bannings¹ wonderous sair.
Balow, &c.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine ;
My babe and I'll together live ;

¹ Cursing.

Lady Elspat.

He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve :
My babe and I right saft will ly,
And quite forget mans cruelty.
Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth
That ever kist a womans mouth !
I wish all maides be warned by mee
Nevir to trust mans curtesy ;
For if we doe but chance to bow,
They'll use us then they care not how.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe ;
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

LADY ELSPAT.

THE following ballad is taken from Jamieson's collection. The compiler had it from the lips of Mrs. Brown, a great reciter of old ballads. The story is one of the most interesting to be found in the old traditionary songs.



"HOW brent's' your brow, my Lady Elspat !
How gouden yellow is your hair !
O' a' the maids o' fair Scotland,
There's nane like Lady Elspat fair."

"Perform your vows, sweet Will'am," she says,
"The vows which ye hae made to me ;
And at the back o' my mither's castèl
This night I'll surely meet wi' thee."

But wae be to her brother's page,
That heard the words thir twa did say ;
He's tald them to her lady mither,
Wha wrought sweet William mickle wae.

For she has ta'en him, sweet Will'am,
And she's gard bind him wi' his bow-string,
Till the red bluid o' his fair body
Frae ilka nail o' his hand did spring.

¹ Straight.

Illustrated British Ballads.

O it fell once upon a time
That the Lord Justice came to town ;
Out has she ta'en him, sweet Willìam,
Brought him before the Lord Justice boun'.

"And what is the crime now, lady," he says,
"That has by this young man been dane?"
"O he has broken my bonny castèll,
That was weel biggit wi' lime and stane.

"And he has broken my bonny coffèrs,
That was weel bandit wi' aiken ban';
And he has stown my rich jewèls ;
I wot he has stown them every ane."

Then out it spak Lady Elspàt,
As she sat by Lord Justice' knee :
"Now ye hae told your tale, mithèr,
I pray, Lord Justice, ye'll now hear me.

"He hasna broken her bonny castèll,
That was weel biggit wi' lime and stane ;
Nor has he stown her rich jewèls,
For I wot she has them every ane.

"But though he was my first true love,
And though I had sworn to be his bride,
'Cause he hadna a great estate,
She would this way our loves divide."

Syne out and spak the Lord Justice—
I wat the tear was in his e'e—
"I see nae faut in this young man ;
Sae loose his bands, and set him free.

"And tak your love, now, Lady Elspàt,
And my best bles-in' you baith upon ;
For gin he be your first true love,
He is my sister's eldest son.

"There stands a steed in my stable,
Cost me baith gold and white mony ;
Ye's get as mickle o' my free land
As he'll ride about in a summer's day."

Lament for the Death of O'Neil.



" 'THOUGH IT BREAK MY HEART TO HEAR, SAY AGAIN THE BITTER WORDS.' "

LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF O'NEIL.

THOMAS DAVIS, a native of Ireland, was born in 1824, and died in 1845. He contributed some of the finest examples to the ballad-poetry of Ireland. The following dramatic poem was the first he ever wrote. Its full title is, "Lament for the Death of Eoghan Ruadh O'Neill, commonly called Owen Roe O'Neil." The time of the ballad is the 10th November, 1649, and the scene Ormond's camp, County Waterford.

W *ould* they dare, did they dare to slay Owen Roe O'Neil?"

"Yes, they slew with poison him they feared to meet with steel."

"May God wither up their hearts! may their blood cease to flow!
May they walk in living death, who poisoned Owen Roe!"

"Though it break my heart to hear, say again the bitter words."

"From Derry, against Cromwell, he marched to measure swords;
But the weapon of the Saxon met him on his way,
And he died at Cloc Uactair, upon Saint Leonard's Day."

"Wail, wail ye for the mighty one! Wail, wail ye for the dead!
Quench the hearth, and hold the breath—with ashes strew the head!
How tenderly we loved him! How deeply we deplore!
Holy Saviour! but to think we shall never see him more!"

Illustrated British Ballads.

"Sagest in the council was he, kindest in the hall :
Sure we never won a battle—'twas Owen won them all.
Had he lived, had he lived, our dear country had been free ;
But he's dead, but he's dead, and 'tis slaves we'll ever be.

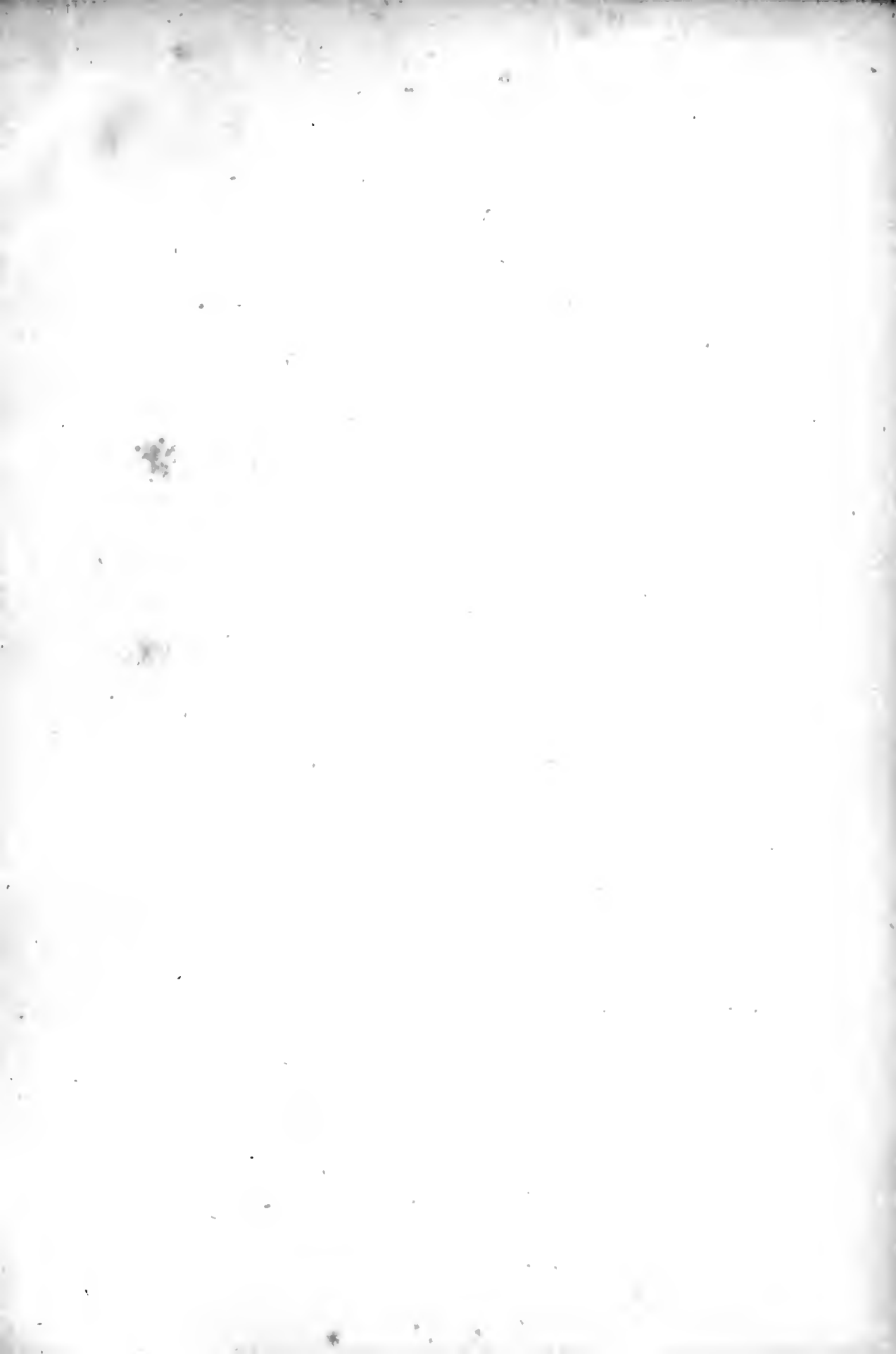
" O'Farrell and Clanrickarde, Preston and Red Hugh,
Audley and MacMahon, ye are valiant, wise, and true ;
But what—what are ye all to our darling who is gone ?
The rudder of our ship was he, our castle's corner-stone !

" Wail, wail him through the island ! Weep, weep for our pride !
Would that on the battle-field our gallant chief had died !
Weep the victor of Beinn Burb—weep him, young men and old !
Weep for him, ye women—your Beautiful lies cold !

" We thought you would not die, we were sure you would not go,
And leave us in our utmost need to Cromwell's cruel blow—
Sheep without a shepherd, when the snow shuts out the sky—
Oh, why did you leave us, Owen ? Why did you die ?

" Soft as woman's was your voice, O'Neil ! bright was your eye !
Oh, why did you leave us, Owen ? Why did you die ?
You're troubles are all over—you're at rest with God on high ;
But we're slaves, and we're orphans, Owen ! Why did you die ?"







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